July 22, 1978. US $1.10c/Canada 80c 18p

Aus 45c NZ 45c Den Kr5.5 Fr NF4.50 Ger Dm2.50 Malaysia $1.10 Spn 65pts

T. HEADS T. GRISTLE ANTI-NAZI CARNIVAL

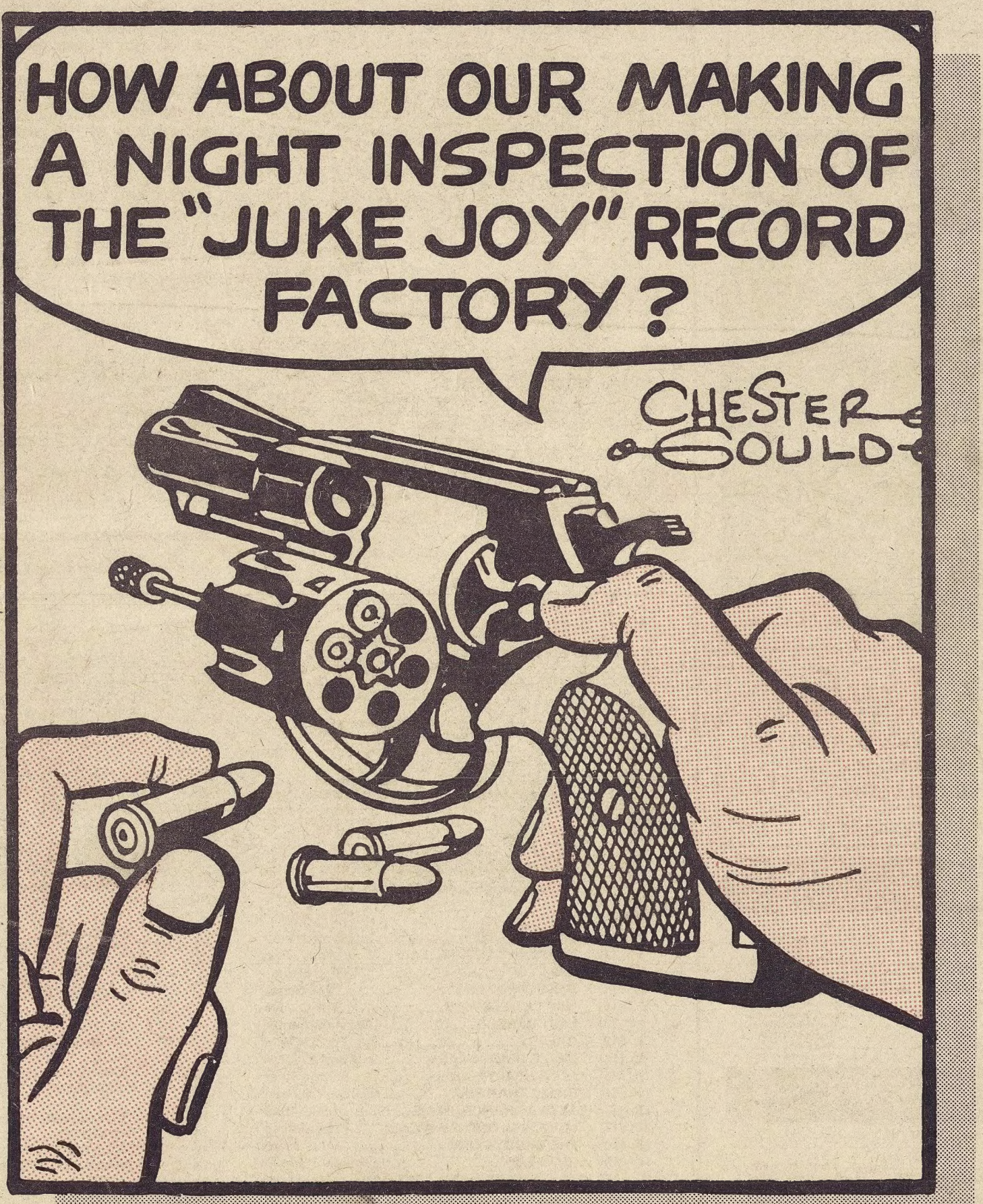
new MUSICAL EXPRESS

BLACKBUSHE

Busts the ecstasymeter P.44/45

JOHN LYDON

Spews reviews —
a Rotten singles page



Cartoon copyright CHESTER GOULD/Chicago Tribune/New York Syndicate 1976.

THE INTERNATIONAL Record Industry is scared to death. Not by Punk Rockers, but by tape and record piracy. Now NME's DICK TRACY gets the goods on the gangs who are bringing The Biz to its knees. Exclusive investigation, pages 20-21.

STAR FILE ANNUAL

'A must for fans who want the facts'
Daily Mirror

STAR-FILE ANNUAL – the most up-to-date, definitive rock reference book available. Listing last year's UK and US singles and album charts, completely cross-referenced to give, title, label, writer, catalogue number and producer.

STAR-FILE ANNUAL compiled by Dafydd Rees

A Hamlyn Paperback £1.50.

In case of difficulty in obtaining this book, please write to:- Hamlyn Paperbacks Cash Sales, P.O. Box 11, Falmouth, Cornwall, TR10 9EN enclosing cheque or P.O. for £1.72 (inc. p. & p.).

ROCK N' ROLL IS HERE TO STAY
21 YEARS AGO DANNY AND THE JUNIORS RELEASED ONE OF THE GREAT ROCK CLASSICS
AT THE HOP/ ROCK N' ROLL IS HERE TO STAY
NOW RE-RELEASED AS A DOUBLE A-SIDE SINGLE AVAILABLE IN SPECIAL PICTURE BAG
ABC 4123
ANCHOR abc

NME Classified

REACHES MORE PEOPLE THAN ANY OTHER MUSIC PAPER IN THIS COUNTRY

IT'S YOUR PAPER — USE IT

FIVE YEARS AGO

Week ending July 17, 1973

Last Week	This Week		
2	1	WELCOME HOME	Peters & Lee (Philips)
1	2	SKWEEZE ME, PLEEZE ME	Slade (Polydor)
3	3	LIFE ON MARS	David Bowie (RCA)
19	4	SATURDAY NIGHT'S ALRIGHT FOR FIGHTING	Elton John (DJM)
5	5	BORN TO BE WITH YOU	Dave Edmunds (Rockpile)
22	6	ALRIGHT ALRIGHT ALRIGHT	Mungo Jerry (Dawn)
—	7	I'M THE LEADER OF THE GANG	Gary Glitter (Bell)
25	8	GOIN' HOME	Osmonds (MGM)
8	9	TAKE ME TO THE MARDI GRAS	Paul Simon (CBS)
17	10	RANDY	Blue Mink (EMI)

TEN YEARS AGO

Week ending July 17,1968

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	BABY COME BACK	Equals (Prsident)
2	2	SON OF HICKORY HOLLER'S TRAMP	O. C. Smith (CBS)
3	3	I PRETEND	Des O'Connor (Columbia)
5	4	YESTERDAY HAS GONE	Cupid's Inspiration (Nems)
11	5	MONY MONY	Tommy James and the Shondells (Major Minor)
6	6	YUMMY YUMMY YUMMY	Ohio Express (Pye)
12	7	MacARTHUR PARK	Richard Harris (RCA)
10	8	MY NAME IS JACK	Manfred Mann (Fontana)
16	9	FIRE	Arthur Brown (Track)
8	10	LOVIN' THINGS	Marmalade (CBS)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending July 19, 1963

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	I'M CONFESSIN'	Frank Ifield (Columbia)
3	2	DEVIL IN DISGUISE	Elvis Presley (RCA)
2	3	I LIKE IT	Gerry & the Pacemakers (Columbia)
5	4	SWEETS FOR MY SWEET	Searchers (Pye)
4	5	ATLANTIS	Shadows (Columbia)
10	6	DA DOO RON RON	Crystals (London)
13	7	TWIST AND SHOUT	Brian Poole & the Tremeloes (Decca)
8	8	DECK OF CARDS	Wink Martindale (London)
6	9	TAKE THESE CHAINS FROM MY HEART	Ray Charles (HMV)
7	10	WELCOME TO MY WORLD	Jim Reeves (RCA)

CHARTS

SINGLES

Week ending July 22, 1978

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	YOU'RE THE ONE THAT I WANT	John Travolta/Olivia Newton-John (RSO)	9	1
2	(2)	SMURF SONG	Father Abraham (Decca)	6	2
3	(4)	DANCING IN THE CITY	Marshall Hain (Harvest)	6	3
4	(10)	THE BIGGEST BLOW	Sex Pistols (Virgin)	3	4
5	(6)	LIKE CLOCKWORK	Boomtown Rats (Ensign)	5	5
6	(3)	AIRPORT	Motors (Virgin)	6	3
7	(5)	MAN WITH THE CHILD IN HIS EYES	Kate Bush (EMI)	6	5
8	(11)	BOOGIE OOGIE OOGIE	Taste Of Honey (Capitol)	4	8
9	(7)	A LITTLE BIT OF SOAP	Showaddywaddy (Arista)	4	7
10	(12)	SUBSTITUTE	Clout (Carrere)	4	10
11	(17)	WILD WEST HERO	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	4	11
12	(24)	RUN FOR HOME	Lindisfarne (Mercury)	3	12
13	(9)	ANNIE'S SONG	James Galway (Red Seal)	9	4
14	(8)	MISS YOU	Rolling Stones (EMI)	7	2
15	(13)	USE TA BE MY GIRL	O'Jays (Warner Bros)	5	13
16	(14)	MIND BLOWING DECISIONS	Heatwave (GTO)	6	10
17	(20)	FROM EAST TO WEST	Voyage (GTO/Hansa)	4	17
18	(—)	5-7-0-5-	City Boy (Vertigo)	1	18
19	(18)	DON'T FEAR THE REAPER	Blue Oyster Cult (CBS)	7	18
20	(29)	FOREVER AUTUMN	Justin Hayward (CBS)	2	20
21	(19)	COME ON DANCE DANCE	Saturday Night Band (CBS)	3	19
22	(—)	LOVE YOU MORE	Buzzcocks (United Artists)	1	22
23	(—)	SATISFY MY SOUL	Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island)	1	23
24	(—)	PRODIGAL SON	Steel Pulse (Island)	1	24
25	(25)	(WHITE MAN) IN HAMMERSMITH PALAIS	Clash (CBS)	3	20
26	(30)	STAY	Jackson Browne (Asylum)	2	26
27	(—)	LIFE'S BEEN GOOD	Joe Walsh (Asylum)	1	27
28	(21)	RIVERS OF BABYLON	Boney M (Atlantic)	13	1
29	(22)	MANY TOO MANY	Genesis (Charisma)	2	22
30	(—)	HOW CAN THIS BE LOVE	Andrew Gold (Asylum)	1	30

BUBBLING UNDER

NORTHERN LIGHTS — Renaissance (Warner Bros); COLD AS ICE — Foreigner (Atlantic); ROCK & ROLL DAMNATION — AC/DC (Atlantic); YOU & I — Rick James (Motown).

ALBUMS

Week ending July 22, 1978

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER	Various (RSO)	13	1
2	(2)	STREET LEGAL	Bob Dylan (CBS)	5	2
3	(3)	SOME GIRLS	Rolling Stones (EMI)	6	3
4	(4)	LIVE & DANGEROUS	Thin Lizzy (Vertigo)	7	2
5	(5)	OCTAVE	Moody Blues (Threshold)	6	4
6	(6)	KICK INSIDE	Kate Bush (EMI)	20	1
7	(9)	20 GOLDEN GREATS	Hollies (EMI)	2	7
8	(11)	WAR OF THE WORLDS	Various (World Records)	13	8
9	(8)	TONIC FOR THE TROOPS	Boomtown Rats (Ensign)	4	8
10	(12)	AND THEN THERE WERE THREE	Genesis (Charisma)	16	2
11	(14)	GREASE	Original Soundtrack (RSO)	2	11
12	(16)	PASTICHE	Manhattan Transfer (Atlantic)	21	7
13	(—)	RUMOURS	Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	72	1
14	(7)	ABBA THE ALBUM	Abba (Epic)	26	1
15	(15)	YOU LIGHT UP MY LIFE	Johnny Mathis (CBS)	14	4
16	(20)	ROCK RULES	Various (K-Tel)	2	16
17	(10)	NEW BOOTS & PANTIES	Ian Dury (Stiff)	25	5
18	(—)	KAYA	Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island)	16	6
19	(—)	EVERYONE PLAYS DARTS	Darts (Magnet)	8	5
20	(19)	BLACK & WHITE	Stranglers (United Artists)	9	1
21	(—)	NIGHT FLIGHT TO VENUS	Boney M (Int Hansa)	1	21
22	(29)	POWER IN THE DARKNESS	Tom Robinson Band (EMI)	9	6
23	(—)	"BUT SERIOUSLY FOLKS . . ."	Joe Walsh (Asylum)	1	23
24	(—)	OUT OF THE BLUE	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	31	3
25	(24)	BACK & FOURTH	Lindisfarne (Mercury)	2	24
26	(—)	OBSESSIONS	UFO (Chrysalis)	1	26
27	(13)	BAT OUT OF HELL	Meat Loaf (Epic)	18	6
28	(17)	THE STUD	Soundtrack (Ronco)	14	2
29	(21)	I KNOW 'COS I WAS THERE	Max Boyce (EMI)	8	14
30	(22)	REAL LIFE	Magazine (Virgin)	4	22

BUBBLING UNDER

SONGBIRD — Barbra Streisand (CBS); CENTRAL HEATING — Heatwave (GTO); THANK GOD IT'S FRIDAY — Soundtrack (Casablanca); DIRE STRAITS — Dire Straits (Phonogram).

U.S. SINGLES

Week ending July 22, 1978

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	BAKER STREET	Gerry Rafferty
2	(2)	SHADOW DANCING	Andy Gibb
3	(3)	MISS YOU	Rolling Stones
4	(4)	STILL THE SAME	Bob Seger
5	(5)	USE TA BE MY GIRL	The O'Jays
6	(8)	LAST DANCE	Donna Summer
7	(12)	GREASE	Frankie Valli
8	(14)	THREE TIMES A LADY	Commodores
9	(6)	IT'S A HEARTACHE	Bonnie Tyler
10	(11)	BLUER THAN BLUE	Michael Johnson
11	(7)	TAKE A CHANCE ON ME	Abba
12	(17)	LOVE WILL FIND A WAY	Pablo Cruise
13	(10)	THE GROOVE LINE	Heatwave
14	(18)	RUNAWAY	Jefferson Starship
15	(16)	TWO OUT OF THREE AIN'T BAD	Meat Loaf
16	(20)	LIFE'S BEEN GOOD	Joe Walsh
17	(21)	COPACABANA (AT THE COPA)	Barry Manilow
18	(23)	MY ANGEL BABY	Toby Beau
19	(13)	DANCE WITH ME	Peter Brown
20	(15)	YOU'RE THE ONE THAT I WANT	Olivia Newton-John/John Travolta
21	(26)	MAGNET AND STEELE	Walter Egan
22	(30)	HOT BLOODED	Foreigner
23	(29)	I'M NOT GONNA LET IT BOTHER ME TONIGHT	Atlanta Rhythm Section
24	(27)	KING TUT	Steve Martin
25	(28)	FM (NO STATIC AT ALL)	Steely Dan
26	(—)	BOOGIE OOGIE OOGIE	Taste Of Honey
27	(9)	YOU BELONG TO ME	Carly Simon
28	(—)	SHAME	Evelyn "Champagne" King
29	(19)	I CAN'T STAND THE RAIN	Eruption
30	(—)	STAY/LOAD OUT	Jackson Browne

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

U.S. ALBUMS

Week ending July 22, 1978

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	SOME GIRLS	Rolling Stones
2	(4)	GREASE	Various Artists
3	(3)	SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER	Bee Gees and Various Artists
4	(5)	SHADOW DANCING	Andy Gibb
5	(2)	CITY TO CITY	Gerry Rafferty
6	(6)	NATURAL HIGH	Commodores
7	(7)	STRANGER IN TOWN	Bob Seger & The Silver Bullet Band
8	(16)	DOUBLE VISION	Foreigner
9	(8)	DARKNESS ON THE EDGE OF TOWN	Bruce Springsteen
10	(10)	"BUT SERIOUSLY FOLKS . . ."	Joe Walsh
11	(12)	SONGBIRD	Barbra Streisand
12	(9)	FELLS SO GOOD	Chuck Mangione
13	(11)	THANK GOD IT'S FRIDAY	Various Artists
14	(14)	EARTH	Jefferson Starship
15	(15)	THE STRANGER	Billy Joel
16	(17)	EVEN NOW	Barry Manilow
17	(21)	OCTAVE	Moody Blues
18	(13)	LONDON TOWN	Wings
19	(—)	STREET LEGAL	Bob Dylan
20	(26)	WORLDS AWAY	Pablo Cruise
21	(19)	SO FULL OF LOVE	The O'Jays
22	(—)	LIFE IS A SONG WORTH SINGING	Teddy Pendergrass
23	(18)	BOYS IN THE TREES	Carly Simon
24	(—)	SOUNDS . . . AND STUFF LIKE THAT	Quincy Jones
25	(22)	THE ALBUM	Abba
26	(20)	IT'S A HEARTACHE	Bonnie Tyler
27	(27)	AJA	Steely Dan
28	(—)	PYRAMID	Alan Parsons Project
29	(30)	BAT OUT OF HELL	Meat Loaf
30	(25)	RUNNING ON EMPTY	Jackson Browne

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

NEWS Edited: Derek Johnson DESK

Sayer season at Christmas

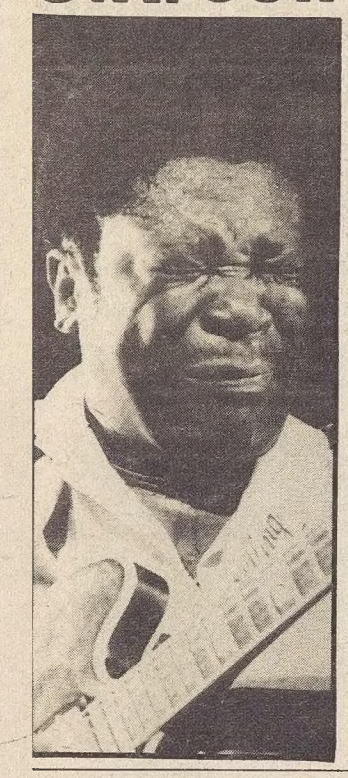
LEO SAYER is to headline a special Christmas season of six concerts at Manchester Apollo, Ardwick Green, from Boxing Day to New Year's Eve. This means that over 15,000 people will be able to see him, at a time when the rock scene is traditionally at its least active.

Support acts have still to be named, but tickets for the Manchester season are already on sale at the box-office priced £3.50, £2.50 and £1.50.

These are Sayer's first confirmed concerts in Britain since he toured here last autumn. But it's expected that a string of dates in other key cities will be added to his itinerary, though it's not yet clear if these will precede or follow the Christmas season. Meanwhile, he's currently engaged in an eight-week sell-out tour of the United States.

Sayer's sixth Chrysalis album is scheduled for release on August 11, produced by Richard Perry and with the highly original title of "Leo Sayer". It features four new self-penned numbers, as well as compositions by Jackson Browne, Boudleaux & Bryant, Andy Fairweather-Low and Billy Nicholls. Tracks are *Stormy Weather, Dancing The Night Away, I Can't Stop Loving You (Though I Try), L Booga Rooga, Raining In My Heart, Something Fine, Running To My Freedom, Frankie Lee, Don't Look Away* and *No Looking Back.*

B.B. King for U.K. concerts



FOUR BRITISH concerts have now been confirmed for blues giant B.B. King in mid-autumn, following NME's exclusive forecast of his visit a month ago. Together with his regular backing band, he plays Birmingham Odeon (October 13), London Hammersmith Odeon (14 and 15) and Manchester Free Trade Hall (16).

The dates are part of a full European tour by King, and it's his first visit to this country since last autumn, when his concerts not only sold out but were heavily over-subscribed. Tour promoters Straight Music announce that tickets go on sale tomorrow (Friday) at box-offices and usual agencies, priced £3.50, £3, £2.50 and £2 (London); and £3, £2.50, £2 and £1.50 (Birmingham and Manchester).

King's latest album "Midnight Believer" was issued a few weeks ago by Anchor, and this weekend they release a single culled from the LP and titled "I Just Can't Leave Your Love Alone".

Captain Sensible back — with his own band

CAPTAIN SENSIBLE has left Amsterdam-based hot-rock band The Softies, and has now formed his own outfit called King, who can be heard for the very first time on John Peel's Radio 1 show tonight (Thursday). The Captain flew to Holland in the spring, soon after The Damned broke up, to join The Softies — but it now seems the association was only a temporary affair, resulting in the single "Jet Boy Jet Girl". He has now got his own band together, and details of the line-up and debut gigs will be announced next week.

THE LURKERS headline a six-date Irish tour next month, culminating in two nights in Ulster at Belfast The Pound on August 23 and 24. The other four gigs are at Cork (19), Dublin (20 and 21) and Portrush (22) . . . and ADVERTISING are also set for an Irish tour, with gigs at the same Belfast venue on July 28 and 29.

Patti, Sham, Siouxsie for Edinburgh Rock Festival

SHAM 69, Siouxsie & The Banshees and The Rezillos are the first bands officially confirmed for this year's Edinburgh Rock Festival, which takes place in the late summer, running in conjunction with the full Edinburgh Festival (August 21 to September 8). Many other acts have still to be finalised for the rock season, and it's understood that one of these will almost certainly be Patti Smith.

The rock event is organised by the city's Regular Music company, who last year presented it exclusively at Edinburgh Tiffany's. This year the scope will be widened considerably, with about three shows at Tiffany's, new-wave gigs at Clouds, and conderts at larger venues such as the Odeon.

Siouxsie & The Banshees kick off the season, prior to the festival proper, at Clouds on August 18. The Rezillos (August 25) and Sham 69 (September 1) appear at the same venue. It's expected that Patti Smith will be one of the acts to play the Odeon, where —

PATTI SMITH

in keeping with the cultural nature of the full Edinburgh Festival — she intends to include some poetry reading.

As previously reported, the highlight of Patti's visit is her headlining appearance on the final night of the Reading Festival (August 27). But she will also be playing a string of other dates, apart from Reading and Edinburgh, and full details of her itinerary will be announced in a week or two.

SIOUXSIE & The Banshees have arranged a a late booking tonight (Thursday) at Manchester Russell Club, as a warm-up for their first-ever headlining London concert on Sunday at the Roundhouse. . .and SHAM 69 have slotted in a gig at Douglas I.o.M. Palace Lido this Sunday, during the period they were supposed to be playing in the States, their visit having been called off due to Jimmy Pursey's failure to obtain an entry visa.

● The E.1 Festival in London's East End (Bigland Street, E.1) returns this weekend after a year's absence. Among bands appearing are Aquila, Legend and The Basement Band (tomorrow, Friday); The Resistance, Stacey and The Intellectuals (Saturday); and Chanter, Cadillac, City Twilights Steel Band, Escalator and The Blue Wonders (Sunday).

REZILLOS: BIG TOUR

THE REZILLOS have now lined up most of the venues for their delayed British tour, their first since last November. They were to have gigged extensively in the spring, but the whole of their itinerary was scrapped, due to a hang-up over their record releases — this was when Sire Records dissolved their partnership with Phonogram, and the band's impending releases were shelved.

Now the Sire label is being distributed in Britain by WEA, and their album "Can't Stand The Rezillos" and single "Top Of The Pops" have just been issued. Although support acts have still to be named, the Edinburgh-based band have so far been confirmed for 23 dates, and these are:

Plymouth Metro (July 28), Manchester Mayflower (29), Hull Tiffany's (30), Newport Stowaway (August 2), Leeds Roots Club (3), Scarborough Penhouse (4), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (5), Doncaster Outlook (7), Nuneaton 77 Club (8), Sheffield venue to be announced (10), Nottingham Sandpiper (11), Liverpool Eric's two shows (12), Blackburn King George's Hall (14), Birmingham Barbarella's (15), Reading Bones Club (16), London Camden Music Machine (17), High Wycombe Town Hall (18), Dumfries Stagecoach (20), Dundee venue to be announced (21), Dunfermline Kinema (22), Aberdeen Ruffles (23), Grangemouth Town Hall (24) and the Edinburgh Rock Festival at Clouds (25).

London to relax Stranglers ban?

THE STRANGLERS' inability to play a major London concert, due mainly to their long-running feud with the GLC, took an unexpected twist this week — with the news that they may, after all, be able to give a free show in Hyde Park. As NME closed for press, promoter Harvey Goldsmith — fresh from his triumphant Dylan concert at Blackbushe — was involved in negotiations, and a spokesman said there was "at least a 50-50 chance" of the gig materialising.

Reason for the apparent about-face is two-fold. In the first place, Virgin Records — who hold the sole concession for staging concerts in the park — have apparently been persuaded by Goldsmith to accept The Stranglers, having previously turned them down on the grounds that the authorities would reject them.

Secondly — and unlike the band's attempts to play Alexandra Palace, QPR soccer ground and other London venues—it's the Department of the Environment that has the final word on rock gigs in Hyde Park, and not the GLC. And this could bypass the deadlock between The Stranglers and the council. "It's a different ball game", commented the spokesman.

In any event, regardless of whether or not the powers-that-be approve The Stranglers, Virgin intend going ahead with a free show in the park next month — the most probable date being either August 12 or 19. The last concert in Hyde park was in 1976 with Queen, Steve Hillage, Kiki Dee and Supercharge — and Virgin said this week that this year's event will be "of equal status" in terms of the big names involved.

AUTUMN SEES ELP'S RETURN

EMERSON, LAKE & PALMER are now likely to make their long-awaited and much-delayed British concert comeback towards the end of the year. They are currently recording a new album in Nassau, Bahamas, which is planned for release in late November or early December — and they want to play a few major concerts here at about the same time.

Plans for then to play a special London show last summer, as part of a string of projected Jubilee concerts, fell through when the whole series failed to materialise. The next intention was for them to headline at London Earls Court or Olympia during the Christmas period, 1977. But their autumn U.S tour encountered a number of problems, mainly due to the size of the orchestra they took on the road with them, and this cast doubts on the viability of playing similar dates in London.

But now they want to return to the concert platform to promote the upcoming LP — and this time it would be with a somewhat less ambitious stage presentation, and one that wasn't so financially hazardous. It's expected that any one of three leading venues — Earls Court, Olympia or Wembley Arena — would house their comeback concerts, with the possibility of a few provincial gigs as well.

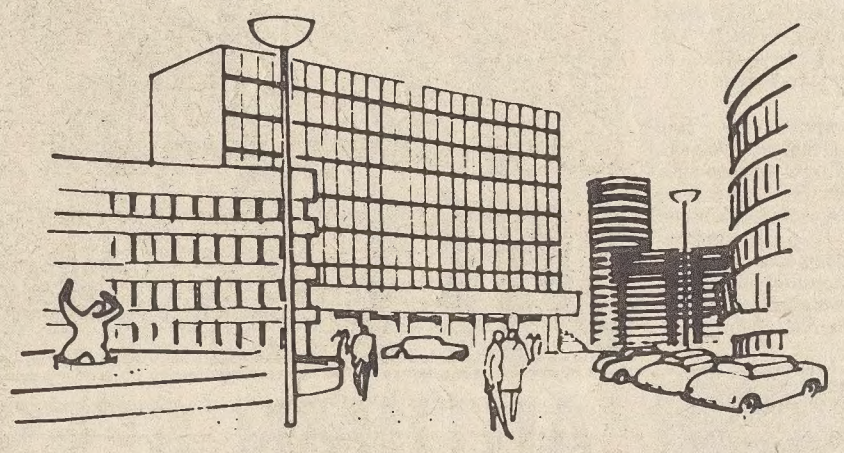
Rich Kids extension — AND MORE BY THE MOVIES

THE RICH KIDS have added another seven dates to their current British tour, aimed at promoting their new EMI single "Marching Men". Their first nine gigs, which kicked off last week, were reported by NME a fortnight ago. And those newly confirmed are at Aberdeen Ruffles (July 26), Glasgow Shuffles (27), Edinburgh Clouds (28), Lincoln A.J.'s Club (29), Cardiff Top Rank (August 1), Torquay Town Hall (2) and Plymouth Metro (3). A few more dates, including a London venue, are likely to be added.

THE MOVIES have also extended their current outing, by adding a string of eight dates in mid-August. They are Liverpool Eric's (11), Birmingham Barbarella's (12), Leeds Fforde Green Hotel (13), Doncaster Outlook (14), London Marquee (15), Sheffield Limit Club (17), Wolverhampton Lafayette (18) and Manchester University (19).

TALKING HEADS

MORE SONGS ABOUT



BUILDINGS

AND FOOD

the new album produced by brian eno

Sire K56531

wea
Records Limited

DEVO LP AND TOUR

VIRGIN RECORDS — who announced earlier this year that they had signed Devo, only to have their claim disputed by WEA — have now got the go-ahead to release the band's product in this country. D-Day is August 25, which sees the release of the first Devo album and a new single titled "Come Back Johnny". And coinciding with this announcement comes the news that Devo — who were last here for a one-off appearance at Knebworth on June 24 — will be playihg a lengthy string of British dates in the autumn, as part of a full European tour.

The band's album will be available in five different colours — steel grey, white, blue, yellow and red — and these will be shipped to dealers in a mixed selection, ensuring that each shop has a choice of colours. And the first 25,000 copies of the single will be pressed in "industrial grey" vinyl!

Virgin are also lining up a massive promotion campaign involving 3-D badges bearing the catch phrase "Are We Not Men", black armbands as worn by Devo themselves, plus black T-shirts with various slogans, shop window displays around the country and extensive fly-posting.

SOUNDTRACK SALES ZOOM

● The soundtrack double album of the film **"Sgt Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band"** is released by A & M on July 28. It includes three songs performed by the **Bee Gees** on their own, and two by **Peter Frampton** solo, as well as several other tracks by the Bee Gees and Frampton together — plus a duet between Frampton and comedian George Burns! Also featured are **Billy Preston** (singing "Get Back"), **Earth Wind And Fire, Alice Cooper, Aerosmith** and **Paul Nicholas,** not forgetting Frankie Howerd! Any Bee Gees singles culled from the album will be issued on the RSO label.

● The soundtrack album **"Saturday Night Fever"** has now sold over 20 million copies worldwide, according to RSO Records, making it one of the biggest-selling LPs of all time. And RSO may even surpass that achievement with the **"Grease"** soundtrack which, in its first six weeks in America, is selling faster than the "Fever" LP did in the comparable period. The next single from the "Grease" elpee is expected to be "Hopelessly Devoted To You" by **Olivia Newton-John.**

Argent spin-off

● Latest signing to Rocket Records is **Phoenix,** whose line-up comprises three former members of Argent — Bob Henrit, John Verity and Jim Rodford — plus Ray Minhinnett who was formerly with Frankie Miller's Full House. Their first single "Time Of The Season", penned by Rod Argent, is out this week. An album follows later in the year.

Kottke sings Lowe!

● **Leo Kottke's** second Chrysalis album "Burnt Lips" is scheduled for August 11 release. It includes 11 self-penned numbers plus the Nick Lowe composition "Endless Sleep". Among Kottke's own numbers on the LP are two he wrote for the soundtrack of a Paramount film called "Terry's Movie", soon to be released over here. And it's understood that he'll be visiting Britain later in the year to headline a number of concerts.

● The second album by **David Dundas,** titled "Vertical Hold", is issued through Chrysalis on the Air label on August 11. It consists entirely of self-penned or co-written songs, and is preceded on August 4 by his new single "When I Saw You Today".

● **Darts'** new single is "It's Raining", for release by Magnet on July 28. It's a specially re-recorded track from their current album. A spokesman said this week that the band's next British dates will be at the end of the year, after they've completed a European tour.

● **Bryan Ferry,** whose new single "Sign Of The Times" is issued by Polydor this weekend, will not now have his album "The Bride Stripped Bare" released until September.

● Release of **Patti Smith's** four-track EP, previously reported by NME, has been delayed by Arista until August 4. Titles are "Privilege (Set Me Free)", "Ask The Angels", "25th Floor" and "Babelfield".

● **The Albion Band** have re-recorded their current Harvest single "Poor Old Horse", specially for Radio 1 daytime airplay. The expurgated version deletes the line "And the cheeks of her arse are going chuff, chuff, chuff" so as not to offend sensitive listeners.

Record News

Mac's STEVIE NICKS

● **Fleetwood Mac** finished work on their new album, before they set out last Sunday on a three-week U.S. tour. Originally planned as a part-live part-studio double set, it's now emerged as a single studio LP. Autumn release is planned.

● A new single by **Japan** titled "The Unconventional", coupled with the title track from their debut album "Adolescent Sex", comes out on August 18. And they are at present recording their second LP for autumn release.

Info about UFO

● **U.F.O.,** who recenlty completed a British concert tour, have an unusual single rushed out by Chrysalis this weekend. It's a three-track, seven-inch disc, playing at 33⅓ rpm and pressed in red vinyl! Titles are "Only You Can Rock Me" and "Cherry" (both from their latest album "Obsession") and "Rock Bottom" (from their 1974 LP "Phenomenon").

● The second single by the six-piece **Pacific Eardrum** is released by Charisma on July 28, titled "Love On A Merry Go Round". It's followed on August 18 by their album "Beyond Panic". Besides playing the Reading Festival on August 27, the band will also be gigging around London next month to promote these releases.

● **"Jilted John",** a single by the artist of the same name, was originally issued by Rabid Records in a limited 15,000 edition. These have now all been sold, entirely as the result of in-store play, and the single has been acquired from Rabid boss Tosh Ryan by EMI International who are rushing it out tomorrow (Friday).

● Stiff Records have signed Brooklyn-based band **Just Water,** who are regulars at New York's renowned CBGBs niterie. They comprise Mitch Dancik and Danny Rubin (guitars and vocals), Tom Korba (bass) and Gus Martin (drums and vocals). Their first single, a very heavy version of "Singin' In The Rain", is out this weekend.

CHARTBOUND STEELBAND?

STEELBAND music could well make its British chart debut later this summer, by way of the single "Commonwealth Tempo" by the 18-piece Groovers Steel Orchestra, issued by United Artists on July 28. It's been picked by BBC-TV as the theme music for their coverage of the Commonwealth Games during the first half of August (their last sports theme "Argentina Melody" is still in the charts), and adopted by the English athletics squad as their official theme.

The band, consisting mainly of London-born black youngsters, are donating all royalties to the Games Appeal Fund — and they'll be performing in Edmonton, Canada, while the Games are held in that city. They also play in Canterbury Cathedral this Sunday (23), in an event being televised by BBC-1.

● **The Ramones'** live double album is officially confirmed for September release by Sire Records (now distributed by WEA), and it will be pressed in coloured vinyl.

McKinney song

● Joyce McKinney, of sex-in-chains fame, is the subject of a single titled "Little Miss Perfect" by **Demon Preacher** — it's released by Small Wonder Records on July 31. This weekend the same label issues **The Carpettes'** single "Small Wonder?", retailing at 59p. **Patrik Fitzgerald** is currently recording an album for the label called "The Legend Of Eddie Grubb and Other Grubby Stories", as well as a 12-inch five-track single called "The Paranoid Ward" — both scheduled for simultaneous release in early autumn.

JUSTIFIABLE?

● "Justifiable Homicide" is a song about the controversial death of boxing trainer Liddle Towers, and — after several weeks of legal consultation — it's being issued by The Label on July 28. It's by erstwhile Sex Pistols producer **Dave Goodman And Friends,** and part of the proceeds of the record — which is pressed on red vinyl — are going to the Liddle Towers Committee.

● One of the great rock'n'roll classic singles, the 20-year-old "At The Hop" by **Danny and The Juniors,** is reissued by Anchor this week. It's coupled with the group's other well-known track "Rock And Roll Is Here To Stay".

A new picture, received by NME from New York on Tuesday, of DEBBIE HARRY at work in the studios — where she and the other Blondie members are busy recording their third album for autumn release.

Gladys at Aintree Festival and Palladium

GLADYS KNIGHT & The Pips fly into Britain to headline Liverpool's Aintree Festival on August Bank Holiday Monday (28), then travel to London to play a five-day season at the Palladium (August 29-September 2), and these will be their only dates in this country.

The Aintree Festival is a three-day event, staged on the famous racecourse, starting on Saturday, August 26. The opening day is devoted to a concert by top Liverpool and Manchester stars of the '60s — including Gerry & The Pacemakers, Wayne Fontana & The Mindbenders, Freddie & The Dreamers, The Searchers, The Merseybeats, The Fourmost, Swinging Blue Jeans and Dave Berry,

Sunday is a non-music day devoted to a fairground, fireworks and a three-hour skateboarding display. And on Holiday Monday, in addition to Gladys & The Pips, there's Roy Orbison and Suzi Quatro, with other names still be be announced.

All three days run from 1 to 9 pm, with full car-parking and refreshment facilities. Admission on Saturday and Monday is £5, and on Sunday £2, with children under ten free of charge on all days if accompanied by an adult.

It's understood that Gladys' London Palladium season is likely to feature Eddie Kendricks as principal support act. As previously reported, Orbison is also lined up for the Palladium — he appears there for the week starting Monday, August 21.

There's been some confusion over Gladys' recording status in recent weeks. Buddah Records have apparently sold her existing contract to Arista without her agreement, and she says she's taking action because she claims to have signed with CBS! To complicate matters, still further, The Pips are signed in their own right to Casablanca, and both they and Gladys have different managers — all of which has led to considerable delay in finalising their British visit.

While all this is sorted out, Pye Records (who distribute Buddah in Britain) have been given the go-ahead to continue looking after Gladys' interests over here, and they intend releasing a new single to tie in with her U.K. appearances — a 12-inch six-minute disco version of "A Better

Than Good Time". Meanwhile her current Buddah single "Come Back And Finish What You Started" (taken from her latest album "The One And Only Gladys Knight & The Pips") is a strong chart contender.

FOUR-WEEK TOUR BY TEMPTATIONS

THE TEMPTATIONS' four-week British tour, plans for which were reported last week, consists of four cabaret engagements plus a pair of concerts at the London Palladium — where they appear on Sunday, September 17 at 6 and 8.30 pm (tickets priced £5, £4, £3, £2.50 and £2 go on sale at the box office and through the usual agents on August 1). Other dates are Manchester Golden Garter (August 28-September 2), Birmingham Night Out (September 4-9), Watford Bailey's (10-16) and Leicester Bailey's (18-23).

THE TIME IS COOL TO SYNTHESIZE

MUSIC BY POST
Comprehensive Catalogue free on receipt of 7p/9p stamp

This week's best selling SONGBOOKS

JIMI HENDRIX 40 Greatest	£3.95
QUEEN News of the World	£2.75
SUPERTRAMP Even in the Quietest Moments	£3.95
CHUCK BERRY Anthology	£2.95
BEE GEES complete	£5.95
R. STONES Early R. Stones	£2.25
T. REX songbook	£1.50
YES Going for the One	£3.95
RORY GALLAGHER Songbook	£3.50
ROXY MUSIC Greatest Hits	£2.95
THE JAM SONGBOOK	£1.50
GENESIS Seconds Out	£3.95
STATUS QUO 42 Songs	£2.50
BOB DYLAN Songbook	£3.95
ELO Out of the Blue	£3.95

BOOKS

JIMI HENDRIX Biography	£3.75
Marc Bolan Lyric book	95p
NME Book of Rock	£0.95
History of the Gibson Guitar	£3.25

TUTORS

Beginner Guitar tutor + record	£1.00
Rock Guitar tutor + record	£1.50
Bass Guitar tutor + record	£1.50
Rythm Guitar tutor	£3.50
Play in a Day — Bert Weedon	£1.25

POSTAL RATES: GB & N IRELAND — OVERSEAS
Orders £1 or under add 15p p+p — 20p
Orders £1/£2 add 25p p+p — 30p
Orders £2/£3 add 35p p+p — 40p
Orders £3/£10 add 50p p+p — £1
Orders 10 or over add £1.00 — £1.50

PASH MUSIC STORES, 5 ELGIN CRESCENT, LONDON W11

On The Road

STEVE MARRIOTT of the Small Faces plays a one-off gig with Joe Brown's backing band at **London Canning Town** Bridge House tonight (Thursday). They are billed as Blind Drunk, with Marriott appearing inder the assumed name of Matt Vinyl.

INGATZ undertake a seven-date tour of the Scottish highlands and islands, playing **Elgin** Eight Acres Hotel (July 23), **Stornaway** Town Hall (24), **Portree** Gathering Hall (25), **Kinlochleven** Recreation Club (26), **Tain** Duthec Centre (28), **Dingwall** Town Hall (29), and **Fraserburgh** Station Hotel (30).

WHIRLWIND have made several changes to their current tour. They have newly-booked gigs at **Plymouth** Metro (July 27) and **Guildford** The Junction (August 14). Their postponed date at **Swansea** Circles is re-set for tonight (Thursday), **Leeds** 'F' Club moves from August 3 to 4, and **Birmingham** Barbarella's from August 11 to 18. And four gigs are cancelled for reasons beyond the band's control — **Manchester** Rafters (July 28), **Liverpool** Eric's (29), **Cheltenham** Plough (August 1) and **Nottingham** Sandpiper (4).

STEVE GIBBONS BAND, Autographs, The Slits and John Cooper Clarke are among acts lined up for a benefit show on behalf of One-Parent Families at **London Camden** Music Machine on Tuesday, August 8. As reported last week, 999 are playing three gigs at **London Kensighton** Nashville (July 27-29) for the same charity.

WHITE CATS, the band launched recently by Chris Millar (a.k.a. Rat Scabies), continue their string of **London** gigs with newly-booked dates at the Marquee (July 26), Covent Garden Rock Garden (27), Islington Hope & Anchor (28), Canning Town Bridge House (29), Stoke Newington Rochester Castle (30), Camden Dingwalls (August 1), Acton White Hart (2), Stoke Newington Pegasus (3) and Camden Music Machine (4). They also play **Gravesend** Red Lion on August 5.

GLORIA MUNDI have been quickly re-booked for **London Camden** Music Machine, after attracting a capacity house to their gig there last week. The new date is Thursday August 3.

THE SHIRTS have cancelled their gig at **London Kensington** Nashville next Tueday (25), as they are filming a spot fot ATV's "Revolver" series, but they're hoping that the date can be re-scheduled later .

KRAKATOA are back on the gig circuit with dates at **Kirklevington** Country Club (tomorrow, Friday), **Middlesbrough** Rock Garden (Saturday), **Torquay** Town Hall (July 25), **Brighton** New Regent (26), **Lincoln** A.J.'s (28), **Oldham** Tower Club (29), **Leeds** Fforde Green Hotel (30), **Doncaster** Outlook (31), **Bath** Brillig Arts Centre (August 3), **Scarborough** Penthouse (4), **Nottingham** Sandpiper (5) and **Jacksdale** Grey Topper (6).

TONY McPHEE and his new band Terraplane have added two dates to their August itinerary — **Folkestone** Leas Cliff Hall (5) and **Sunderland** Mecca (11).

THE ACCELERATORS play **Lincoln** A.J.'s (July 28), **Cheltenham** Plough (31), **Plymouth** Metro (August 1), **Torquay** Pelican (4 and 5), **Bristol** Free Festival (6), **Dewsbury** Turks Head (8), **Newcastle-under-lyme** Hempstalls Inn (10), **Tyldesley** Rugby Club (11), **Bolton** Moss Bank Festival (12), **Chesterfield** Adam & Eve's (14), **Liverpool** Pyramid Club (17), **Oldham** Boundary Hotel (18), **Leeds** Victoria Hotel (21), **Wantage** Swan (24), **Liskeard** Carlton Suite (25) and **Bristol** The Posada (26).

J.A.L.N. BAND have extra gigs at **Canvey Island** Monaco Club (this Saturday), **Southend** Talk Of The South (August 1), **Peterborough** Town Hall (5), **Bournemouth** Village Bowl (15), **Portsmouth** Mercury Club (16), **Aberdeen** Ruffles (21) and **Colchester** Woods Club (24).

A SIX-DAY Jazz Festival is to be held t **London Hammersmith** Riverside Studios in mid-August. Among acts appearing are the new Gary Boyle Band, John Stevens' Away, Mike Westbrook, Keith Tippet, Dick Morrissey, Jim Mullen, Landscape and John Surman. There are aslo several new bands including Surrounding Silence and Soft Head, both featuring past and present members of Soft Machine.

RAY KING BAND, the seven-piece multi-racial outfit from Birmingham, play **Coventry** Wyken Pippin (July 24), **Corby** Shaft's (29), **Barnsley** Birdcage (August 7), **Kenilworth** Squires (12), **London** Brollie's (18), **Gainsborough** Casablanca (19) and **Norwich** Cromwell's (24), before leaving on August 25 for their first European tour.

LABI SIFFRE plays **Birmingham** Night Out (August 7-8), **Eastbourne** Kings Country Club (11-12), **Leicester** Haymarket Theatre (13), **Chesterfield** Aquarius (17-18), **Manchester** Piccadilly Hotel (22), **Canterbury** Bramling House Country Club (25-26), **Nottingham** Heart of the Midlands (October 9-10) and **Birmingham** Kitts Green (November 28).

CULTURE have made a few changes to their British tour schedule this month. Their cancelled gig at Birmingham Locarno earlier this week is replaced by **Birmingham** Digbeth Civic Hall next Monday (24), originally planned for **Liverpool** Mountford Hall then switched to **Bedford** Bunyan Hall, is now off all together. Other dates, including **London** Rainbow on July 28, remain unchanged and three more gigs have been added — **Plymouth** Metro (this Sunday), **Cardiff** Top Rank (July 25) and **London Oxford St.** 100 Club (27).

Japan's DAVID SYLVIAN

JAPAN have been set for a string of gigs at **London Camden** Music Machine at fortnightly intervals, appearing there on July 31, August 14 and 31. They are also one of the acts taking part in Belgium's Bilsen Pop Festival on August 12, along with The Kinks, Nazareth and Lindisfarne.

Hillage: more free gigs

STEVE HILLAGE is set for two more free open-air concert appearances. After playing an outdoor show in Finland this Saturday (22) by the light of the midnight sun, he returns to headline — as previously reported — the final night of the Deeply Vale People's Free Festival next Tuesday (25). This six-day event starts today (Thursday) at a site three miles north of Bury in Lancashire. Then early next month he plays at an Anti-Nazi League concert in Harwich on Saturday, August 5; and the next day he travels to Bristol to appear in the Ashton Court Festival.

10c.c, BJH: extra dates

10c.c. and Barclay James Harvest have each added another date to their previously-reported autumn tour schedules. 10c.c. now play a second concert at Bristol Colston Hall on September 19, making a total of 20 dates and completing their itinerary. Barclay James' addition is at Derby Assembly Rooms on October 4, giving them a total of 18 concerts.

MAC CURTIS U.K. VENUES

MAC CURTIS, the American rockabilly veteran, headlines another British tour in the late summer. Appearing with him on all dates are British band Matchbox, and dates confirmed so far are Bristol Tiffany's Music Hall (August 24), Southend Minerva (25), Hull City Hall (26), London Southgate Royalty (28 and 31), Leicester T.U.L. Club (29), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (September 1) and London Soutall White Hart (6). More dates will be announced next week. Meanwhile, Curtis' new album "Rock Me" is released on August 4 by Rockin' Roll, who also reissue his "Ducktail" single to coincide with the tour.

Five repeats of TV 'In Concert'

BBC-2 are repeating five of their "In Concert" showcases during the coming month. Originally screened during the 1977-78 winter season, they feature Elkie Brooks (July 24), Graham Parker and The Rumour (31), Joan Armatrading (August 7), Loudon Wainwright (14) and Supertramp (21). A new series of "In Concert" begins in the autumn, but the exact starting date is not yet known.

● Also on BBC-2, the 1976 Rod Stewart documentary "Rod The Mod Has Come Of Age" is repeated this Sunday (23), Kenny Rogers and Tompall Glaser are in "Sing Country" next Tuesday (25), and the "Rhythm On 2" series next Wednesday presents "The Sound Of The Platters".

THE STRANGLERS, The Boomtown Rats, The Lurkers and The Boyfriends are all featured in the first of Mickie Most's new "Revolver" series screened by ATV this Saturday (22). The 45-minute show, hosted by Peter Cook, also includes Hi-Tension, Autographs and a nostalgia spot with Julie Driscoll. Initially the series is restricted to the ATV Midlands region, but it will be seen in other areas — including London — in the near future.

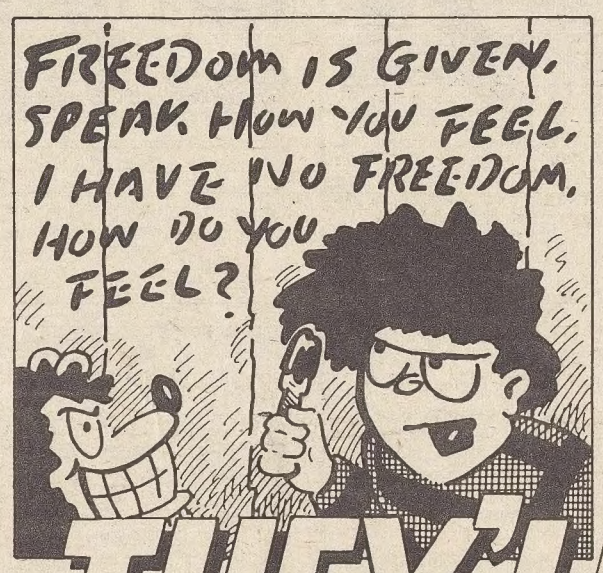
STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS
SEA LEVEL
WITH GUESTS
DIXIE DREGGS
HAMMERSMITH ODEON
QUEEN CAROLINE ST. W.6
WEDNESDAY 26th JULY at 8·00
TICKETS £3·00, £2·50, £2·00 £1·50 (INC VAT) IN ADVANCE THEATRE BOX OFFICE, 748 4081, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., 439 3371, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, 240 2245, USUAL AGENTS OR ON NIGHT

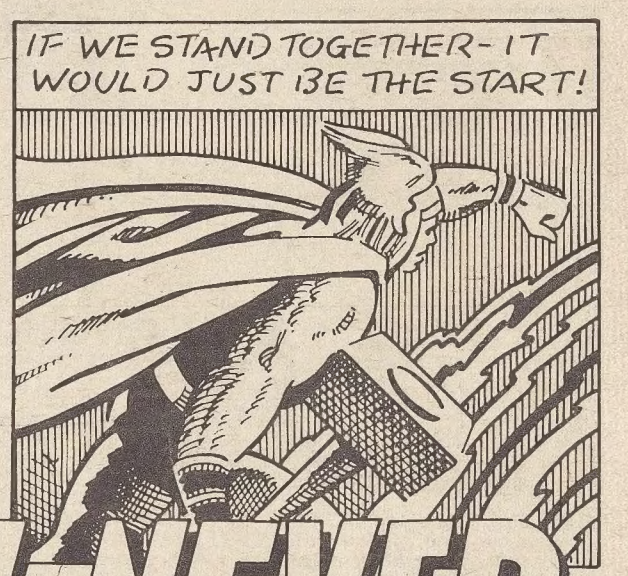
BLUE ✦ OYSTER ✦ CULT
SOUVENIRS
We have official T-shirts, posters, programmes and badges from the U.K '78 tour.
For mail order form send SAE to:
Holy T Shirts 1 Munro Terrace, London SW10 ODL

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS
BLUES FESTIVAL '78
BUDDY GUY
JUNIOR WELLS
KO KO TAYLOR
CHICAGO BLUES ALL-STARS
BIG VOICE ODUM • DAVID MYERS • ODIE PAYNE
HUBERT SUMLIM • JIMMY JOHNSON • EDDIE CLEARWATER
HAMMERSMITH ODEON
QUEEN CAROLINE ST. W.6
FRIDAY 21st JULY at 7·30
TICKETS £4·00, £3·50, £3·00, £2·50, (INC. VAT) IN ADVANCE THEATRE BOX OFFICE, 748 4081, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., 439 3371, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, 240 2245, USUAL AGENTS OR ON NIGHT

SPECIAL OFFER FOR MUSICIANS
If you're advertising jobs or instruments, it's only 10p a word.
Remember NME reaches more people than any other British music paper.
IT'S YOUR PAPER, USE IT!

'IF THE KIDS ARE UNITED!...' BY SHAM 69 NO.1





THEY'LL NEVER BE DIVIDED!

B SIDE **SUNDAY MORNING NIGHTMARE**

The shell of the Albany Theatre — view from the stage.

CARNIVAL OF THE NORTH:

CHAOS & CONCERN

BY PAUL MORLEY

THE ANTI-NAZI LEAGUE and Rock Against Racism were formed specifically as a reaction against racism.

Both popular front organisations had unashamedly negative stances — existing to rally and to check impending growth of racial intimidation, but not to introduce activist policy. Hence there was room in the ANL for anyone, regardless of political affiliation, so long as they cared for basic human rights.

Their growth has been both healthy and unhealthy.

Healthy because the unerring sense of the majority of people has been proven, because thousands of youngsters are discovering and immediately repelling a potential abuse of human rights, vigorously opposing with the only means they know — spectating and enjoying. But unhealthy because the ANL's always flimsy apolitical basis has buckled, and a horde of political extremists and crackpots have now homed in on a ready-made mass target of youth.

Because ANL has barely the organisational capacity to control its own expansion, the political parties and trade unions gratefully move in, sponsoring and reaping discreet benefits.

Obviously the major ANL Carnival in London fulfilled expectations and more. It was a glorious call for freedom, but as more events are organised (plans for Sheffield and Nottingham already) based around the pull of rock music, the aims get lost and devalued, politics infiltrate and confuse, the whole idea gets smothered. One massive carnival a year, two at the most, would surely be enough.

The ANL's future is now out of its own hands — a subtle slip from negativism to positivism. Has the ANL been transformed into a pure political machine? Whatever, rock music is being used through the ANL, not as people's music, but as the supreme vehicle to reach youth. A growing deception.

The anti-Nazi League in conjunction with Rock Against Racism, not without a little treading on each other's toes, sponsored by trade union groups, planned for three days of music in Moss Side's Alexandra Park. A good site — Moss Side being an interesting example of above average black and white relations. Despite a large black population, all races in the district have the same appalling problems, the same enemy, so why fight each other?

The first day of the planned event, Thursday, was also timed to coincide with the Moss Side by-election, in which the National Front were represented by a business studies teacher at Bramhall High School, one H. Andrew.

Thursday originally had a bill comprising of the Smirks, John Cooper-Clarke, The Fall and Graham Parker And The Rumour, preparing their organisation for the Blackbushe event. Friday was to be a collection of local groups, with the climax, the main event and the march, on the Saturday.

This was the plan, though the organisation seemed poor — especially for the Friday, which had always seemed a vague prospect. Crossed lines between the organising committee and the local council meant the council were only expecting one day of music, the Saturday. Consequently at midday on Thursday performers were informed of a cancellation.

Opposition from the organisers resulted in a compromise: Thursday could go on as a

Continues over page

Manchester pictures: KEVIN CUMMINS

NAZIS FIREBOMB ACKLAM HALL

BY BOB WOFFINDEN

THE THREE-DAY Manchester carnival, arranged jointly by the Anti-Nazi League and Rock Against Racism, was being heralded by both organisations on Monday as a fantastic success.

An ANL spokesman said it was "the largest political demonstration to have taken place in Manchester since the Chartist marches of the 1840s".

Meanwhile on the same day — the bad news — RAR held a hastily-convened press conference to announce that two London venues used regularly for RAR gigs had been fire-bombed and extensively damaged on Thursday July 13, the night of the Manchester Moss Side by-election.

The carnival had originally been arranged shortly after the massively successful demonstration of May Day holiday weekend in Victoria Park, Hackney, and was deliberately timed to coincide with the by-election.

The ANL had been active in the Moss Side constituency throughout the campaign, and distributed 25,000 leaflets on polling day itself. In the event, the Labour vote held up well enough, so that the government staved off the Conservative challenge. The National Front picked up a paltry number of votes — 623, only 229 more than Vanessa Redgrave, who has now made almost as many bids for Parliament as movies, and who remains palpably more successful at the latter.

Naturally, the ANL were jubilant about both the election result and the undoubted success of the march/concert. A spokesman for the organisation said, "We attracted widespread young working-class support, in a constituency which only a year ago the National Front would have claimed as its own."

Nevertheless, the erosion of the NF vote in a depressed, multi-racial, inner urban area (ie their natural breeding-ground) is as surprising as it is welcome. It is only a short time since they were causing considerable political headaches at by-elections (at Ilford, for example). Now, however, most pundits seemed to regard their poor performance as barely worthy of comment. The *Daily Mail*, for example, commented simply, "It looks as though the National Front has gone back to being strictly small-time."

HOWEVER, IF the electoral threat of the NF, never strong, is now clearly waning, then their more insidious social threat is still all too plain.

As a spokesman for RAR said at their Monday press conference, "It seems as though the party's recent bleak performances may have driven some of their sympathisers to resort to desperate terror tactics."

It was after the Moss Side result was known that Acklan Hall in Notting Hill was fire-bombed and the Albany Theatre in Deptford severely damaged by fire — so extensively, in fact, that as yet it has been impossible to determine a cause.

Acklam Hall is almost a natural focal point for any local racial tension. Just underneath the Westway, it stands adjacent to the flashpoint area of the 1976 Notting Hill Carnival riots. The hall is leased from the GLC by Black Productions, who often promote white bands there, and has also been used by RAR to put on gigs featuring both black and white groups. Theoretically, the hall's insurance should be covered by the GLC Amenity Trust.

The damage was not excessive. A gig scheduled for Friday had to be cancelled, but the hall was completely re-wired by Saturday, and Misty, Black Jade and The Passions were able to play there.

Meanwhile in Deptford, the Albany Theatre was gutted. It doesn't even have a roof any more.

Although the theatre itself was insured, its contents weren't. RAR have promoted 13 concerts there since February, and they have some small proceeds from these, but they are now launching an appeal for £10,000 to make good the damage.

RAR see a definite pattern to this kind of activity. Since the Victoria Park carnival, there has been an intensification of racial attacks, both on people and property. Two Asians have been murdered in East London recently, and Brick Lane in Bethnal Green — where a thriving Sunday morning market is held — has been the scene of many recent racial confrontations.

On top of that, the ANL offices have been fire-bombed, and the left-wing magazine *Peace News* received a parcel bomb.

Even the orderly Manchester carnival didn't escape such incidents. After the concert, right-wing thugs attacked three members of Hull RAR in a pub, and hospitalised two of them.

THE ANL have already thought out their next moves.

Anticipating, like everyone else, a general election on October 12, they have obtained official permission to go ahead with another major London march and concert, similar in form to the Victoria Park one. This will take place at Brockwell Park in Brixton on September 24.

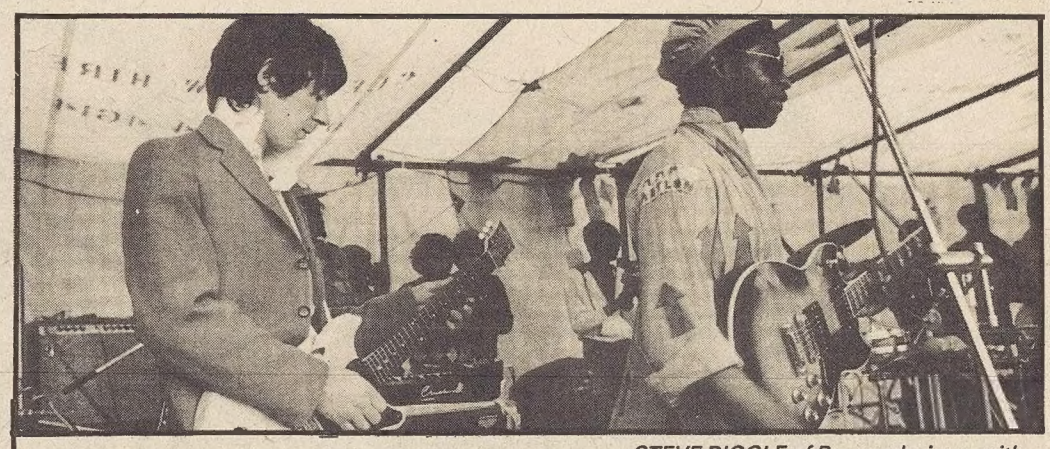
RAR will, of course, be cooperating in the organisation and, although negotiations are still at a very tentative stage, they have revealed that Peter Tosh, Sham 69, Misty and the Tom Robinson Band have all been asked to play.

Also, with the start of the football season on August 19, ANL will be conducting a thorough campaign on the terraces, well-known breeding grounds of inarticulate fascist support (as the Millwall *Panorama* demonstrated).

RAR, meanwhile, have their own plans for expansion, and are about to unveil Skateboarders Against Racism (!?!) — posters, leaflets and badges coming shortly.

Local RAR groups have sprouted everywhere — Cardiff organised a demonstration of their own last Saturday (5,000 people attended), and there will be a one-day carnival in Southampton on August 12.

The ANL say they are not an *ad hoc* organisation — perhaps fascism, like poverty, is always with us — and after the election they will call a national conference to work out where they go from wherever we are by then.



STEVE DIGGLE of Buzzcocks jams with DAVID HINDS of Steel Pulse.

From previous page

'rehearsal' for the main event — officially to check sound, equipment and facilities. But only Graham Parker could appear.

BY FIVE O'CLOCK spectators were arriving for the advertised six o'clock start. Proceedings still seemed confused. The police arrived, steadfastly maintaining that "There is to be no music tonight" — the council had failed to inform them of the go-ahead. That was quickly sorted out. Then Parker demanded that someone else go on first and test his equipment. The Smirks, who had turned up unsure of the final position, were roped in at the very last minute to play a brief set.

Graham Parker's polished professionalism didn't let him down. He performed crisply with correct hip mannerisms to an audience rapidly approaching 5,000 (people arriving during and even after his performance). He got encores, and punched the air: it was good publicity for him.

Thursday was a mistake. Undoubtedly it stretched the council's patience, and it had minimal associations with the actual reason for its existence and was poorly organised (although the staging, by the Deeply Vale Free Festival people, and the sharp compering of Ernie Dalton were excellent). It also mildly threatened Saturday's prospects: the police warned that the sound might be discontinued on the Saturday after receiving complaints from local residents.

Meanwhile, H Andrew polled just over 600 votes, 2% of the total, and came a pitiful fourth to the Liberals.

FRIDAY'S SIDE-SHOW of local talent was cancelled: an alternative was hurriedly arranged. Pap group Rich Kids were due to play at Manchester's New Century Hall that night, but that too had been cancelled, so a concert was planned at UMIST with Rich Kids and The Fall — 50p, in aid of RAR.

At such short notice, it was inevitable that publicity would be virtually non-existent. At most, 100 people turned up Friday night.

The Fall refused to commence until their No. 1 fan John the Postman arrived. At five past nine he turned up: The Fall drove into their first song, playing had and primitive to 63 people.

The Fall are innovators, performing a kind of bleached disco music, relentlessly repetitive, a metallic dub music.

Rich Kids, who immediately pointed out that they were doing the gig for free, perpetuated old routines, images, with their retrogressive glammy visuals, their core of macho and unchannelled commitment. Rich Kids are a good indication of rock's stiffness and tedium — the skin has burst.

WE ARRIVE at Bury New Road, Strangeways, outside the prison, at midday Saturday. there are already over 5,000 people milling about. (The meeting place was mainly chosen because the National Front seems to have forged a habit of recruiting prison officers from Strangeways into its ranks.)

The *News of the World* has already set up its photograph, deciding nothing worthwhile is going to happen. At about 12.20, with more and more people arriving all the time, cheery Bob Greaves, Granada's amiable reporter on their teatime show, clambers on a truck to introduce six speakers. "It's going to be a good day," Greaves says, "but an informal day." So each speaker says their bit in five minutes.

Each speaker hangs his/her speech around racialism and the glorious sight of all the people, but they have their other points to make, and do. A little mud-slinging goes on, a little electioneering, a lot of nothing. Politics seeps into the occasion.

Whilst listening to the speakers I'm weighed under with paper, continually accosted by someone wanting to sell some literary propaganda. Leaflets to join the S.W.P., the Young Communist League, etc. This is not a little disturbing.

First speaker up, George Caburn (motive: Trade Unionism), from Sheffield Engineers.

Next, Ramilia Patel (motive: Asians/women), a young girl from the Bolton Asian Youth Group who is introduced as the lady who marched in front of Martin Webster on his infamous solo walk to Hyde Town Hall last year.

Third, Sean Hosey (motive: rights), an enthusiastic guy who's just got out of prison in South Africa (five years for distributing leaflets) someone who has fought real deprivation and fascism. He is visibly moved by the size of the crowd.

Fourth is Colin Barnett (motive: socialism), regional trades union organiser amongst other things. He represents the sponsors of the organisation, and takes time out in his speech to convey that police estimation of the number of people in Strangeways car park is 12,000 — "the largest political demonstration since the war." Cheers.

Barnett is followed by the secretary of the Anti-Nazi League, Paul Holborow. In an animated speech he mentions that Hubert Andrew had attempted to join the ANL but had been flatly refused, and boasts that the police estimation of the crowd is now 15,000. Cheers.

Final speaker is Frank Allaun, MP for Salford East (motive: everything and nothing), whose practised political speech is noisily interrupted by a rotund black lady called Ruth who demands to have a say. She is given access, climbs onto the platform and lets rip. Her motive is pride; she worked herself into a fury. "And I look at all you people with your banners and badges, and it makes me sick of all this advertising, 'cos I know that someone, somewhere is making money out of my black face."

At this point Ruth is hastily assisted offstage by Holborow; the march commences.

The chants of the marchers occasionally degenerate into the battling language of football hooliganism (the elemment of team warfare always apparent), into a hate that is surely a seed for fascism.

The only hint of trouble is at the tail-end of the march, where a cluster of people are taunted by ten or eleven NF sympathisers.

The marchers begin to arrive at the park at about 2.30: at the back of the stage area there are hassles. Buzzcocks, who took two weeks deliberation before deciding to appear, don't want the responsibility of going on last — nor do they wish to go on first before all the marchers arrive.

About 5,000 people are already there, occupying the best vantage points. The marchers are clearly going to take at least an hour to arrive. Heated discussion. Exasperation. Richard Boon, Buzzcocks' appealing manager, is clearly dismayed at the mess. The organisation is a shambles, he moans.

"They know a lot about propaganda but nothing about rock'n'roll. If the people who are organising this are the revolution, then I'm emigrating."

THE LINE-UP of bands was well chosen: the multi-racial line-up of struggling Exodus, the practical concern with people and reasons of Buzzcocks (playing, let's face it, to draw a crowd), the stylistic diversification of the unknown China Street, and the pure rebellion of Steel Pulse. Rhythms and messages.

Exodus were obviously nervous; there were lots of gaps in their weak reggae. Minimal projection, no depth. They received medium response.

Buzzcocks placed the emphasis on entertainment — a people's celebration. Arriving on stage with no fixed set, they played some pop music. They supplied a freedom — fun, without crassness or 'escapism'.

They were a triumph, finished with 'Boredom' (oh the ironies!), and a lot of people then went home.

Compere Ernie Dalton by this time had already pushed estimations of the crowd up towards 30,000. After Buzzcocks there was a certain loss of impetus.

China Street have played more Rock Against Racism gigs than anyone I can think of. A tight, hard-working group, they're patiently and conscientiously moving through all the right growth procedures. Purveyors of the revolutionary white reggae music, they can also switch easily into custom-built fast rock, gutsy and tender, positive and convincing.

The faces change at the front of the stage. Soon, the faces are all black. Steel Pulse take their place at the end of a long hard day. The crowd dwindles around the edges, attention sways. Dense rhythms and thick textures lumber across the park — syrupy salvation. The point of Pulse's visuals is lost, the music soars and scores.

Subdued encore: "Klu Klux Klan", joined by members of China Street, Exodus and Buzzcocks' Diggle — a muted flashback of the dialectic of black/white that everyone knows was/is the staple of rock and roll.

"Black and white unite . . . Black and white unite . . . Black and white unite . . ."

It's all over. Nothing overpowering happened. Everything was respectable. Everyone grooved on fun, not fear. The stand was made.

And because politicians will never understand the full significance of rock'n'roll we needn't worry (yet).

"This wasn't politics," said Pete Shelley, "it was fun. But the best kind of fun is with people, and being with people is politics."

REPEATED BY PUBLIC DEMAND

YOU CAN LEAD A HORSE TO WATER BUT IF YOU CAN MAKE HIM FLOAT ON HIS BACK, YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING

AV. MALE WT. = 5' 10" (20-24) = 157 lbs. (25-29) = 163 lbs.

FOR MARRIED COUPLES BETWEEN 20-30 yrs. 46.3% HAVE NO KIDS 19.7% HAVE 1 18.3% HAVE 2 9.3% HAVE 3 6.3% HAVE 4 OR MORE

AV. MALE HT. (20-30) = 5'10"

THE AKRON COMPLICATION GET 3

ALL GREAT DISCOVERIES ARE MADE BY MISTAKE

FEATURING:
JANE AIRE & THE BELVEDERES
THE BIZARROS · CHI PIG · IDIOTS
CONVENTION · RUBBER CITY REBELS
RACHEL SWEET · SNIPER · TERRAPLANE
TIN HUEY · THE WAITRESSES

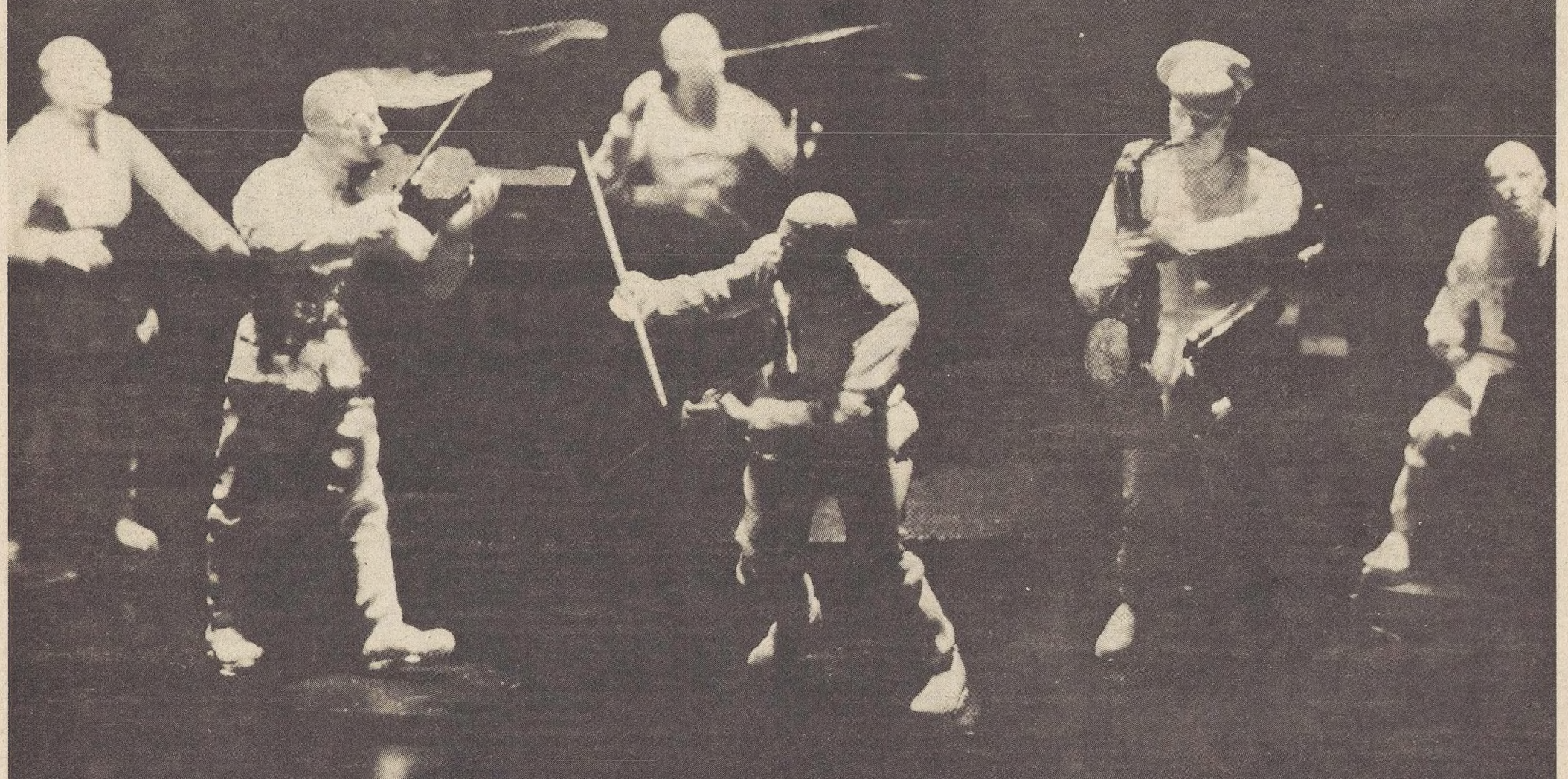
INGREDIENTS: SKIMMED MILK, SUGAR, GLUCOSE SYRUP, VEGETABLE FAT, WHEY SOLIDS, CITRIC ACID, STABILISERS, ACID CALCIUM PHOSPHATE, SODIUM PYROPHOSPHATE, EMULSIFIER, SODIUM CITRATE, CALCIUM CARBONATE. FLAVOURING, COLOUR, SACCHARIN.

AKRON SNIFF RECORDS

WHEN ALL ELSE FAILS READ THE INSTRUCTIONS

FROM THE MOST EXTREME LIVE BAND IN THE WORLD -THE MOST EXTREME LIVE ALBUM

VITAL



VAN DER GRAAF

The Live Double Album – Out Now – £4·75 Special price

CHARISMA

CVLD 101

Marketed by Charisma Records

THRILLS

BOBBY'S ON THE BOOKSTALL . . .

HI OUT THERE! Any of you still interested in a middle-aged Californian wife-beater?

Yes, it's your hero (not mine) — Bob Dylan, pinned down like an infirm butterfly by Philippe Adler for the French magazine L'Express the only interview he's given on his current Eurotour.

The interview took place in London on June 16, the day after Dylan's last Earl's Court palm leaf parade. It must have been swell to be on the receiving end of that great reception, Adler hints.

No, counters Bob, the reception wasn't for him but for . . . something else. Something the English press have made him, something which places a distance between his disciples and Himself.

Mr. Adler then asks him outright if he's only in it for the money. No! exclaims Bobo, though he certainly needs money. But he's back because — he's a musician, doing what comes naturally with a banjo on his knee etc.

After promising to return with three drummers to give him the percussion he needs, Bob denies that his current use of three beautiful backing vocalists paves the way to Las Vegas with a hearfelt "Pfffff!"

When confronted with his boasts that he was either an orphan or his dad was a coal miner, Bob has an attack of amnesia and claims that his father was a shop assistant. "He wasn't an educated man."

Bob thinks his latest songs have as much bearing on reality as the old ones. It doesn't embarrass Bob to sing "The Times They Are A-Changin' fifteen years later — on the contrary, every time he sings it he feels like he wrote it the night before!

What does Bob think of punques, asks Mr. Adler.

Well, he's heard some records, he's seen some bands. He admires them for their energy . . . but mainly he listens to "good music . . . rhythm and blues, hillbilly, blues."

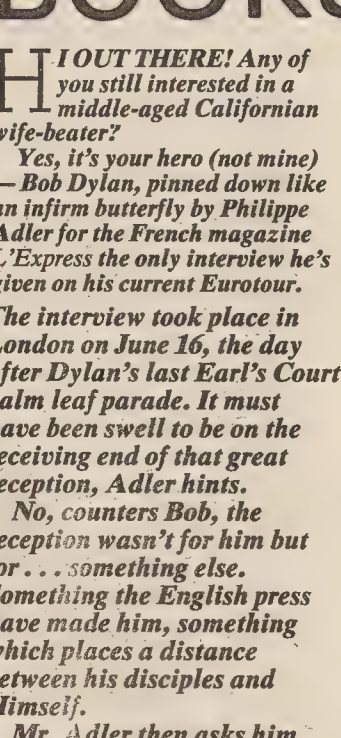
Like a good American daddy, Bob sees his kids "every time he gets the chance" (translation: whenever he has nothing better to do). What would he do if he found out that one of them was "taking drugs"? Well, that would depend on the drug. Personally, Bob's never been dependent on drugs, though he's taken "all sorts."

He reckons his eldest daughter has succumbed to some illegal substance or other already, and he hopes it's marijuana because, well, that isn't really a drug like the rest. Bob reckons there are much more dangerous drugs around today — like Angel Powder, which people give to elephants and which people take "to fly".

I guessed an elephant will have seen everything when he sees Bob Dylan's daughter fly.

JULIE BURCHILL

THRILLS



Pic: PENNIE SMITH

"Bitch!"

. . . . AND STEPPIN' DOWN THE 100

SPEND ONE NIGHT in a Hundred Club and you'll see what I see (part 74) . . . specifically Thursday last I and I observer sight up no less a personage than Bob Dylan stepping forward King Sounds style Oxford Street way.

It felt like the club had been collectively nutted by a mallet as the Zim entered in. "You have to be street-legal to come down 'ere," quipped a regular, and it's true El Zim's garb was near identical to the cover of "Street-Legal," betopped by a "Blonde On Blonde" period nat-up. Certainly too, Dylan displayed a real ability at blending with the crowd. *'Im just stand up there well strong you no see't . . .*

D was accompanied by several members of his band, plus the odd bodyguard or three, about whom one customer made the mirthful observation, "Dem look like dem eat pure cow and pig."

The Zim had paused only to check in at his hotel before beating it down to the club where veteran Alton Ellis and King Sounds and Brimstone were playing. A delighted Alton was among the first to cop the Zim signature, and turned in a spirited performance that clearly entertained I and I guest.

Dylan looked relaxed and (gasp) removed his shades, as he hung out unobtrusively, copping a selection of sounds Jamdown. He also exchanged talk with well-wishers, in which he affirmed his admiration for Jah Music and compared the current atmosphere of London with that of the early mid-60s. No true?

Though Dylan also expressed interest in viewing The Clash before he left Albion's shores, (they came and saw *him* on Saturday), he spent Friday at *Evitla*. Spend one night in a Babylon . . .

DR. BIRD

THRILLS

BLACKMAIL CORNER

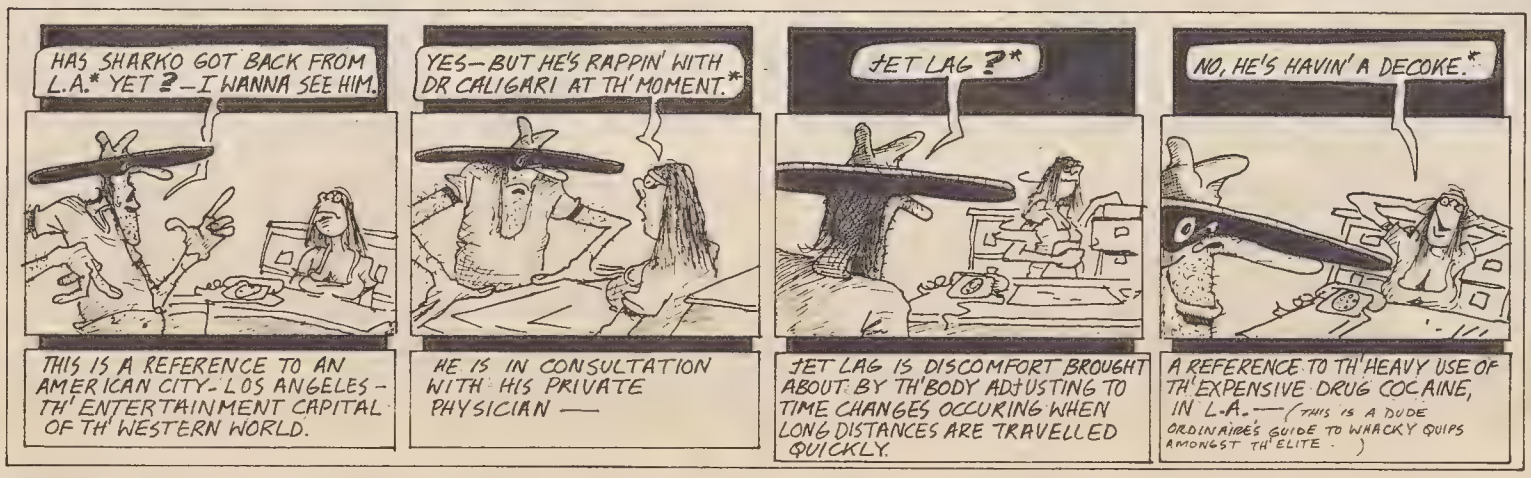
DOES THE SHABBY quartet above look like the future of anything, let alone the band whose style of clothing and musical/visual attack set the stage for much of the New Wave? Just goes to show, dunnit — meet DR. FEELGOOD circa '72 in the days when they were backing Heinz and just winding up for their glory days.

Underneath the assorted debris of hair'n flares, please meet and greet (from left to right as we ain't in China), LEE BRILLEAUX, WILKO JOHNSON, THE BIG FIGURE and JOHN B. SPARKS. The haircuts and charge accounts at Burtons came later, but the scenery remained the same (Gawd, look at that 'tache on Brilleaux . . . and the state of Wilko . . . Jeezuzzz).

Pic: ANON (just as well or Figure'd have 'is kneecaps off, wouldn't 'e?)

THRILLS

The Lone Groover — BENYON


HAS SHARKO GOT BACK FROM L.A.* YET ? — I WANNA SEE HIM.
YES — BUT HE'S RAPPIN' WITH DR CALIGARI AT TH' MOMENT.*
JET LAG ?*
NO, HE'S HAVIN' A DECOKE.*
THIS IS A REFERENCE TO AN AMERICAN CITY - LOS ANGELES - TH' ENTERTAINMENT CAPITAL OF TH' WESTERN WORLD.
HE IS IN CONSULTATION WITH HIS PRIVATE PHYSICIAN —
JET LAG IS DISCOMFORT BROUGHT ABOUT BY TH'BODY ADJUSTING TO TIME CHANGES OCCURING WHEN LONG DISTANCES ARE TRAVELLED QUICKLY.
A REFERENCE TO TH' HEAVY USE OF TH' EXPENSIVE DRUG COCAINE, IN L.A. — (THIS IS A DUDE ORDINAIRE'S GUIDE TO WHACKY QUIPS AMONGST TH' ELITE .)

Thrills? Look mate, I'm just not interested, OK? What I want to know is, have they printed my bloody letter in Gasbag? Next question.

IN MEMORIAM: FANZINES

DECLINE OF the *novel*, did you say? You can't have read a fanzine lately.

London calling — nation to nation, remember "Station To Station"? *"It's too late/it's too late/it's too late . . ."* And the only exceptions I've seen are *Private World* (issue 4 *only*), the one-off *Dat Sun* from God-knows-where and Columbus Ohio's rare *Teenage Rampage*.

"Chicago's Only Punkzine" is *La Mere Gabba Gabba Gazette* (2132 North Halstead, Chicago Illinois 60614, 75 cents), run by a bunch of thick Yanks whose imaginations excelled them once and for all when they chose their pen names. "Ruth Rotten" and "Jeanne Genie" — would you credit it?

These people write like they sound — aggressive, sloppy and pampered, with no hint of integrity, finesse or judgement. Their gossip column is boring as hell (and a gossip column never has any excuse for being boring), full of people with names like ZaZa and Boom-Boom having birthday parties and going-away parties before buggering off to NYC to seek their lousy fortunes. The paper is stuffed with snapshots of the cretins, the only pop singer they know being Jim Skafish (yeah, him with the bosom).

Criticism is obviously extinct in Chicago since the Democratic Convention, and the creeps drool over every paltry Brit single they review, their favourites being those by Ultravox and The Killjoys. There's a rave review on Television live (they were actually LET INTO THE DRESSING ROOM!!!) and of Skafish *("This can only be Art")*. Naturally, they love reggae . . . *"It's the only thing the Pistols and The Clash listen to! Joe Strummer lives in Brixton with a whole lot of 'dreads'!"* Rilly?

Sparks Flashes (P.O. Box 24419, Los Angeles, California 90024) shows the Maels posing and preening and generally making pugs of themselves. It's not even stapled together, just a load of loose pages — typical shoddy American junk.

Sparks are fagged-out as all hell, I'll admit, but I would rather read about an old, once-good, fagged-out band than a new, bad, fagged-out band — which is inevitably the staple diet of today's fanzines.

This fanzine shows that while Ron Mael is basically intelligent, he's so hung up on not caring about anything that this practically cancels out his IQ, leaving you with two stupid siblings who are long past their best.

The one incongruous feature of the thing is that Mary Martin, the L.A. lame-brain who runs the magazine/fan club, seems to be *totally dedicated and sincere*. What must it be like to be totally, sincerely dedicated to someone who has made an art form out of cynicism? Whatever — cheers, MM, you're a lovely girl.

From America to West Germany and the last edition of *Honey, That Ain't No Romance* (£1 from Harald Inhulsen, Hagenring 21, 330 Braunschweig, West Germany). This Iggy Pop fanzine (big Iggy interviews, loads of Iggy pictures, a wagonload of letters from credulous American fans) has the gall to come with a press hand-out as big as itself touting all the complimentary things other dumbkopf fanzines have said about it. This magazine, above all of them, thinks it's REALLY something.

Well, Harald, put this in your scrapbook and show it: "YOU ARE EIN DUMB KRAUT UND YOUR FANZINE IS EIN CROCK OF SHIT. MECHTHILD HAS ANKLES LIKE THE TRUNK OF EIN OAK TREE UND YOU LOOK LIKE FREDDIE MERCURY'S UGLY SISTER. IGGY POP IS EIN INCONTINENT OLD HIPPIE. GOD REST CHURCHILL, STALIN AND ROOSEVELT AND LONG MAY YOUR WAR-MONGERING COUNTRY BE DIVIDED AND CONQUERED."

I must point out that I would not normally hark back to who won what way back when, but the present generation of West Germans who think it's shockingly cool to fool around with Nazi insignia must expect to have their lousy war-time score (Allies 2, Germany 0) shoved right down their stupid throats.

OK Harald?

I'm only sorry it's not the last edition of *Ripped And Torn* (from Rough Trade, 202 Kensington Park Road, W11, 25p) too. Now that *Sniffin' Glue* is used in every S.W. bathroom, Tony D obviously reckons he's this year's Perry. Well, SOD OFF you pathetic anarchist asshole liberal because Mark P was once an INNOVATOR whereas YOU are about as new as the latest Drifters single.

Ripped And Torn's forte is to camp on the cliched side — they idolise West German terrorists and the ficticious "Miss Nazi", love The Ants and The Banshees (how outrageous) and reckon The Lurkers are *"ahead of any other punk band."* They seem to have some weird notion that if they ignore every limit of taste/morality this will in some way promote a "sensual revolution" and everyone will come out of their own particular closet, improving the mental health of humanity no end. This is their rational explanation of the obsessional Nazi/bondage/pain images which saturate the pages — and of their frantic plugging for small-time support band Raped, who *Ripped And Torn* see as dealing a healthy blow to the smug tolerance of the music press. After Rough Trade smashed the Raped EP like they did, I'm really sorry to see them distributing this pathetic garbage. Back to sixth-form college, Tony.

Another young person who should never even *look* at a pen is the instigator of *New Pose* (20p from 8 Tinshill Avenue, Leeds 1S16 7 BD, Yorkshire). Endless reviews, no interviews (except with T. V. Smith, who doesn't count) — God help you, kid. I can't. Maybe a good, easy read for our colonial cousins who want to turn on, punk out, etc.

Illustrations: top — R&T front and back; below right — a page from Mr Pop's comic.

Hot Press (21 Upper Mount Street, Dublin 2 Eire, 20p) comprises an old format, old writing and old news from the Auld Country. When Irish hacks are hackneyed, you get a long slobber over The Adverts, a cretinous opinion poll and reviews you could read in the *NME* about a season before. In fact, *Hot Press* just has the edge on *Sounds* (40 Long Acre, London WC2E 9JT, 18p).

Issue 4 of *Private World* (20 Blacks Road, Suffolk, Belfast 11, 20p) has got everything those London/Chicago/German Izal-understudys would give their puny torsoes for: great pictures, good writers and few pretensions. Number 4 is the March New York Dolls *momento mori*, mostly put together by Stephen Morrissey — the boy who used to write to all the papers advertising his petition to get the New York Dolls shown again on *The Old Grey Whistle Test*. Other editions came nowhere near this one, but they *do* dislike Nick Lowe and The Stranglers.

Dat Sun is an enigma, got no address on, no price. I don't know where you could ever hope to find one (Tough Luck Corner), but I mention it because it's not a music fanzine at all — just a few pages of useless information hanging around a massive eight-page rant which is the best poem I've ever seen. A few lines:—

BLAST all america — a people so weak that they let their only good president and his only good brother die by the hand of mafia/CIA/mormons

SPIT INTO THE DEAD EYES of Jimmy Hoffa — hope he's still 10ft under

BLAST Robert Plant and anyone who remotely resembles him PIG IGNORANT PLUG UGLY GIT

FUCK OFF E Costello I Dury W Zevon G Parker P Smith

We've heard it all before

BLAST special edition coin collections — what a way to make a living, creating a need for something so worthless — I'd sooner shovel shit

BLAST Nicky Horne — syncophantic little yobbo (this one's amazing thru your cans) STUFF you and your formula one cars

BLAST those who have no faith — they shall not be disappointed.

Say it loud — it's almost like praying!

Finally, the world's only consistently good fanzine is *Teenage Rampage* (P.O. Box 28103, Columbus Ohio 43228 for 75 cents). *They* know what they're after.

"Styx should be shot dead on sight the very next time they show their ugly faces on a stage. Except that blonde guitarist with the Prince Valiant haircut, he should be tortured really badly before he's allowed the release of death." — Ricochet Rampage

"I can't actually remember any of the names of the songs they did, but I caught some good old favourites, some nice versions of Mid-Western stuff, jeez, I couldn't tell! I admit I was a little distracted about halfway through the set. A sweet young thing sitting on my lap was playing cat and mouse with me . . . you know how it is sometimes." — Lisa Baumgardner.

"The automization of audiences; next time you're at a concert, a bad concert, don't applaud, don't stand, don't call them back for an encore. In fact boo the motherfuckers off the stage and call for the next act. Don't convince yourself you're having a good time just cause you already paid your money." — Cliff Phillips.

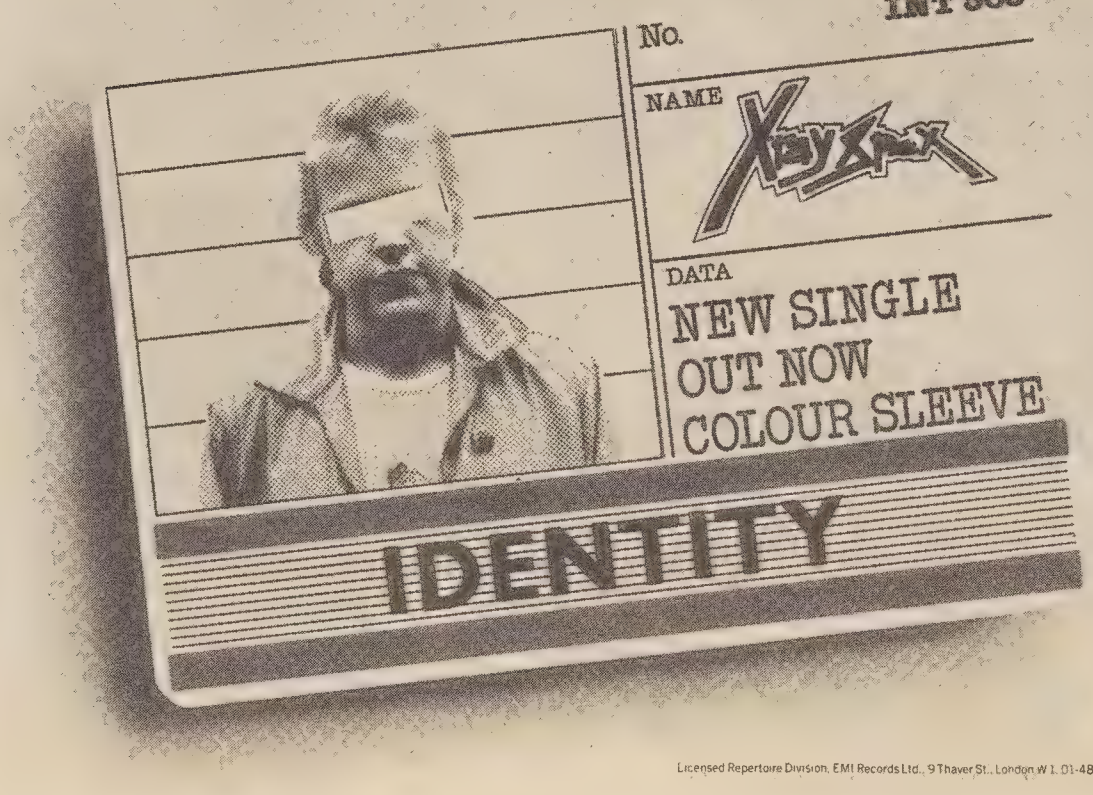
The *class* in that writing, the life — you won't find it in the legitimate press, let alone the other fanzines. And these kids claim never to have taken a downer in their lives . . . they're not like American kids, they're like the ideal smart, angry, romantic British kids who used to write fanzines and suddenly didn't.

Apart from its gorgeously articulate manner of viewing and loving rock and roll as no more than a precious soundtrack to love, dancing and getting older, *Teenage Rampage* can brag of its self-consciously heart-wrenching poetry/prose introspection penned by Ricochet Rampage and various friends — including blondesse North Carolina belle Nancy L. Foster whose own magazine *New Age* can be obtained from 2505 Circle Pine Court, Greensboro, North Carolina 27407 for 25 cents.

God, the arrogance, the innocence, the essence — *Teenage Rampage* is the young person's *New Musical Express*, and if I was a young girl again, I'd beg them to let me write for them for free.

JULIE BURCHILL

THRILLS



Steve Harley

ROLL THE DICE

The single from his first solo album.
The first 20,000 in a special full colour picture sleeve.
The B side-'Waiting'-only available on this single.

Roll the Dice

EMI 2830

CULTURE
IS
HARDER THAN THE REST

THEIR NEW ALBUM IS HARDER THAN THE REST
IT'S OUT NOW ON THE FRONT LINE LABEL FL1016

CULTURE TOUR DATES

20th	July	EDINBURGH	Usher Hall	21st July	MANCHESTER	Russell Club
23rd	July	PLYMOUTH	Metro	24th July	BIRMINGHAM	Digbeth Hall
25th	July	CARDIFF	Top Rank	27th July	LONDON	100 Club
28th	July	LONDON	Rainbow Theatre			

SPECIAL GUESTS TRADITION

Pic: JILL FURMANOVSKY

RAMONES GO GOLD?

TOMMY RAMONE don't wanna be a pinhead no more (that's assuming you thought he was a pinhead in the first place — in which case more fool you). In fact, he don't wanna be Tommy Ramone no more.

Meet Tommy Erdelyi, record producer.

Tommy Erdelyi looks just a little bit like Tommy Ramone: the same small, solid build, acned complexion, potato nose and sideways grin. But Erdelyi wears a faded denim jacket wholly appropriate to the weather whereas no Ramone would be seen dead in anything other than black leather. Erdelyi sports neat brown loafers and unblemished jeans in place of the Ramonic splendour of ripped denim and torn canvas, and the masked-man shades are replaced by tinted glasses of almost Old Eltonian proportions.

He looks like an American student on holiday.

In fact, he's in London with Talking Heads (his Sire stablemates whose debut album he had a hand in producing) and to do some studio work with a group called The Squares (about whom more later, presumably when they get to be rich and famous and This Week's Thing, etc). He's also just completed work on The Ramones' live double album ("the whole show, from beginning to end") and studio album, the first Ramonstrosity to feature new drummer Marc Bell — formerly of Richard Hell's Voidoids — and hereafter known as Markie Ramone.

Those who cherish the notion that one of Dolly Ramone's four idiot bastard sons — even a lapsed one — could never handle a craft as technically and creatively skilled and exacting as record production and engineering will no doubt be mildly startled to learn that Erdelyi's current activities represent less of a new departure than a return to basics.

See, Tommy's original participation in the Great Ramones Adventure was originally in the role of manager/producer/songwriter collaborator.

"At the time when the group first got together, doing what The Ramones were doing was unheard of. To ask any legitimate drummer to play that was a real hardship. They were all so into heavy metal that they'd forgotten about the basic feel of rock and roll drumming, which is a backbeat.

"They'd just pound away and I'd think *oh, no . . .*"

"With the last drummer we tried, I'd sit down and show him what to do, and whenever I did that there'd be a certain *spark* because I knew what I wanted to hear and it blended in right. We didn't look any more after that, because I thought, 'This is really a lot of fun.' Because I'd never played drums before in my life . . ."

Pause for incredulity.

"Me and my partner had Performance Studios, and so when The Ramones — who were my friends — got a group together I said they could come down and work there. And there were a set of drums down there."

(The group had originally been a trio with Dee Dee singing lead and Joey playing drums. Tommy describes Joey's drum style as being "very unusual" and wishes that he had a tape or video of that particular grouping. In his managerial capacity he'd brought Joey out from behind the drums, which is what created the need for a new ass in the drum chair in the first place.)

"Before that I'd never been behind a drum set in my life."

In fact, he'd played lead guitar alongside Johnny Ramone-to-be in their Forest Hills high school band, The Tangerine Puppets. But that is most definitely another story.

MORE TO THE point is his extensive studio experience.

"I started at a place called Dick Charles Recording Studio, where most of the staff of the original Record Plant came from. From there I went on to The Record Plant, and I was an assistant engineer on Jimi Hendrix's stuff, Mountain . . . but you won't find my name on any albums. The only group that ever gave me a credit was Thirty Days Out.

"I was really very young, and working with Hendrix was really a thrilling experience. Looking back on it now, it seems almost like a fantasy. He was working with the Buddy Miles Band of Gypsies. I guess it was one of the last stages just before he — uhhhh . . . you know *died*. He put down a lot of tracks, most of which ended up on the 'Crash Landing' album and other posthumous stuff.

"He'd come back in the studio and play back the stuff we did last night and say 'Oh, that's *awful*' and I'd thought it was great. He'd put down a guitar track and say he wanted to do it over. And he'd do it *over* and *over* and *over* on different tracks. Later on when the record was finished without him, they'd just leave *all* those guitar tracks on there."

It was frustrating, therefore. for an old studio hand like Tommy to get treated like a dumb punk when The Ramones made it into the studio for the first time.

"When we got a contract, they handed us a producer: Craig Leon. We figured we were lucky to get a recording contract, because it was very hard to get signed in those days. We were the first band on our scene to get signed, so when they handed us a producer, we had to say okay.

"He used the same techniques that I'd developed when I produced our demo, and I didn't have as much to do with the production as I wanted to, because the record was done very fast and I didn't know the producer, so I had to behave, but by the end of the session I managed to get a little bit of control."

As he has, in fact, with each successive record: demonstrating more convincingly each time that he knows exactly what he's doing.

SO THERE was Tommy, suddenly finding himself as a performer, playing an instrument that was new to him and doing it all in a completely whacked-out left-field (for the time) band like The Ramones.

"It wasn't just music in The Ramones: it was an *idea*. It was bringing back a whole feel that was missing in rock music — it was a whole push outwards to say something new and different. Originally it was just an artistic type of thing; finally I felt it was something that was good enough for everybody.

"People thought everything was an accident. These four morons are really cute and they're doing something really *neat*, but obviously it's all an accident. First of all, it wasn't four morons; second of all, none of it was an accident; and third of all, it's four talented people who know what they like and who know what they're doing.

"They're very natural people who're not trying to do something that's either above them or below them or contrary to their taste, you know. It's not a put-on . . . or if it is, it's not aimed at anyone. From their point of view, it's aimed at the ironies of living . . . kind of."

One thing that always impressed me about Da Brudders was their ability to play long, tight sets of short, tight songs without ever referring to set-lists unobtrusively taped to amps and drums and monitors.

"It's just drilled into us: we played the stuff often enough. In the early days Dee Dee would shout '1-2-3-4' and *everybody* would start playing a different song. Then we'd throw the instruments around and walk off, and that wasn't a put-on either. Nowadays, it hardly ever happens.

"What the hell. It's all the same song, anyway."

CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY

The Rev Chritopher Walters, Vicar of Pattingham, near Wolverhampton, had more than just a pissing interest in the bride at a wedding in his parish church on Saturday.

For the bride was his daughter Elizabeth Jane,

PISS ARTIST OF THE WEEK

THRILLS

Omnibus Press
78 Newman Street,
London W1P 3LA,
£2.25

"In my years with 'Rolling Stone' and BBC Radio 1 I've become aware of how seriously consumers weigh the opinions of rock critics before purchasing LPs. I polled the English-speaking world's leading critics and compiled this book. The list should be a definitive buyer's guide to rock LPs, and the photographs and top tens of each critic in the second section of the book should prove an irresistible treat for rock fans."
PAUL GAMBACCINI

HOW LINDISFARNE RAN TO MUM AND HIT PAYDIRT IN THE HERMITAGE

ALAN HULL is thirty one, a lanky Geordie with a rampaging moustache, thinning hair, and a nervous manner. His manager Barry McKay says Hull is "the supreme extrovert". Hull says that's true, but "only when I'm drunk."

Hull is sitting in a pub in Newcastle, reflecting upon his erratic career. Lindisfarne's offices are above the pub, which is handy if you want to nip downstairs and do a little reflecting.

Lindisfarne had a couple of hit singles and two big albums at the turn of the decade, and then they split up. Five years later, the original band has decided to get back together again, and they're already back in the charts. What sort of person is starting all over again as a pop musician at 31?

Barry McKay says he's surprised that Alan Hull is willing to be interviewed, as Hull's not too fond of the rock press. He's a sensitive sort of chap and hostile reviews upset him.

If you think that sounds silly, then you don't understand Alan Hull. Why should he care, when he's written lots of melodic songs that lots of people like? Well, the fact is that he does.

A slagging review in *Melody Maker* distressed him so much that he completely turned his back on the business for almost four years.

Left his plush home at Barnet, near London, and fled back to Newcastle.

"I felt rejected," he says. "It sounds a bit parsimonious, but it's true. So what you do is reject what rejects you. And I stopped being part of the scene.

"I didn't have a manager. I didn't have an agent or a record company. I didn't read the music press. Didn't listen to the radio. Didn't even watch *Top of The Pops*. Not even that."

He laughs.

"Anyway, when we signed with our new label (Phonogram) I discovered that the guy who'd written the article — Brian Harrigan — had become the press officer there."

So how did you get on?

"Well, this article had been on my mind for three years. It wasn't just a slagging review of a solo concert that I thought was great. It was a complete, personal affront. There was no way it could be explained away.

"The only thing I could think was that when I saw him, I was gonna kick his head in."

Did you see him?

"Yes".

And?

"I didn't kick his head in. I got him to buy us a drink instead."

IN THE EVENT, Hull had the last laugh anyway. The incident inspired a song called "Run For Home", which has become Lindisfarne's first hit single since they got back together.

In fact, most things seem to inspire songs from Hull. He says he accumulated dozens of songs in the years away from the limelight. Currently, he's "working like a pig" on yet more new music, although he's supposed to be on holiday.

Most songs come from doodling around on guitar or on a piano, and "the doodles grow into pictures." Other songs arrive full blown.

One of Lindisfarne's best known songs, "We Can Swing Together", came to him in five minutes flat. It's actually about a police raid on a party in Newcastle, but Lindisfarne fans have turned it into a jolly anthem.

Hull says he's just written an equally powerful song called "Brand New Day", which should be out as a single before Christmas.

"Actually, it's driving me crazy," he said. "It's in me head all the time. It's just gone off again now because I'm talking about it. It's tremendous."

Have you got any idea how ridiculous you look in that outfit?
If she doesn't stop insulting me I'm going to run away and become a hermit . . .
. . . and I won't even watch Top of The Pops. So there!

'...A MOST SATISFYING LISTEN. WITHOUT SOUNDING FLAMBOYANT, IT'S A PIECE OF STUNNING VIRTUOSITY... THERE'S NOT A HINT OF PRETENSION...'

Paul Brett:
INTERLIFE
Composed by Paul Brett
Produced by Tom Newman
(Producer of Tubular Bells, Hergest Ridge)
Record: PL 25149
Cassette: PK 25149
RCA

Alan Hull has had songs flying around in his head for years, even before Lindisfarne was formed.

He was once a nurse in a mental hospital, and wrote away furiously in his spare time. Not all his inspiration was entirely spontaneous at that stage.

The patients used to be given the drug LSD to help them with their problems. This was in the late '60s, and each patient would get 25 milligrammes a day.

Alan Hull thought it would be interesting to try a little of the drug himself. He took a couple of tablets and nothing much happened, so he took some more.

"I didn't realise it took 40 minutes to have any effect," he says, "so I kept on taking it. I took a thousand milligrammes in all.

"The result was that I ended up tripping for a month. After the first week, I went back to work, and for three weeks I was stumbling around like one of the patients. I still get flashes of it now. It's pretty frightening, really."

Those days, though, seem long gone. "Run For Home" is getting airplay on Radio Two, and critics have found Lindisfarne's comeback album a bit smooth for their tastes.

Barry McKay says quite openly that he'd like to see Lindisfarne make it big in the international markets. Rough and ready Tyneside folk songs might not go down that well in the States.

Still, Alan Hull insists that there's no question of the band giving up their heritage.

"There's no way we can ditch our folk influence," he says. "That's the way we are. There's no way you can ditch yourself."

LINDISFARNE'S return has been marked by a 34-date sell-out tour of Britain, which apparently played to ecstatic houses. You can't help but feel they'd be in the superstar league by now, if they hadn't split up in the first place.

"It's all become very vague in my mind," says Hull. "I'm not that clear why the band did split up. We felt that the magic had gone as far as we were concerned. Maybe we just needed a rest."

Did he regret the years that were lost?

"Not in the least. Now we're back together and it's working so well, it looks like it was a good idea. We needed that break. And we can handle it that much better this time."

Hull says the reason they reunited was the success of their annual reunion concerts in Newcastle. According to him, money didn't come into it.

One of the songs on Lindisfarne's new album is called "Only Alone". It has a line in it that goes: *"No I'm not lonely, I'm only here by myself."*

I suggest to Alan Hull that the song could only have been written by someone who tended to be a bit solitary and didn't like going around in crowds.

Hull says: "You're dead right. Loneliness is a peculiar thing. People try to get it out in different ways. I try to get it out in songs. And it came out that way in that song."

Does he think it's odd that a group with a reputation for cheerful songs should have a songwriter who's so broody.

"Well," he says, "everybody gets a bit maudlin and morbid at times."

But aren't those dominant traits with you?

"No," says Alan Hull, "usually, I'm just alright. Regular sort of person, you know. A bit crazy, perhaps, but who isn't?"

The tape recorder is switched off, Alan Hull looks less worried and Barry McKay takes us off in his plush new Mercedes for lunch at a nice middle-class bistro in Eldon Square.

Over lunch, Alan Hull gets positively extrovert, fulfilling his own character analysis with a little help from litres of white wine.

Reminiscing about his days as a mental hospital nurse, he offers this sharp assessment of the loonie business:

"Neurotics build castles in the sky," he says, "psychotics live in them, psychiatrists collect the rent, and psychopaths smash the windows."

There is much laughter.

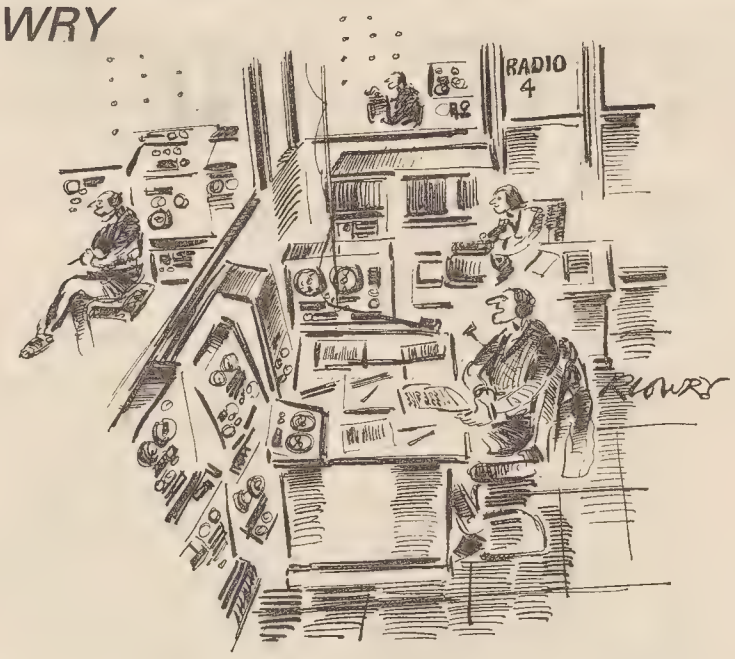
"Actually," says Hull, "it's an old gag — but I added the last line, and I think it's quite good."

We laugh some more.

BOB EDMANDS

THRILLS

LOWRY



"Next on Radio Four we have an investigation into why bored teenagers go berserk at football matches, while Radio One continues with its usual infuriatingly mindless drivel, Radio Two twitters away as usual and on television some senile old fart strokes his own ego for a massive fee."

PC: Punk rock star kicked me

POP SINGER Ian Dury was fined £50 at Bath Magistrates' Court last week after being found guilty of obstructing police.

The offence took place last December when police stopped a car being driven by Blockheads drummer Charlie Charles after a gig.

In a peculiarly worded report carried by the Bath & West Evening Chronicle, "Punk rock singer Dury shouted abuse and kicked and pulled PC McQuillan's shoulder" as the officer led Charlie to a police vehicle.

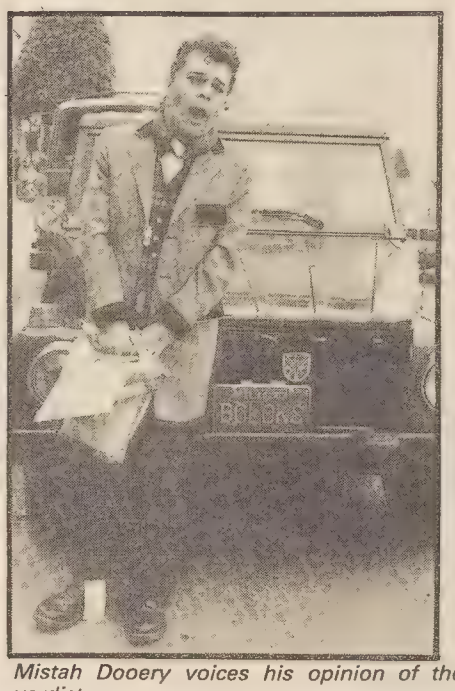
"More police were called," continues the report, "and eventually Dury had to be physically lifted into a car by three officers."

Charlie (nee Hugh) Charles was found guilty of refusing a breath test and fined £25, even though the sample of blood he gave at Bath police headquarters contained an amount of alcohol well inside the limit.

The Bath magistrates chose to overlook the fact that had Dury, a polio victim, actually kicked anyone he would have fallen over — the little chap has only one good leg.

The police were awarded half the court costs.

THRILLS



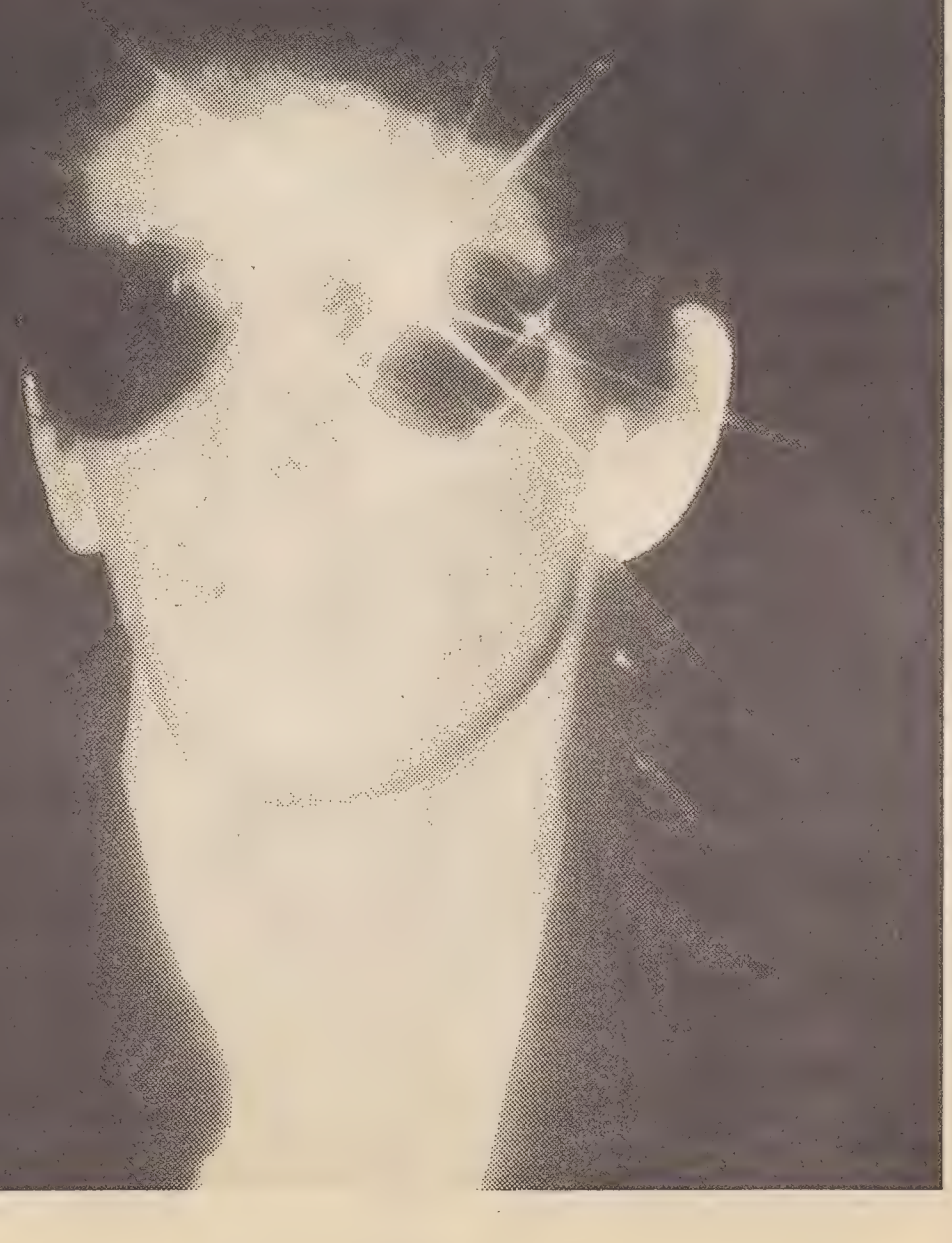
Mistah Dooery voices his opinion of the verdict

12 INCHES,
20 mins. 44 secs.,
99 pence:

I'm Waiting for the Man: 4 mins. 37 secs.
Venus in Furs: 5 mins. 07 secs.
STREET HASSLE: 11.00 mins.
(From the Album "Streethassle" SPARTY 1045)

The definitive, 20 minute, Lou Reed 12" single featuring...
'Street Hassle' the title track from his latest Album, backed with the Velvet Underground classics
'I'm Waiting for the Man' and 'Venus in Furs'.
All on a special sleeve for only 99 pence.
ARIST 12198.

ARISTA



THE MONK ON ZAPPA'S BACK

ZAPPA IS READY to talk. After twiddling my thumbs in an impersonal hotel lobby for half-an-hour, a voice at the other end of an in-house telephone is urging me up to his room.

Up the elevator, a short walk down a tomb-like hall, and I'm knocking on his door. I look around with surprise, there's no doggy dung smeared on the doorknob, no dead ducklings on the mat. The door opens, and a large, bald man ushers me into the main room without a word.

Another interview is winding up, so I endeavour to meet the hairless man (John Smothers, 'Security') and the voice from the telephone (Frank's wife of eleven years who giggles and says, "Don't call me Mrs Zappa. Call me Gail. It always reminds me of his mother when people call me Mrs Zappa!").

Mainly, though, I stand staring at the bushy-haired guy in the armchair. Orange pants rolled up over his ankles, snakeskin platforms, cat-eye sunglasses and other fab touches, all being captured on film by greedy photographers on a field day.

This I tell myself, is Frank Zappa. Damn . . . How old was I when I scrounged up the money for my first Mothers of Invention album, to the downfall of my formative young mind. Fourteen? Fifteen?

Since the Mothers of Invention formed way back when —circa 1964 — Frank has racked up a huge list of impressive feats: composing much fine music; using his albums as vehicles for developing his production skills; creating and producing the movie *200 Motels*; holding down some of the heaviest touring schedules known to man; and finding time to discover and produce other artists — Alice Cooper, Captain Beefheart, et al — in the meantime. He tells me about the latest addition to that list.

"I started another movie, called *Baby Snakes*, which we ought to have out by summertime. A bunch of really famous people are in it. You have these baby snakes, see, and you have the universe, and they relate to each other."

Not one to spill the beans, he refuses to elaborate on that tidbit. He assures us, however, that the musical score, screenplay, direction, and a meaty acting role will all be fulfilled by himself. An album will be released as well.

Zappa's projects invariably reveal previously unknown talent; his ability for picking this rawness from the rest of the mess is uncanny.

He just smiles a shark's smile and shrugs. "Nobody's universal. People have different abilities, and if you're working in a special idiom, you want people who are comfortable in that idiom.

"Sometimes, I go into a bar and find people. The rhythm guitar player in our group (Adrian Belew — since departed for the heady realms of David Bowie's combo) I found in a bar in Nashville. I got his name and address and invited him about a year later to come out and audition . . .

"There's plenty of stuff for anyone to learn when they come in the band. It's like, I think my band's probably the finest music school in America. It gives you on-the-job training, and if you're lucky enough to get into the school, you get paid while you learn."

As cameras click away, Zappa talks a bit about his family and background in the California town of Lancaster (smack dab in the middle of the Mohave Desert). "I got a brother who sells college textbooks for McGraw-Hill. He spent three years in the Marines. I got another one who's working in an old folks home." ("In the kitchen," says Gail.)

"My sister started out by marrying an Okie, and later divorced him and married a former basketball player. She spends her time working in a Photo-Mat."

Americana On Parade. Zappa enjoys chiding the Great Society.

"I see that people are drifting toward the Right today, in a very hypocritical way. They're not really right-wing people. But they figure that the more they *look* Right-wing, the more they'll be able to get away with in the closet.

"The whole right-wing trend is people who want to look upstanding while they go home and do as much weird stuff as they can get away with."

Meanwhile, the world awaits Mr Zappa's next waxlike outpourings with bated breath. At the moment, he has no less than three albums ready to go: "Studio Tan" (U.S. release pencilled for September), and "Hot Rats 3" and "Orchestral Favourites", which Frank would like to see in the shops as soon after "Studio Tan" as possible.

It seems likely that major parts of these records were recorded last year, when Frank was working on a four-album box set called "Lather" (pronounced "Leather"), two volumes of which came out earlier in the year as "Live In New York".

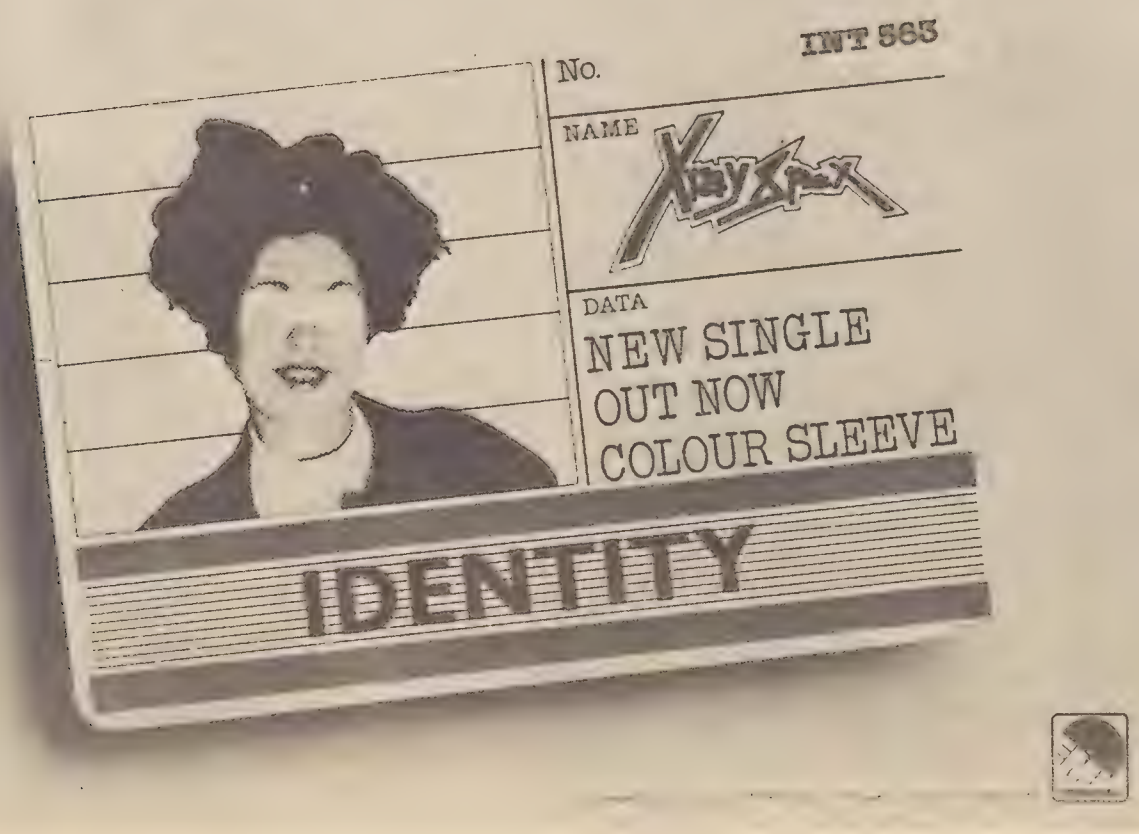
The non-live cuts, according to Frank, range "from small group recordings all the way to orchestra."

Continued on page 20

Frank stands aloof (pic: CLAUDE GASSIAN); Frank shows his feelings (pic: NANDO VALVERDE); and Frank fights shy (pic: DAVE PATRICK).

Dr. John beats dust out of carpet firm

Spotted in the Evening News by reader R. Woffinden of North London.



STOP FEMININE ITCHING

At last there's a remedy for feminine itching – it's Lanacane Creme Medication. Lanacane gives you fast, long-lasting relief from sensitive, embarrassing itching you can experience at any time of the month.

It works because it soothes the irritation. So your tight pants don't chafe and start the itching all over again.

Then the active ingredient of Lanacane checks bacteria growth and so speeds up the healing of the skin. And it's so pleasant to use. It doesn't sting, it's greaseless and nicely scented, and it doesn't stain your clothes. Stop your feminine itching now, use Lanacane Creme Medication.

Available at your chemist.

LANACANE®

kids
ALBUM THE REAL KIDS BY THE REAL KIDS / BRON 509
SINGLE ALL KINDSA GIRLS / BRO 54
ALSO AVAILABLE ON TAPE
RED STAR RECORDS
Marketed by LICENSED REPERTOIRE DIVISION EMI Records Limited, 13, Uxbridge Road, Hayes, Middlesex. Tel: (01) 759 4532/4611 & 848 9811.
Licensed by Bronze Records Ltd.

PIRACY:

The `cancer´ that threatens to overwhelm the music industry

(And not before time some might say. . .)

A Thrills investigation by DICK TRACY

Additional research: STUART HOGGARD

THE international music business is under attack.

Throughout the world, a hidden war is being fought — a war in which the music industry is battling for survival against the increasingly powerful threat to its profits from the piracy of records and tapes on a vast scale.

A random statistic from the front-line. Industry figures estimate that the pirates' gross take worldwide in 1975 alone was some $500 million through sales of 250 million recordings. In the industry's eyes, that 500 million dollars was stolen from its coffers.

In this country, of course, it's not a major problem. But in countries which have only 'discovered' pop music comparatively recently, and which don't have the same kind of music business establishment as the UK, it's a free-for-all.

The record company bosses' favourite term for piracy is that it's a cancer — and the giant corporations which dominate the industry are currently pouring huge amounts of money into their own brand of 'cancer research'.

As Stephen Stewart, director general of the International Federation of Phonograms and Videograms (IFPI) puts it:

"If piracy is up to 5%, it is looked upon as an irritant. 10% and the industry starts to take notice. 15-25% is a red light, and people start to talk about it. It's now serious. 30-40% level is when the ascent is very rapid, and the pirates take over the market."

PIRACY IS the catchall title for any kind of illegal unauthorised recording. It has been around since the 1900s, when people in America began pirating the rolls used in player pianos, thus cheating the composer of his rights. This in turn led to the first copyright laws.

The fastest growing form of piracy is counterfeiting. This is where the illegal product is disguised by a label, trademark and artwork designed to look exactly like the real thing. The growth of counterfeiting is a direct result of the piracy war, which has driven more blatant forms of illicit product off the market.

The other major form of piracy is bootlegging. Strictly speaking, a term applied only to taping a live show or broadcasting illegally, bootlegging is generally used to refer to making a completely new product available, as opposed to straightforward duplication.

The piracy boom came in the 1960s, when tape technology came on the market, making it cheaper and easier to operate. This, combined with the explosive growth of the music industry in general, meant that anyone pirating a hit record — in the Third World at least — was guaranteed a fast profit.

Strong political pressure has been brought to bear by the corporations in order to get record and tape piracy ranked alongside other international crimes. They flexed their muscles in 1971, when the Geneva Anti-Piracy Convention was rushed through in record time, and a further indication of their strength in the growing involvement of Interpol. At the last Interpol general assembly in Stockholm, the international police delegates voted unanimously to give their full cooperation to the record industry's battle.

At a recent top-level seminar on pirates held at the Excelsior Palace Hotel in Venice, the IFPI's Stephen Stewart called for the formation of a "war chest" fund. He said the Federation intended to raise an additional $50,000 to finance anti-piracy campaigns in South-East Asia, Southern Europe, the West Indies, Latin America and the countries around the Mediterranean.

These are the areas where the 'cancer' is most rampant.

The IFPI have now set up a Central Record of anti-piracy intelligence in London in order to try to deal with the threat from the developing nations, where pirates sometimes dominate the market to the virtual exclusion of bona fide product.

Stewart complained: "What we call piracy is neither a crime nor a civil infringement there. It's legal.

"In the whole of Asia and Africa and some parts of Latin America, where between 500 and 700 million people live, you have to convince these governments that it should be made illegal." Propaganda warfare is the key.

(Next week, *Thrills* will focus its attention on the battle for supremacy in these areas.)

One recent IFPI press release even suggested that they should mobilise some world-famous performer to join the fight against piracy. As it was quick to point out, the artist is the first to suffer at the hands of the pirates.

Which business-minded rock star, *Thrills* wonders, will be the first to do their adverts?

"The fight against the cancer that is attacking our industry needs money . . . We have to get the extra income. If we don't we can kiss goodbye to the record industry as a major operation in this country within five years." — *L.G. Wood, Chairman of the British Phonographic Industry.*

"The cancer is spreading, but the patient is lying back smiling, in blissful ignorance of the mortal danger of the illness." — *Nesuhi Ertegun, President of WEA Records.*

● THE PIRACY CANCER: BRITAIN

IN THIS COUNTRY, the British Phonographic Industry (BPI) has been fighting the pirates tooth and nail in recent years. In the process they have virtually bankrupted themselves, and are currently £45,000 in the red. (Their income stems from record company subscriptions — they are not a government body.)

The money has gone on numerous law cases, as well as a team of full-time BPI investigators and part-time private detectives, dubbed the "vigilante group" by BPI director-general Geoffrey Bridge. On top of all that, there is a newly-established Anti-Piracy Control Centre, complete with its own fully equipped forensic lab, whose location the BPI insist on keeping a closely guarded secret. For investigation purposes, the country is carved up into areas, with regional offices reporting back to chief investigator Bill Hood at HQ. The investigators search through all manner of retail outlets in their areas — not just record shops, but also market stalls, supermarkets, and even garages which carry cassette racks. The aim, of course, is to work backwards up the chain from retailers to wholesaler to importer or manufacturer.

The BPI's powers are disturbingly far-reaching.

Following a decision in the court of appeal in March during one case brought against a bootlegger by 30 record companies, the BPI are now empowered to get a judge's order for a "search and seize" warrant before a formal writ is issued. (Before, too many pirates, on receiving the writ, had been destroying stock and correspondence and hightailing it. Retailers now face a contempt of court charge if they refuse to let BPI

ZAPPA!

● From page 18

As for content, "there's a bunch of remarks about leather and bondage and stuff. For those of you who are interested in bondage, pain and abuse, you should listen to the middle part of 'Broken Hearts Are For Assholes'."

And for those of us not really in tune with painful pleasures?

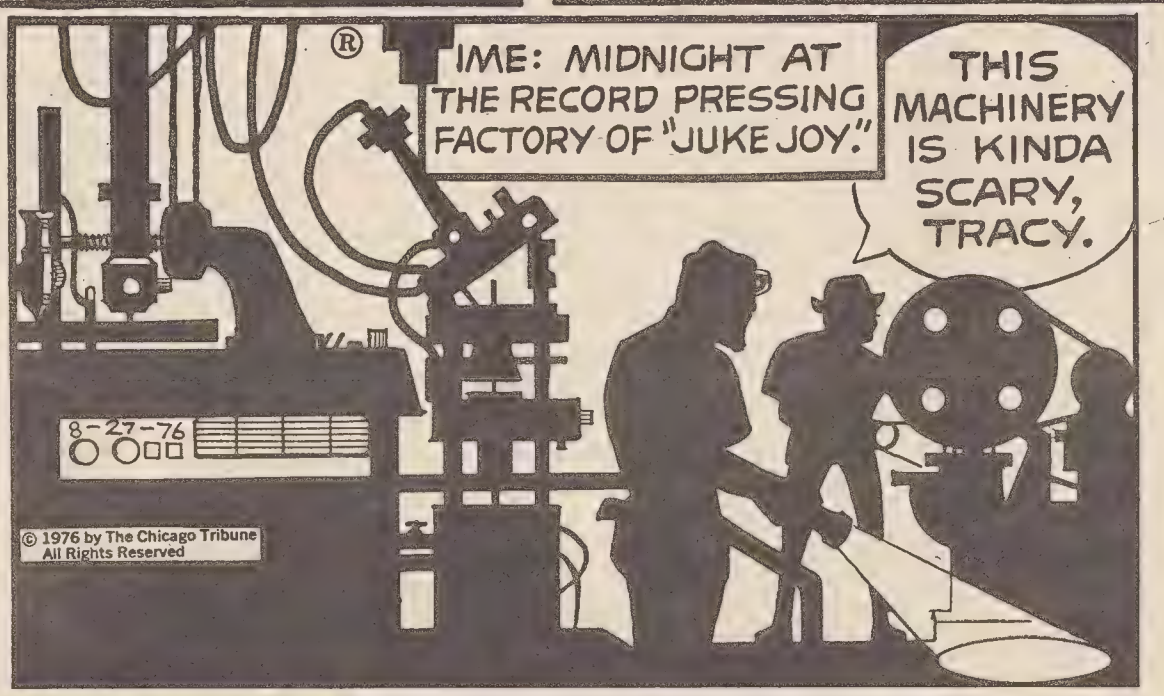
"Well, let's see. 'The Adventures Of Gregory Peckory' — that's a chamber orchestra with narration; it's the story of a little pig who invents the calendar, and the problems that arise once the calendar is invented.

"And there's also a ballet, a seven-minute ballet called 'Pedro's Dowry', which is straight. And there's an orchestral version of 'Duke Of Prunes' with a feedback guitar solo, and 'Revised Music For Guitar And Low Budget Orchestra'."

So now you know. One thing is guaranteed: it won't be anything like anybody else. Ol' Frank just does the weirdest stuff he can get away with.

WAYNE MANOR

© 1976 by The Chicago Tribune All Rights Reserved
THE CONFESSION:
WE'VE BEEN LIFTING GALLSTONES' STUFF FOR 3 YEARS.
BIG CHARLEY OWNS THE PRESSING MACHINERY. I FURNISH AN ORIGINAL HIT RECORD, 10 TO 30 DAYS BEFORE IT GETS TO THE MUSIC STORES.
9-7-76
THE HARVARD-CORNELL SENSATIONS
THE GALLSTONES
"I WANT A GIRL JUST LIKE THE GIRL"
BIG CHARLEY'S MACHINERY IS SECOND-HAND AND THE SOUND QUALITY IS PRETTY BAD, BUT THE SUCKERS BUY.
CHESTER GOULD ®


®
TIME: MIDNIGHT AT THE RECORD PRESSING FACTORY OF "JUKE JOY."
THIS MACHINERY IS KINDA SCARY, TRACY.
8-27-76
© 1976 by The Chicago Tribune All Rights Reserved

DICK TRACY *By a great coincidence, the other Dick Tracy (he's a cartoon hero, ours is just plain old flesh and blood) has also been tracking down record pirates in his Chicago Tribune/New York News Syndicate strip. Above and on the cover: highlights of the adventure, which ran from June 28 to September 13, 1976.*

men on the premises.)

So far, ten of these inspection orders have been granted in England and one in Scotland.

Another recent court ruling allows BPI men to seize bootlegging equipment.

At the same time as their own powers increase, these copyright police are constantly trying to involve the official forces of law and order in the war against the pirates. Thus they use the police's right of access to the GPO's files to discover the names, addresses and bank account numbers of people who advertise bootlegs for sale through Post Office box numbers.

The BPI also scored a major breakthrough within the last month when they gained full Fraud Squad cooperation for the first time in a raid on a London wholesaler dealing in imported counterfeit tapes.

The BPI shrouds its dealings in secrecy.

Most recent bootleg cases have been heard 'in camera', meaning that the public and reporters are excluded — a measure usually only reserved for cases like child molesting or official secrets charges. The justification for this is that publicity for a case could tip off other pirates.

The BPI is so keen to pursue this policy that at least one recent case was settled out of court specifically so that the BPI could 'buy' the bootlegger's silence. He paid them £4,250 and all parties concerned agreed to keep quiet about it, though the judge on the case, Mr Justice Brown-Wilkinson, did express his own disquiet at the need for secrecy.

The rate of BPI prosecutions, is rising; there have been more than forty in this country since March.

Certainly, the BPI may have a valid case for their excessive secrecy and ever-increasing powers, but they do raise disturbing questions. Where, *Thrills* wonders — and it's an old question — does the zealous pursuit of criminals end and the invasion of personal privacy begin?

THE BIG PRIZE for the BPI is the manufacturer. If someone is selling or distributing pirate recordings that's a civil prosecution, and the most they can get out of a defendant is a damages award, usually calculated according to how many bootlegs he's reckoned to have shifted, plus costs.

Manufacturing, though, is a heavy criminal offence under the Performers Protection Act 1972, and carries a maximum sentence of two years imprisonment plus a fine of up to £400 for every single record cut — not every *title*, every *record*.

More often than not, however, the manufacturer is based overseas — which highlights the fact that we are not talking about some penny-ante backroom deal but an international crime wave.

According to Robert Abrahams, director of international copyright at EMI, "some of the pirate product is now of better quality than the legitimate stuff" — a far cry from the crackly amateur discs and tapes of the '60s, and early '70s.

Counterfeiting in particular is booming — and once again the supply is coming from abroad.

Here too the BPI is pressing for greater involvement from the Establishment. "We need international co-operation on this," says solicitor Tony Hoffman, the man in charge at the BPI Control Centre. "Far East imports are very difficult to deal with. We need the co-operation of the Customs & Excise to give us details of the importers.

"We are trying to show them that they are under an obligation to give us this information."

Meanwhile CBS are so worried about counterfeiting that they have asked Enschede, the firm which prints money for the Dutch government, to come up with some kind of detector system that would make record and cassette packaging as hard to forge as banknotes.

If this was all the record industry had to worry about it would be enough. But according to Leslie Hill, director of EMI's music division, the trade loses £75 million every year out of a total of sales of £254 million, simply through people taping records at home.

The boom in cheap taping equipment — particularly the growth in sales of 'music centres' — is blamed for this, and the BPI is working hard and fast to knock it on the head.

The government is currently studying BPI suggestions that there should be a tax on tape hardware of 30% and a tax on blank tapes of 200 per cent!

The BPI is also financing scientific research at Southampton University to try to perfect an electronic spoiler signal that could be easily and cheaply incorporated into a record and which would thwart any attempts to tape it. The research has been continuing for some time, but thus far the spoiler signal has tended to interfere with the finer frequencies of the record.

The scientists now claim, though, that they are close to a breakthrough. If they do have the problem licked, the days of home taping will be over for good.

● THE PIRACY CANCER: USA

IN MAY this year the trade magazine *Billboard* reported an incident in the U.S. which gave an indication of the size of their pirate problem.

"FBI agents," the report read, "have destroyed almost two million tapes confiscated in raids through the Southlands over the past five years.

"Agents packed two truckloads of illegal 8-tracks to municipal landfill No. 3, located off the San Diego Freeway. Both trucks were dumped under FBI surveillance, and three 22-ton bulldozers immediately ploughed the loads under.

"The pirate operation was offering more than 600 different best-selling titles in a repertoire ranging from pop and rock through MOR, R&B and Latin.

"The tape pirates spent about 57 cents each to produce a tape. The two million tapes destroyed therefore cost pirates an estimated $1.4 million to manufacture."

The USA was represented at the Venice conference by Jules Yarnell, special counsel on anti-piracy activities for the Recording Industry Association of America (RIAA), who established their own intelligence bureau in 1972 and work closely with the FBI and the U.S. Coastguard.

He estimates that the pirates have a ten per cent share of the U.S. market, selling $200 million worth of illegal records and tapes a year against a two billion dollars annual legit turnover. Apparently pirates made a killing after the death of Elvis Presley *(Great way you got with words, Dick — Ed.)* and one record exec, talking recently about the album "John Denver's Greatest Hits", said: "It may not be far off to say that pirates sold as many copies as RCA did."

Only Vermont has not yet passed state anti-piracy laws, and a new copyright law which came into effect on January 1 makes piracy offences subject to a $25,000 fine and a year in jail.

However, in the Los Angeles area at least, fewer than one-third of the prosecutions to date have resulted in conviction (which compares terribly with the BPI's record in Britain: they have yet to lose a single bootleg prosecution). It seems many American judges still consider piracy an unimportant, 'white-collar' crime, despite the industry watchdogs' highly plausible claim that there is heavy involvement with organised crime.

It seems likely that somewhere along the line there must be a person — or group of people — who hold major positions in both the legitimate and undercover recording industries. According to United Artists' attorney Dominic Rubalclava, "The kingpins are very closely tied, we believe, to the entertainment industry. They have used their experience from there to make these illegal profits."

Certainly, the record companies themselves are fighting hard to uncover the pirates. The National Association of Retailers and Manufacturers now give out anti-piracy awards every year, and ABC Records offer their staff special "pirate bounties" for uncovering pirate operations.

As Jules Yarnell emphasized at Venice, record companies must step up internal security: masters and pressings must be guarded, and companies should not let hit records be pressed by 'uncontrolled' pressing plants. It will soon be a criminal offence in the States to allow pressing machinery to fall into the wrong hands.

Any recent gains against the pirates, however, have been well and truly offset by the rise in counterfeiting.

For a start, it's safer. Retailers who had been scared off selling bootlegs can now stock counterfeit goods with impunity, as they are virtually impossible to detect. One out of every five cassette recordings on sale in the States today is reckoned to be an imitation of the real thing.

Of course, most pirates still operate on a small level, like the guy convicted in Houston for selling pirate 8-track tapes at a Houston Astrodome horse show.

But others wield a hefty financial clout, and they are fighting against convictions. The corporations, they claim, are violating the anti-trust laws by operating a cartel (i.e. loosely speaking, they break the U.S. equivalent of our monopoly laws), and therefore the charges they bring are invalid.

It remains to be seen whether this populist line of defence will have any effect.

● CONCLUSION

PIRACY IS not just limited to the recording industry. Films, watches, cigarettes, lighters, jeans and wine are just a few of the items being illegally produced in vast quantities, and all across the board it is worrying the industries concerned.

Film producers, for instance, are concerned at the rise of the video cassette machine, which they estimate will be in one out of every ten American homes by the mid-1980s. As one industry insider puts it: "Once videotape machines are in widespread use, stamping out film piracy will become as hopeless a task as was enforcing prohibition."

As all the figures and information about piracy come from industry sources, there is always the possibility that the problem is being exaggerated.

But to us this seems doubtful. Piracy looks set to be the growth industry of the coming decade.

At the end of their meeting in Venice, the rockbiz delegates made a firm resolution. "Every possible step," they stated, "must be taken to eliminate this menace of stealing recordings, and adequate funds for effective action must be generated in all parts of the world to safeguard the future of the music industry."

They are still a long, long way from finding that cure for cancer.

DYLAN AND THE BOOTLEGGERS

BOB DYLAN is undoubtedly the bootleggers' Public Victim Number One.

More than 90 bootlegs of The Zim's work have appeared in the last nine years; a flood which commenced with "Great White Wonder", the double-album drawn principally from the 1967 Big Pink sessions with the band. Generally referred to as "The Basement Tapes", they were officially released under that title by CBS in 1975. When it went gold Dylan reputedly remarked, "I thought everybody already had them."

As was the case with most of the early bootlegs, "Great White Wonder" was well lo-fi. Robbie Robertson explained, "They've got a tape of a tape of a dub of a tape of a dub that was actually recorded in the basement of Big Pink."

Another Dylan bootleg, "The Gil Turner Tape", was recorded in '63 at Turner's house, and reveals Dylan fooling around and running over a few songs in a decidedly casual manner. Turner lent the tape to one of his students in 1969; the student's husband broadcast it on the college radio station for which he worked, and some enterprising type recorded it on cassette and subsequently bootlegged it.

By far the most spectacular incidence of Zimlegging was the coup achieved by White Bear Records, who produced no less than 17 different albums from Bob's '74 tour with The Band: recording both afternoon and evening shows in every town he played, and distributing each album only in the area where it was recorded. The only way for Asylum (Dylan's record company at the time) to fight back would've been to put out an official live album immediately (the way the Stones fought the bootlegs with "Ya Yaas" a few years before), but to do so would have seriously impaired sales of the then-current "Planet Waves" studio album. It wasn't until six months later that Dylan and Asylum struck back with the pointedly titled "Before The Flood".

To add insult to injury, Dylan bootlegs are advertised before the shows at which they are recorded even take place. The fact that they're on sale within three to four weeks of the gigs means that the bootleggers are no back-room scleppers. They've got organisation, facilities . . . and money.

FIFTEEN THOUGHTS OF BRINSLEY SCHWARZ

Nick Lowe / Ian Gomm / Brinsley Schwarz
Bob Andrews / Billy Rankin

Free full colour poster of the Brinsleys

(What's So Funny 'Bout) Peace, Love And Understanding
There's A Cloud In My Heart
Nightingale
Hypocrite
Funkangel
I Like You, I Don't Love You
Rockin' Chair
Shining Brightly
Country Girl
Surrender To The Rhythm
Hooked On Love
Don't Lose Your Grip On Love
The Ugly Things
Nervous On The Road
Home In My Hand

Album UAK 30177 Cassette TCK 30177

UA

Would YOU PaY ThiS MAN MonEY FOR WritiNg THE SINGLES?

● SINGLE OF THE DAY
CAPTAIN SENSIBLE & THE SOFTIES: Jet Boy, Jet Girl. (Poker). This is a right load of nonsense, a pisstake of Plastic Batwangs "Bla La", buy it and hate.

● CHEEK OF THE WEEK:
SUICIDE : Cheree (Red Star Records). Complete rubbish, a combination of "J'Taime", taped hiss and something awful. Ignore.

NASTY MEDIA: Spiked Copy (Lighting Records). Wrong words on sleeve HA! HA!

THE HUMAN LEAGUE: Being Boiled (Fast Product). Trendy Hippies.

DESPERATE BICYCLES: Occupied Territory (Refill Records). The A side is average to dull, the B side is dull to below zero. Thank you.

STEELY DAN: FM(No static at all) (MCA). More West Coast dirge well below the level of human integrity.

CHILD: It's Only Make Believe (Ariola). Thank god that's all it is, This little master piece was co-wrote by HA! C. Twitty and J Nance, naturally baby boy! It's utter dirge of the worst kind, I meat The Bachelores once covered it. Boos all round & o out of 10.

STEVE HARLEY: Roll The Dice (EMI). Steve Hardly fails yet again and so on . . . cheap EMI soul for the dustbins.

SMALL FACES: Over Too Soon (Atlantic). The Small Phaeces are never over too soon.

SHAM 69: If The Kids Are Alright (Polydor). The Shame of 69 would sound more appropriate, next . . .

THE BOYFRIENDS: I'm In Love Today (UA). Swear words.

QUINCY JONES: Stuff Like That (A&M). This is a 'Promo Copy Not For Sale' and should remain that way.

SIMON PARK: Hobby Horse Or The Other Way Round, (BBC Records). Now I know why the BBC don't like me and it makes me very very happy.

● TOKEN REGGAE REVIEW:
BY YOURSELF OF COURSE I ain't gonna advise cos reggae is far too diverse for the adverse boy. Do it yourself and be gone. The END.

FATBACKS: I Like Girls (Spring Polydor). Surprisingly out of date groove baby, even for disco.

THE ISLEY BROTHERS: Groove With You (Epic). I like or like the Isleys, I don't like this, do you?

SHEILA B DEVOTION: You Light My Fire (Arrere Records). Fodder OOmff Boom Stompg disco away Sheila, living it up on the cover with three token black men Maaan!

● INSULT OF THE WEEK:
THE KINKS: Live life (Arista). What can you say about patronising prattish ill conceived calculated token gestures of "understanding the scene maaan" like this? Just hear the thing and find out for yourself cos I can't put into words readable my disgust with this, and would it be worth the effort? PS note the question marks?

DAVID TOWNSEND: When I Kiss You (Mercury). Just watch the Coke Adverts, cos there's a particularly bad one where a goon with a tash gets his girl, and guess what! D Townsend is a replica of a goon. The camera never lies.

● DEFINITE BUY BY:
IVOR BIGGIN & THE RED NOSED BURGLARS: The Wankers Song (Beggars Banquet). This little charade for making money is so obvious that "general public" will probably see it as art nouveaux, and who am I to question popular beliefs baby!

THE RUBETTES: Good By Dolly Gray (Polydor). God there's so much rubbish from Polydor in this week's releases, I'm surprised not even half of one of them aspires to the 'average' bracket we all know so well. Goodbye Dolly Gray, enter John Gray. BOO...

● RECORD OF THE YEAR
MARTIN O'CUTHBERT: B.E.M.'s (Esoteric Rec.) Seriously, when I played this record an object on the wall started to vibrate very quickly, and I have witnesses to prove it. Martin O'Cuthbert is either a very evil person (just listen to the record) or a total fool (just listen to the record). Probably be big in Japan, and at a guess I'd say the whole thing comes off a Yamaha organ 'cos no synthesiser could sound that bad, could it?

Part of the original Rotten Manuscript, currently under offer to the V&A Museum

(The title of said review)

THE £100 ROTTEN REVIEW BABY

Sparsely yours!

Single of the day : CAPTAIN SENSIBLE & THE SOFTIES — (on POKER RECORDS) CALLED :- JET BOY, JET GIRL

This [redacted] is a right load of nonsense, a pisstake of Plastic Batwangs 'Bla La', Buy it and hate. [redacted]

Cheek of the week : SUICIDE : CHEREE (RED STAR RECORDS)

— Complete rubbish, a combination of J'taime tape hiss and something awful. Ignore.

Nasty Media : Spiked

Pic of John Lydon as Dennis The Menace by JOE STEVENS

CRIME PAYS

It's a HIT

THE GREAT ROCK'N'ROLL SWINDLE

45 RPM STEREO

A

NO ONE IS INNOCENT
(A Punk Prayer by Ronald Biggs)
(Cook/Jones/Biggs) (3.00)
Produced by Steve Jones
© 1978 Warner Bros Music

VS 220
VS 220 A

℗ 1978 Virgin Records Ltd

ALL RIGHTS OF THE MANUFACTURER AND OF THE OWNER OF THE RECORDED WORK RESERVED. UNAUTHORISED PUBLIC PERFORMANCE, BROADCASTING AND [illegible]

SEX PISTOLS

From the forthcoming film

THE GREAT ROCK'N'ROLL SWINDLE

A Matrixbest Production

By PAUL MORLEY

MANCHESTER, 1977: the picture of a period stutters erratically to a docile completion. The picture is inconclusive, blotchy, but considering circumstances the best possible.

Slot the pieces into their position: Buzzcocks "Spiral Scratch"; Slaughter and The Dogs 'Cranked Up Really High"; The Drones "Temptations Of A White Collar Worker" EP; John Cooper-Clarke's "Innocents" EP.

A little late, belonging to last year, there were EPs by Joy Division and V2, and John The Postman's LP.

The Fall, one of Manchester's Top Three, turn up, eventually, disgracefully, dominating Virgin's unhealthy "Short Circuit" pretty package.

So in Manchester something *has* formed: a cracked picture.

Missing, obviously, is the atmosphere and the lust. There are no records — just adored tapes — of The Worst, The True Punk Group. There is no record of John The Postman reciting live. There is no real representative of the chauvinism, the rivalry, the diversity, the effects.

Manchester 1977 becomes a myth with recorded highlights. And Akron is tenderly portrayed by commentators as this year's Manchester.

To find out what goes on in 1978, now that the scene has swelled and settled, it's best to turn to Rabid Records. If 1977 revolved around the 'New Hormones clique', Worst, Fall and Buzzcocks, then 1978 — less vital, less communal — centres on the activities of Rabid Records, with prime distractions formed by the shut-eye endeavours of Durutti Column and Manicured Noise, and the healthy rubbings of The Passage, The Elite and sundry other Manchester Musical Co-op members.

Rabid's contribution to the cracked picture of 1977 Manchester tended to be submerged in a slight unfashionability and a deserved reputation of ruthlessness. It was never apparent then that Manchester did possess an independant label, despite the fact that Rabid released three records.

The label's emergence in 1978 as the hole that most surface-things in Manchester are sucked into is, if nothing else, unprepared for.

Last year Rabid released Slaughter And The Dogs' juiciest slab, "Cranked Up Really High", John Cooper-Clarke's modern verbal'n'sludge work "Innocents", the EP that completed his vicious twist from folk poet to punk poet, and Ed Banger and The Nosebleeds ironic mini heavy metal shot, "Ain't Bin To No Music School".

Very subdued; no promises.

Elsewhere, organisations hastily promised or hinted at future developments.

Valer Records signed The Drones with misplaced calculation, and claimed that they would mature in 1978 into a vibrant Manchester label — by "shrewdly signing the cream of local folk, rock, jazz, punk and blues musicians."

Valer folded at the beginning of the year — a capitalist concern in confusion.

New Hormones, the label conceived by Richard Boon and Howard Trafford as a vehicle for Buzzcocks records, began quietly to prepare more idealistic multi-media projects for the future.

But because of other interests (Boon managing Buzzcocks, Trafford managing Devoto) little has happened.

There has been gentle deviation: New Hormones produced *"Secret Public"* at the turn of the year (Org. 2), a Linder-Jon Savage glossy pamphlet of collages, and the label did sponsor The Fall into the studio, the results of which will soon emerge as an EP ("Repetition", "Bingo Masters Break Out" and "Industrial Estate") on Step Forward.

Overall, to date New Hormones have failed to fulfill admittedly vague promises, but as the Buzzcocks' position develops safely, Boon hopes to begin to concentrate on Hormones and polish up old plans.

BACK TO the story: superficially it seemed Manchester had no independent label. Rabid Records nipped around the back and, with proceeds gained mostly from the Dogs single, emerged surprisingly confident and, apparently, with as little orthodox quality control as possible.

A few weeks ago the label celebrated its first birthday party with a show at Manchester Polytech: an evening of seediness, dumb rock'n'roll, eccentricity and conning. On parade were the new hard core Rabid Acts, with a couple of guest appearances from their old 'discoveries' the Dogs and Cooper-Clarke.

JOHN (front), Julie and Gordon. Pix: KEVIN CUMMINS

There was the arrogant shamming rock'n'roll of The Nosebleeds, the bumbling hamming of Jilted John, the schizophrenic cartwheeling jazz improvisations of The Prime Time Suckers, the smug, diplomatically modern music of Gyro and the dense eccentricities of Ed Banger. The evening left an impression of untidiness, and untidiness is the best definition for Rabid Records.

This year, Rabid have released records by Gyro and Jilted John, both of which have received maximum acclaim from assorted critics. They are also distributing Joy Division's messy, tentative EP "An Ideal For Living" and are set to release records by V2, The Nosebleeds and Ed Banger.

There is no aim or plan in Rabid, in fact it's almost the lack of such that is its manifesto. Yet it is, at present, Manchester's one independent label, willing to give chances to the most seemingly flimsy talents, and its track record is certainly no disgrace.

For prudent proof of Rabid's extraordinary sloppy oportunism, look to Manchester's current Hot One — Jilted John.

Out of nowhere (he says yet again . . .) 18-year-old Sheffield Polytechnic drama student Graham Fellows, clumsily adopting the shaky eternal failure alter-ego of Jilted John (The Pitiful One), has recorded, using Rabid's resident rock orchestra, one of The Greatest Pop Singles Of The Decade.

Beneath this all-but-meaningless moniker lies a classic — "Jilted John" by Jilted John, which nestles alongside "Hot Love", "Starman", "What Do I Get"; a crude isolation of embarrassing immature teen-sociology — a wonderous hybrid of the heartfelt pessimistic perception of Shelley and the blow dried innocent optimism of Child.

It's a Real Teenage Single, with bite, bounce, snarl, snide, and moments of untainted genius.

The melodic and structural make-up of the song is out of the classic 'if you're naive then you don't know what you're doing wrong' bag, with all the tricks in the song sprouting purely out of convenience. The content is straight, simple and minimal, musical repetition repelled through sudden inspired changes in flow.

The song ends by accelerating into an aggressively sulky extended coda. 'John' narrates his tale with an almost anarchistic whine and leer that veers all over the place with just enough discipline to complete an exhilarating melody.

As Brecht advocated, 'John' plays against the feeling the music brings forth — in this case buoyancy. He confronts this buoyancy and parodies it in the gestures of his delivery. The vocal performance is very much that of an actor playing a role, with plenty of exaggeration and reflection.

It is not a love song in any obvious, sentimental, delicate, or patronizing way, nor a poem-form set to music.

It is more a playlet with awkward shifts in concentration.

'John' narrates, and there are three characters: Julie, the tart who dispassionately jilts him Gordon, the would-be stud who wins her, and 'John' himself.

It darts through fleeting happiness — *'I've been going out with a girl, her name is Julie'* — Callousness — *'Oh, John I really love you, but there's this bloke I fancy, I don't want to two time you, so it's the end for me and you'* — Disbelief — *'Who's this bloke I asked her, Gordon she replied, not that puff I said dismayed'* — Churlish glee — *'Yes but he's no puff she cried (he's more of a man than you'll ever be!)'*

The song develops through hurt, anger, resentment and finally spite and childish verbal retaliation. It's protrayed with an aura of frivolity that accurately represents a world of childish mirroring of filtered adult behaviour: it's all detached and uninvolved, a game.

This is an everyday ordinary tale of everyday adolescent infatuation, yet it is conceived and performed definitively: a pop drama. Ultimately, absurdly, there is too much intense accessibility for it to be a commercial success, even if it had the full backing of a major label.

The other side of the record, "Going Steady", which has an excitingly overawed 'John' describing teenage bliss with a reluctant Sharon, uses much the same approach and tricks, but perhaps because of the comfortability of the 'situation' it's far less evocative and vital than "Jilted John". More cute than anything else.

But purely because of "Jilted John" it's obvious that Fellows is no small talent.

Unfortunately, so far, Rabid and Fellows have messed up the existence of "Jilted John": things have been rushed, the idea of "Jilted John" has been revealed even before the character had been half-way formulated, an act sorted out, plans solidified.

Now, they're trying to make amends. The possibilities of 'Jilted John' as The Failures' Martyr have become increasingly apparent: also the manner of projecting this.

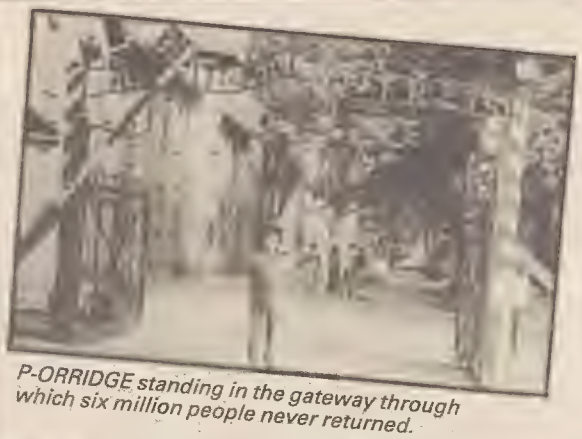
THUS WHEN myself, The Sexy Pig, Fellows and Bernard (who portrays Gordon the moron on the cover of the single) settled in a

■ *Continues p.53*

JILTED JOHN AND THE SEXY PIG TEST

● *The story so far: John is in love with Julie, but Julie is in love with Gordon, who is in love with Julie. John, however, is also in love with John and Paul Morley is in love with Manchester. Now read on.*

SEA LEVEL & DIXIE DREGS
On a one stop visit appearing at the
HAMMERSMITH ODEON
WEDNESDAY JULY 26th.
See both these versatile American rock bands at their only U.K. concert. It will be a night to remember.
Both bands have released new albums, Sea Level's 'Ballets on the Coast'. Single. 'That's your secret' and Dixie Dregs 'What if'. Single. 'Take it off the top'.



P-ORRIDGE standing in the gateway through which six million people never returned.

ON HIS holidays, Genisis P-Orridge went to Poland and visited the source of much of his musical inspiration — the Auschwitz concentration camp where the Nazis killed six million people.

There, Genesis posed for a tourist snap outside the gate through which those people were marched, bought postcards showing sunset over the wire from the souvenir shop, and generally absorbed atmosphere and detail.

"The first thing I said when I came out of there was that you realise they're going to use this place again," says Genesis. "It's in perfect working order except that two of the four ovens are damaged. Otherwise it's ready to go.

"Every window is intact, every roof is repaired, it's repainted, there's central heating in all the blocks, the roads are repaired, the wire is still up. You could use it tomorrow. And they would."

Who would? The Russians?

"The Russians, certainly. And so would the Poles. Anyone who's in control. Anyone who enjoys being in power."

To reach Auschwitz, you take an hour and a half coach ride from the southern Polish city of Krakow.

"They've still got horse drawn buses in Poland," says Genesis, "but when you want to go to Auschwitz you get a luxury American coach with reclining seats, air-conditioning, curtains, the lot.

"The bus tickets are about eight inches long and they're yellow, with barbed wire printed on them." He laughs.

"Souvenir bus tickets of Auschwitz. It costs about five quid for a day trip, which is not too bad. But you don't get lunch.

"I suggested to the Poles that they should do a special tour of the death camps. There are about five in Poland. I'm sure it would be very popular. They could call it the death trip."

And he laughs again.

GENESIS P-Orridge is sitting in his terrace house in London's East End, resplendent in a Polish soldier's uniform which he brought back from his holiday. He won't say how he got it. Just that it was a "James Bond operation".

Genesis is a man who takes infinite trouble over jokes and serious statements alike. He's the singer and theorist with Throbbing Gristle, a band that claims to play "Industrial Music for Industrial People". So far, they've had some success with a privately produced album "Music From The Death Factory" and a single "United".

On the album sleeve, there's a picture of Auschwitz, looking like any other industrial premises. And Throbbing Gristle have also used the same picture as the logo for their own Industrial Record label.

Keyboard player Chris Carter lists bands who play music that's in some way similar. They include; Suicide, Cabaret Voltaire, and Tangerine Dream, though with reservations in each case.

One thing that makes Throbbing Gristle different from all the rest is the sheer ferocity of their subject matter.

"We chose Auschwitz as our logo," sayd Genesis, "because it seemed appropriate for our music. And it's also one of the ultimate symbols of human stupidity. And I like to remind myself how stupid people are and how dangerous they are because they're stupid."

Who's stupid? The victims or the killers?

"Humanity as a whole is stupid to allow anything like that to begin to occur. There's no one person that's guilty."

"But what's the link between concentration camps and industrial music?

"Well, we didn't even know it at the time, but the local people in Poland used to call Auschwitz the factory of death. We called out album "Music From the Death Factory" as a metaphor for society and the way life is."

You're not seriously suggesting Britain is like a concentration camp?

"Parts of it, yeah."

Which parts?

"Dagenham."

At this answer, your interviewer laughs loudly, and Genesis joins in.

Then he adds: "Smethwick". And we laugh some more.

The idea might seem absurd, but Genesis sticks with it.

"Everybody lives in their own concentration camp," he sayd. "They create their own, don't they?"

Nobody's being melted down in Britain, though.

"Well, I wouldn't be so sure about that. What about Northern Ireland? The prison camps there aren't far off. I mean, there are degrees of it. What we're saying is: Be careful, because it's not far from one to the other. The human race is the biggest masochist in the world."

AS YOU'LL gather from this conversation, Genesis P-Orridge has a bleak view of humanity, though his humour breaks through frequently enough to complicate matters.

On "Music From The Death Factory", there's more bleakness than humour. Most of the tracks aren't songs as such, but electronic screams of anguish.

I find it heavy going, though Genesis insists that a lot of people actually like it. But didn't they just say that for the sake of intellectual kudos?

"No. I thought so, at first, but now I don't. We get letters from kids who wouldn't even know what intellectual kudos meant. Fourteen year old kids off council estates in Yorkshire.

"They don't care about what it means. They just get an instant, instinctive empathy with the noise, and it feels to them anarchic, rebellious, at times potent and strong, angry, but on their side.

"In my opinion, we've tapped the subconscious of the times."

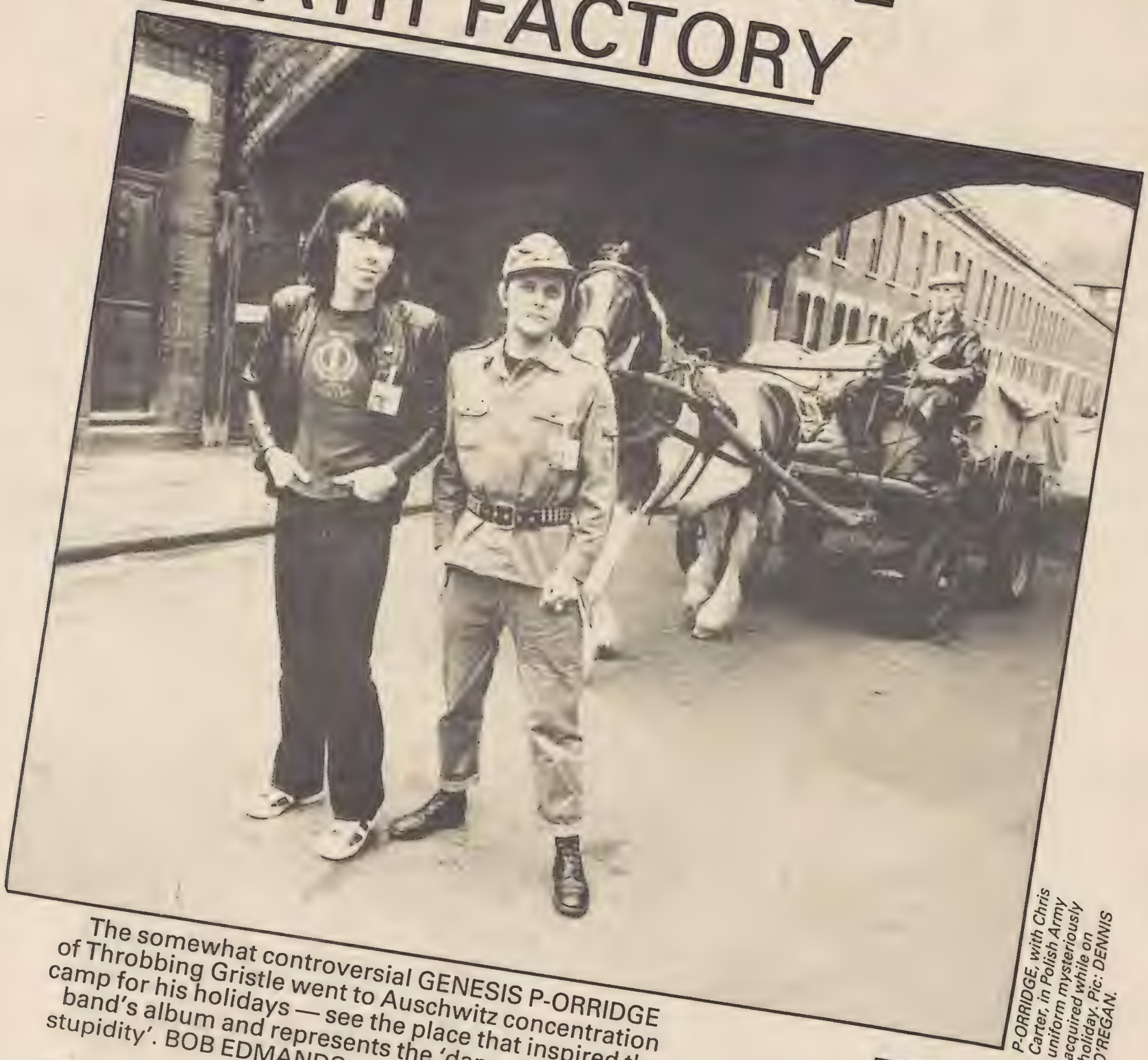
That's a very grand claim to make.

"Well, that was our intention, and we've spent a long time doing it."

GENESIS P-ORRIDGE is 28, and the name is his real one. He changed it by deed poll from Neil Megson some nine or 10 years ago. I've known him since then, and I've always

No. INT 563
NAME X-Ray Spex
DATA
NEW SINGLE
OUT NOW
COLOUR SLEEVE
IDENTITY

MUSIC FROM THE DEATH FACTORY



P-ORRIDGE, with Chris Carter, in Polish Army uniform mysteriously acquired while on holiday. Pic: DENNIS O'REGAN.

The somewhat controversial GENESIS P-ORRIDGE of Throbbing Gristle went to Auschwitz concentration camp for his holidays — see the place that inspired the band's album and represents the 'danger of human stupidity'. BOB EDMANDS went to Genesis P-Orridge to hear the story.

thought he was a bit of a prankster.

His first musical outrages were committed in Hull at the end of the '60s. He used to lead a band called Coum, and had a book full of slogans he'd written to hype them.

"One of them was 'Coum and you'll need a cloth'," he recalls. "Another was 'Coum — your local dirty band', and there was 'Coum guarantee disappointment'."

Coum were dreadful. Genesis and friends used to make everything up on the spot. In particular, Genesis used to torture a violin. He admitted he didn't know how to play it. He just used to scrape the bow across the strings at random.

Equally guilty was his lady, Cosey Fanni Tutti, who used to do much the same thing to a guitar. She's since made a name for herself with open-crotch shots in porno mags (all part of an artistic project, of course), and she still manipulates a guitar with Throbbing Gristle.

"People should have known when we produced stickers with a seal of guaranteed disappointment on them," says Genesis, "but they're so gullible. When you tell them the truth, they won't believe you. We told them that we made it up on the spot, and anything might happen, and we might not even play, we might just mess around. But they thought it was just another hype."

In those days, Genesis used to hang out with a lot of musicians in the Gondola cafe behind Hammonds department store in Hull. Bob Phoenix from Dead Fingers Talk used to be part of Coum.

Other local alumni were Michael Chapman, Rick Kemp, Snips, and "the people who ended up as Gary Glitter's backing group — they were called Boston International then."

There was also Mick Ronson, but Genesis says: "Cosey knew him better than I did, because she can still remember him mowing lawns outside her council house and getting all tanned."

Even then, what set Genesis apart was his extreme attitude toward his music and his art. The Coum logo was a penis with the name written along the barrel.

This was no faltering adolescent rebellion. Genesis is as obsessive about things sexual as he is about death camps.

In Hull, he got his colours with the Hells Angels. The ritual you have to go through involves a range of oral sexual activity that many may consider distasteful. Genesis happily described the whole thing into the cassette player.

Suffice it to say, he subsequently lost his colours when he moved to London.

SINCE MOVING to London, Genesis has made quite a name as an avant-garde artist. A couple of years ago, there was great excitement over an exhibition of his called "Prostitution" at the Institute of Contemporary Arts in the Mall, just down the road from Buckingham Palace.

Among the exhibits were pictures of Cosey from her porno career and a selection of used Tampax. As a result, there were headlines all over the papers, and much anger expressed over the alleged misuse of Arts Council money. Questions were asked in Parliament.

In fact, says Genesis, the exhibition made much more money for the taxpayers than it cost them, but the Queen was unhappy.

"The problem was that the Queen owns the building in which the ICA is housed, and collects rent. The worry was that she might be seen to be living off immoral earnings. And I suppose that's what she was doing.

"Naughtie old Queenie. It's amusing, really, to think that Cosey's tits fed the corgis for a few weeks."

Genesis's capacity for outrage was evident from Throbbing Gristle's first gigs. Genesis and Chris used to cut themselves with knives onstage. Cosey used to go topless and pretend to cut herself. Throbbing Gristle were quite a heavy act.

But, says Chris Carter, all that's stopped. He agrees with an old *NME* headline that "mutilation is passe, darling."

Throbbing Gristle now concentrate on the music They've got more melodic and more rhythmic. "We try to please more, these days," he says.

Chris says that Genesis has a lot of theories about their music, but as far as he's concerned, and Cosey, and the fourth member Peter Christopherson, they're more inserting in "just *playing*

THE MUSIC they play, though, is about death camps, mutilation, murders, and other assorted horrors. Genesis seems to find such things endlessly fascinating.

"Of course I do," he says. "I think most people do. If they don't admit it, they're lying. Why do you think that the Romans got away with the Roman circus? Because people are morbid.

"Why is there wrestling on the TV every Saturday that old ladies go and watch? Why do the newspapers print full page pictures of assassinated people, why does the news go on and on about murders? And why are all those programmes on terminal illness?

"Of course it's morbid. We're all morbid. We're all sick. It's just that I admit it. I'm very thorough. If something interests me, I want to find out as much about it, as possible.

"I'm quite happy for people to think I might be schizo or crazy. I mean, so what? There are lots of nutters around. Some of them do naughty things. Some of them never do. I'm less likely to go over the top than someone who suppresses it completely."

Cosey struttin' her stuff for the sake of art.

MORE WORD ABOUT AMERICA PRODUCERS

YOUR WIFE didn't like our album," smarts a Talking Head before I'm even sitting comfortably.

Damn that television! What a bad picture! Don't get upset! It's not a major disaster!

The phrase *Talking Head* was originally coined in Stateside video terminology. It's American media jargonese for a static head 'n' shoulders camera shot of the twice-nightly, coast-to-coast, impassive harbingers of the Planet Earth's interminable horrorshow.

Conservatively attired, conscientiously poker-faced, the scrupulously objective anti-personalities parrot another man's lifeless litany of the day-to-day confluence of kidnappings, mass-murders, race-riots, bombings, hi-jackings, strikes, assassinations, Washington's political science, Russia's dissident-disposal industry . . .

Kid, these Talking Heads have seen it ALL: nothing touches them they're numb inside, they got no heart.

Decay! Doom! Death! Destruction! Armageddon! And now for the weather!

So watching the Talking Heads evokes no more passion in the viewer than gawping at the Test Card. Anybody can shock a baby or a television audience, but it's too easy and the effect is disproportionate to the effort. Look out, honey, they're using technology to arrange the world so that we don't have to experience it.

"I just read the review your wife didn't like our album? What did you think?"

Save for the very same enigmatic handle, the T.V. Eye's desensitized pawn-cocktails bear no similarity whatsoever to the quartet of young Americans remaining perfectly civilised if somewhat, ah, *distant* as they size me up with polite suspicion in this darkened hotel room located in one of the more sedate residential areas of Kensington, S.W.7.

As the others watch my hands for any sudden movements and stonily stare me out without breaching the fundamental rules of social etiquette, mild-mannered Chris Frantz (doe-faced drummer) plays Henry Kissinger, perching on an arm-rest at the other end of the sofa where I recline, and asks me for my thoughts on the recently released second Talking Heads album, "More Songs About Buildings And Food", produced by Brian Eno.

As I conjecture that the hot-off-the-presses vinylised evidence seems to suggest that Eno needs Talking Heads whereas Talking Heads really don't need Brian Eno, the rest of the band are less loquacious than Chris and not so willing to place their person within gobbing distance of me.

Chris's wife, blonde bassist (Mar) tina Weymouth, sprawls across a big brass bed sucking on a Camel and resembling a younger, prettier, more wholesome edition of Marianne Faithful.

Over by the window is inscrutable ex-Modern Lover Jerry Harrison (keyboards and guitar), and between him and Chris there sits David (Byrne-guitar, vocals and he writes the songs) looking just like Tony Perkins in a permanent state of shock.

If the others are mildly hostile, my presence appears to cause David — a pathologically shy man at the best of times — chronic discomfort. Tense and nervous and unable to relax. Byrne exudes the mannerisms of a petrified rabbit transfixed in the beam of a car's headlights and waiting for the crunch.

After numerous false-starts to the interview, the band eventually realise that I come in peace, my aim is true and that I hold Talking Heads in high-esteem. It subsequently transpires that the reason for their initial animosity was not J.B.'s scathing review of their latest platter but the hysterical assurance given to them by a wizened *NME* stringer who shall remain nameless that my sole intention for doing the interview was to shred the Heads into news-sheet mince-meat.

"We very nearly called the whole thing off," smiles Tina. "We thought we were going to hate you!"

Impossible, Tina. But while Chris, Jerry and Tina all open up and gladly become their warm, intelligent, trenchant natural selves, David Byrne's nerve-ends are stretched taut throughout the interview's duration and Talking Heads principal architect remains silently ill-at-ease.

"Nobody can think their shit don't stink," muses Tina philosophically.

EIGHTEEN HOURS earlier Talking Heads are on stage in front of a sardined-to-the-rafters packed-house at the Strand's Lyceum Ballroom and performing live is refreshing the parts of David Byrne's tortured psyche that normal conversation just can't reach.

Q'est-ce que c'est, psycho-triller? Fronting Talking Heads low-key, austere, *in puris naturalibus* visual, Byrne begins as jittery as he is in, well, *real life;* steadily gaining confidence as the show progresses and gradually building up to a peak of mesmerising intensity.

Eyes-roll, tongue-lolls in the sweat-soaked, screwed-up visage of a staid introvert who's mutated into a jabbering mentally unbalanced wreck, bobbing his head like a sulky Stan Bowles juggling a football in training after a particularly bad night at the dogs, his voice a *whoooooshing* haywire Hoover. Beautiful.

The irony of it all is that Byrne's song's share none of the slobbering rhetoric of all those rock bands bleating on and on and on about non-existent sub-stratas of society. More than any other musician, Byrne needs the cathartic therapy of performing live, but the bottom line is that he doesn't require it to promote the same old flabby flaccid fantasies as everybody else, but to put across songs about the major concerns of the average human being; loved-ones, work, home, civil servants, buildings and food. Lyrics pruned of any false embellishments, the bare essentials of everyday thoughts, dialogue and conversation that David Byrne himself finds so unbearably painful when he's not on a "Rock 'n' roll" stage . . .

The multi-textured, full-bodied sounds of Talking Heads live is totally unlike the Jack Nitzsche-esque cold-eyed clarity of the Tony Bongiovi production on their first album, "Talking Heads: 77".

Tina: "Bongiovi was working on 'Disco Star Wars' at the same time he was working on our record. There was a lot of record company pressure on him to make us sound 'good'."

Jerry: "But the sound was too weak, it sounded really thin on the radio."

David (in a rare moment of garrulousness): "At the time we thought we'd like to work with someone who was commercially orientated. We thought that if we were going in one direction and he was going in another it'd be some kind of weird amalgamation of the two . . . I think Tony Bongiovi is one of the biggest assholes I've ever met. He was horrible to work with."

Chris: "You got it worse, David!"

The songs performed, from the second album are more similar to their recorded counter-parts though they gain a stark, satisfying, abrasive quality on stage without the disc's mundane miasma of Eno with his putrid plethora of studio echo-chambers, tape-loops and a veritable battery of synthesisers and sound filters.

Songs on the new album like "Thank You For Sending Me An Angel", "Stay Hungry", "Found A Job", "The Girls Want To Be With The Girls" and especially "The Big Country" are the equal of the infectious gems on "Talking Heads: 77", though exchanging Bongiovi for Brian has merely exchanged the fire for the frying pan and for full appreciation of the band's *modus operandi* it's still necessary to catch them live.

In this environment they go from strength to strength, the joybringing power of their Lyceum date transcending even their classic, quasi-mythical U.K. debut over a year ago at Covent Garden's Rock Garden.

Under Byrne's high-pitched nasal vocal, the insistent pace of his twelve-string splices with the distinct adornments of Harrison's keyboards and Telecaster, carving out the insidious jagged melodies that twist and turn, cut and thrust, and are nailed down by the taut syncopation of the husband and wife rhythm section who put the *FUNK* into Talking Heads.

At home Chris and Tina spend many happy hours listening to the strident drive of the bass and drums deployed on the work of Munich Machine producer, Giorgio Moroder.

The overall effect owes much to Yellow Label Stax in general and an updated-for-the-eighties version of the nirvana experienced listening to Veda Brown's "Short Stopping" in particular.

And, apart from David Byrne's inevitable transition to theatrical epilepsy, they all look so . . . *normal!*

THE WAY we present our music was a reaction away from the distractions," remembers Tina Weymouth. "The high-posing macho, the costumes, the lights . . . *the lights changing in time to the music!"* She laughs. "I consider that to be an insult to peoples' intelligence. So when it was time for us to go on stage we didn't know what to do except just present our music."

Talking Heads are the only band I've ever talked to who explicitly state that they're not out to make their audience feel inadequate, and who actually carry this through to their performance. Despite all the punk-posturing hyperbole, the majority of bands who have appeared over the last couple of years have been *at least* as willing to perpetuate and profit from the Star/Fan barriers as any Rolling Stones.

Mass-adoration, that's the name of the game, and each generation plays the game the same. And if you think that one of those pitiful pogoing stage invasions equals rock egalitarianism then you are a sucker, sucker.

But, of course, as Talking Heads grow in stature (their first album was on the American charts for forty-nine weeks and they're easily Sire's biggest

Jerry and Tina enviously watch David attempting a full lotus.

TONY PARSON
Beds and other
household furni
PENNIE SMITH
interiors.
(moves ashtrays tha

S

AND

S sits on Talking
items of
iture.
designs the

t crucial inch, etc.)

TALKING HEADS put feet to sheet. L. to R. Jerry, David Byrne, Tina Weymouth, Chris Frantz.

selling artists), their natural austerity is in danger of becoming the trade name they consider to be a must to avoid.

"I think we run the risk of our natural image becoming a cliche," mutters David darkly.

"You do wanna change, but how can you avoid that trap?" asks Jerry. "Damned if you do —"

" — and damned if you don't!" intercepts Tina.

Everybody laughs.

Aesthetically, I love Talking Heads. On a personal level I like them all enormously and would be proud to number them amongst my friends. On a professional basis, however, I like the songs on their new album but can't stomach Eno's production. Ol' Brian seems to have used the band as the raw material for his own production ideas. The Heads disagree. . .

"We got to the point where we'd done the basic tracks in just five days," says Jerry. "We'd rehearsed solid for two weeks before we flew down there to the Compass Point Studio in Nassau down in the Bahamas."

Why did you record there?

"Because the studio had the same MCI mixing desk that Eno had used for the latest Bowie and Devo albums, it was the only other one in the world that Eno knew of . . ."

Another reason for the choice of location, apart from the weather, was that it was a new studio which still had a few bugs in the system so that it was possible to rent the studio by the week instead of the hour, fly all their equipment there and back and live down there for a month and the overheads of the album were still much less than it would have been if "More Songs About Buildings And Food" had been cut in New York or Los Angeles.

On the album sleeve Eno is practically listed as a fifth member of the band. He's certainly come on since the first time he met the band backstage at their Rock Garden gig and told them they were the most exciting thing he'd seen in two years (this is long before he was swapping fraternity pins with Devo, of course).

Jerry: "So after the basic tracks were down we had over three weeks to re-work all the songs and try out any ideas any of us had to make the songs sound different."

Tina: "Plus he had a real artist's attitude to technology."

Jerry: "With some of the people Eno had worked with I think they felt afraid to experiment beyond a certain point for being Eno-ised."

Tina: "Great!"

"No, I don't think that *is* great," retorts Jerry. I think that we felt our music was strong enough and that we shared enough views that it would be a great combination and I think that it *does* come through, it's definitely *our* music whereas maybe other bands Eno have worked with have been an extension of Eno."

"I think Eno's contribution was just like any one of us writing parts of the songs," opines Tina. "We all make the decision, and we ran into very few quandaries or conflicts when it came to decisions what to do . . ."

Oh, well. Talking Heads obviously have a deep empathy with you, Brian, so I don't mind you producing their next album or the one after that. In fact, you can keep doing it till you get it *right.*

DAVID BYRNE'S practice of adopting persona to put across a particular viewpoint inevitably results in rock's answer to Roald Dahl frequently contradicting himself in song. For instance, "I'm Not In Love" is the direct antithesis of "Who Is It?", "Uh-Oh, Love Comes To Town" and even "Stay Hungry", where the muscle-bound jock sweats blood to remain in shape and retain the affections of his steady. And in the sublime "Don't Worry About The Government" the subject wallows happily in comfortable bourgeois contentment while in "The Big Country" David's mouthpiece mordantly puts down the very same cocooned-but-cosy environment.

There is never the faintest hint of any bitter cynicism or moral castigation directed at the views expressed. Moral judgement is a luxury handed to the listener.

"People feel different things at different times," Jerry justifies. "We just do songs that express a viewpoint at a particular moment in time. We don't try to put out a manifesto or to have just one standing point . . ."

But whereas "Don't Worry About The Government" rings true, "The Big Country" just doesn't convince that you mean it, man.

The first time I heard the song I was at home in our tiny North London garret and the rain was pouring through the crevices in the ceiling and summer's here and the time is right for fumigating the cats' turd-box. . .

"I see the shapes I remember from maps/I see the shoreline/I see the white-caps/A baseball diamond, nice weather down there/I see the school and the houses where the kids are/Places to park by the factories and buildings/Restaurants and bars for later in the evening/I guess it's healthy, I guess the air is clean/I guess those people have fun with their neighbours and friends/Look at that kitchen, and all of that food/Look at them eating/I guess it tastes real gooood."

In a haze of euphoria I drifted away on the C&W steel-guitars, to sweet-smelling Marlboro County. Then Byrne's put-down punch-line brought me back to *terra firma* with a jolt.

"I WOULDN'T LIVE THERE IF YOU PAID ME TO!"

I don't believe you, David. You just made it sound too damn *appealing!* We all hoot with raucous laughter. Even David! I seize this opportune moment to ask if there is any truth in the rumour that he's a *scatologist (a turd-fetishist to you* ignoramus morons out there).

This is good-naturedly denied and David goes to the bathroom.

"David's not a scatologist," explains Tina with a grin. "It's just that when you're on the road your humour tends to be a little, uh, *FAECAL!"*

A short while later I get a practical demonstration of this coprolite whackiness when I go to the can to empty me bowels. One inch under the pan's water Elvis Costello peers myopically up at me from behind a camera on a tripod. I breath a sigh of relief when I suss it's only an eight-by-twelve photograph and not the real thing.

When I come out and ask Tina if she knows what she's got floating in her carsey she says she doesn't and goes to take a look see. She returns with her ribs well-tickled.

"Did you piss on Elvis?" she asks me.

It was either that or let him take me picture. I look around for David Byrne. Of course, he's gone by now.

PRETTY YOUNG LADIES try out new stomach deodorants in BILITIS.

BANG BANG

Bilitis

Directed by David Hamilton
(United Artists)
Starring Mona Kristensen

I MUST CONFESS this is the first time I've sat through one of the soft focus skin flicks. *Emmanuelle, Son of Emmanuelle, Emmanuelle Meets Abbott And Costello* all passed me by.

I have a vague suspicion that it could easily be the last time as well. I was expecting something pretty vacant and decorative but nothing really prepared me for the low-key tedium of this particular 90 minutes. The camera drifts listlessly through a misty sunlit world in which everyone, even the extras, are very rich, very clean and implausibly beautiful. It's like a combination of a Campari commercial, without a joke, and *Penthouse* in motion.

The plot, such as it is, concerns a petulant and spoiled-rotten school girl being confused by the onset of puberty in an idyllic part of southern France. The awkward and demurely hysterical brat, whose main trouble seems to be making up her mind whether she's hetero or otherwise, engages in some rococco emotional games that result in decorous and languid screwing (again hetero or otherwise, except the otherwise is strictly limited to very pretty ladies).

The acting is slightly below the level of a Gerry Anderson puppet series. This, combined with dubbing that is sometimes actually worse than a B-grade spaghetti western, serves to reassure the punter that he's strictly there for the tits and ass.

And this is where the real rub comes in. There is, categorically, not that much tits and ass. There's a whole bunch of school girls nude bathing at the beginning and then the cast get into their clothes and start conducting painfully slow conversations until the ultimate boredom point is reached and the mac brigade are grunting, shuffling, coughing and lighting fags. *(I know how they feel. — Ed.)*

Then and only then do they find an excuse to disrobe for a spell. As an exercise in scientifically short changing the voyeur it's a little masterpiece, particularly as it was presumably made for the kind of voyeur who's too ineffectual to go to see the hard stuff. The one thing you can say for *Deep Throat* is that it does give value for nothing.

Mick Farren

Thank God It's Friday

Directed by Robert Klane
Starring Donna Summer
(Col-War)

WE HERE AT the Global Village think someone should make a real disco film. *Thank God It's Friday* is set in some sort of Munchkinland middle class middle-age lounge where all is happy and the toilets are spotless. What a whacky bowl of funatics these places must be! Bouncers? Never heard of them my dear.

Honestly, I'm not a cynical young punk, but this is a dozy picture. All around me grey beards and blue rinses were yelping and clapping in pure joy at the celluloid antics of Paul Jabara and his pals. Maybe you will. But I'd come to see a disco film (a weird beast in itself), not a run of discarded skits from *What's Up Doc* to mediocre music and flashing lights.

Don't take me wrong, I lerved *Saturday Night Fever,* which obviously this is taking a ride on, but *Fever* had, above all, A SOUNDTRACK. Julie Burchill correctly reviewed this mish mosh of ordinary rhythms a coupla weeks back. Even The Commodores come over like David Soul. I mean — MIMING!!

The 'story' just follows the fate of several 'types' (there's a token everything bar a cockney) over a couple of hours in the Zoo nightclub. Donna Summer is severely ineffectual as a singer who knows that given the breaks she'll show 'em all she can mime in there with the best, and Paul Jabara (who I last saw playing Herod in *JC Superstar* on Shaftesbury Ave) is silly as a short-sighted loser. Chuck Sacci playing a bloke on a blind date is a winner, though!

"I gotta meet this broad in a blue dress. Are you her?"

"My dress is turquoise . . ."

"I don't give a shit."

The Commodores' roadie, Floyd, is the film's only other scorer, although asking us to believe that an eight-piece, million dollar soul outfit can fit their entire PA and instruments into a transit is stronging it.

Made by Motown/Casablanca means we receive the impression that without these two labels the whole Disco system would collapse. Plugs a plenty.

If you must see it, and I reckon I've seen worse *(Mozambique, How To Stuff A Wild Bikini,* etc) go in the afternoon so you can Sundown it right up when you come out, and note the difference. (People sweating for one).

Mark you, if you're anything like the mob who clapped in time with Donna on this outing, you'll probably make Sarah Bernhardt look like John Travolta.

Danny Baker

SCREEN DREAM

JUDGING BY the latest entry on the bookstalls, fotonovels are coming of age. Spielberg's script for ***Close Encounters*** *has been transformed into a full colour paperback of more than 200 pages, topped by an interview with UFO expert P. J. Willcox and tailed with behind-the-scenes pictures from the making of the movie (included is one still of Spielberg looking very much at home in a playpen).*

The whole movie is here, scene by scene, with essential dialogue, allowing even the most casual reader the opportunity to examine how the film was constructed, how scenes and dialogue were developed — like a print version of the video cassette.

Publishers have tried this technique before with large-format books on a series of classic films — ***Casablanca, Frankenstein, The Maltese Falcon*** *— but price and format were wrong.* ***Close Encounters*** *provides a new reading experience, a development of the comic. (Published by Sphere. £1.25)*

Some funky family entertainment, eh kids?

HOWARD ZIEHAM, producer of ***Flash Gordon,*** *the X-rated sexual parody of the original space lane hero, which took $40 million at the box office, is currently looking for a rock and roll band to compose and perform in his sequel,* ***The Further Adventures of . . .*** *Set in the 1930's, the story postulates an Earth being bombarded by unusual "sounds" from outer space — rock and roll, of course. Earth's leaders decide it should be banned and send Flesh out in pursuit.*

The first ***Superman*** *movie, finally due out in the US in December, will be accompanied by no less than eight paperback tie-ins from Warner Books. Included are the obligatory* ***Making Of . . .,*** *quiz book and calendar, plus* ***The Superman Blueprints*** *(pics of props and sets),* ***The Superman Portfolio*** *(21 scene paintings), paper cut-outs, and* ***The Great Superman Book,*** *an encyclopedia on the Man of Steel. Warners of course also own D.C. Comics, who have the Superman rights, so look set to make a fast million or two.*

Dick Tracy

SILVER SCREEN

KISS KISS

The Wild Geese

Directed by Andrew V. McLaglen
Starring Richard Burton, Roger Moore and Richard Harris
(Rank)

AS ENJOYABLY PREDICTABLE as egg and chips, ***The Wild Geese*** **uses the standard ingredients, commutes between the frying pan and the fire, stints not on the ketchup and comes in doorstep proportions. Action films are supposed to bustle, and this one moves like a row of gerunds.**

The story has four gear changes: recruitment, caper, betrayal, revenge. Veteran mercenary Richard Burton is approached by City magnate Stewart Granger to spring a deposed African president in the cause of improved copper shares. Nothing loathe — "I fight for money" — Burton hunts up his old irregulars who come in a wide variety of scruple.

There's idealistic Richard Harris, cucumber-cool strategist, now retired and devoting himself to his prep school son. A mixture of challenge and altruism lure him back under the beret, but others sign on for simpler reasons: Roger Moore to beat a Mafia contract, Hardy Kruger to buy a farm. Other ranks, bored to a man with suburban rosebushes and bedpans, settle for excitement.

Parachuted into Africa, the aged thespians effortlessly penetrate the garrison, Hardy Kruger on crossbow, the rest of the cast on cyanide aerosols. One can almost hear the gnawing of teeth on quill in the script department — a giant magnet/bung an electric fire into Lake Tanganyika? — as they rummage for a rum mayhem.

Meanwhile, back at the Stock Exchange, Stewart Granger has pulled a swiftie, no longer needs them, and withdraws the escape plane, after which it's uphill all the way. The ailing ex-President has to be piggy-backed by Hardy Kruger, an apartheid South African — Stanley Kramer, you should be here — over a few hundred miles of strafing and dialogue which effects an improbable entente: "our futures lie together", "I never thought of that."

Extras die like flies (ie. without dialogue). I was particularly taken with the death of the sergeant-major, a stickler for protocol, who just managed to venture a first-name footing with an officer on his penultimate breath. Poor Burton is called upon for many a chummy coup de grace, tight lips and tears afterwards.

The revenge section is sadly wet, tacked on and unsatisfying. Nobody is called upon to be much more than one-dimensional, but Burton has authority and doesn't need to flout it to convince. Director McLaglen, functional at best, has managed to keep the pages of his colouring book turning at a fair clip, and kept boredom at bay.

Brian Case

RICHARD HARRIS sends his love to South Africa.

IT'S HIGH TIME BANKS REALISED WHAT SCHOOL LEAVERS HAVE TO LIVE ON.

Let's face it, you won't exactly earn a packet when you first start work, nobody does.

An open secret which seems to have escaped the notice of most banks.

For while they invite you to discover the advantages of a bank account, they make you pay bank charges from the word go.

At Barclays, we've always thought this a little unfair. There will be enough eating into your already lean salary without adding bank charges to the list.

Open an account with us then, and we'll give you a year's free banking from the day you leave school.

In other words, so long as you stay in credit, all your cheques, statements and bankers orders won't cost you a penny.

Free Cheques for a Year.

The first thing you'll get after you've opened an account is your chequebook.

It's much safer than carrying a wallet full of pound notes (last year over 20 thousand people had their pockets picked) and often much more convenient than paying by cash.

Each time you write a cheque, fill in the counterfoil details.

That way you'll be able to see who you've paid, how much you've paid, and what's left in your account.

Free Statements for a Year.

Naturally we keep a record of your spending as well. It's called a statement.

You can have one as often as you like so that you can see what's been paid into, and drawn out of, your account.

Then, if need be, you can work out a budget.

Free Bankers Orders for a Year.

Bankers orders are a way of paying regular bills automatically.

You just tell us to pay someone, say, £15 on the 10th of each month, and we will until you tell us to stop.

This will save you the irritation of being prodded by reminders and the expense of sending cheques by post.

You can also use a bankers order to help you save. If your statement shows you've got some cash to play with at the end of each month, you can arrange for a fixed sum to be transferred regularly to a savings account. It may only be a few quid but it'll soon mount up and best of all, it'll earn interest for you.

How do I go about opening a Bank Account?

If you like the sound of what you've read so far, and you'd like us to open an account for you before you start work, fill in the coupon below and send it off to us. We'll arrange for our local branch to contact you.

Incidentally, once you've opened an account, the manager will be on hand to give advice on any financial problem that's bothering you.

An H.P. deal, for example, or how to save for a holiday. In the meantime, we'll send you a booklet we've written: 'Starting Work. How to use your Bank'.

Since this is free as well, what have you got to lose?

YOUR FIRST YEAR'S BANKING FREE

*Please send me a copy of 'Starting Work. How to use your Bank'.
*I am interested in opening a Cheque Account at your branch at

*DELETE AS REQUIRED GIVE FULL ADDRESS IF POSSIBLE

Please arrange for your local branch to contact me.

Surname Mr/Miss

Forenames in full

Address

Telephone

Post to: John Lawson, Barclays Bank Limited, 16-18 New Bridge Street, London EC4V 6HE.

BARCLAYS (NM2)

WAR OF THE WORLDS IAN DURY
KATE BUSH ABBA GREASE Johnny Mathis
MOODY BLUES BOB DYLAN DARTS
LINDISFARNE MEAT LOAF THIN LIZZY
The STRANGLERS David Gilmour
PETER GABRIEL BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN
MAX BOYCE THE TOM
THE ROLLING S
WHITE MANSIONS MAN
saturday night fever RITA COOLIDGE
BONEY M Alan Parsons WINGS
£1 or 80p OFF* THESE ALBUMS
WHSMITH
50p OFF* CASSETTES

The Pick of the Pops.

ARTISTS	TITLES	ALBUM PRICE NOW	CASSETTE PRICE NOW
£1 off* Albums, 50p off* Cassettes			
Rita Coolidge	Love Me Again	£3.25	£3.75
The Rolling Stones	Some Girls	£3.10	£3.60
Boney M	Night Flight to Venus	£2.79	£3.29
Grease	Original Soundtrack	£6.10	£6.69
Moody Blues	Octave	£2.99	£3.49
Bob Dylan	Street Legal	£3.29	£3.99
War of The Worlds		£5.99	£6.49
Saturday Night Fever	Original Soundtrack	£5.30	£5.99
Thin Lizzy	Live and Dangerous	£4.99	£5.65
80p off* Albums, 50p off* Cassettes			
White Mansions		£3.69	£3.99
Peter Gabriel	Peter Gabriel	£3.45	£4.00
Kate Bush	The Kick Inside	£3.09	£3.60
The Tom Robinson Band	Power In The Darkness	£3.09	£3.60
Manhattan Transfer	Pastiche	£2.99	£3.29
Darts	Everyone Plays Darts	£3.09	£3.60
Max Boyce	I Know 'cos I Was There	£3.09	£3.60
Wings	London Town	£3.30	£3.60
Ian Dury	New Boots And Panties	£3.19	£3.49
David Gilmour	David Gilmour	£3.30	£3.60
Alan Parsons	Pyramid	£2.99	£3.29
The Stranglers	Black and White	£3.69	£3.75
Meat Loaf	Bat Out Of Hell	£3.19	£3.69
Abba	The Album	£3.49	£3.99
Johnny Mathis	You Light Up My Life	£3.49	£3.99
Bruce Springsteen	Darkness On The Edge Of Town	£3.49	£3.99
Lindisfarne	Back and Fourth	£3.55	£4.00
Evita		£5.85	£6.35

All at W.H. Smith now, £1* or 80p* off the latest of the greatest. 50p* off cassette versions. It's the choice of the pops. So just take your pick.

WHSMITH
Very good news

*Makers list price.

Prices correct at time of going to press. Branches throughout England and Wales. Merchandise subject to availability, where you see this sign.

Albums may be subject to alteration.

Access and Barclaycard welcome.

Offer ends 21st August.

ALBUMS

James Marshall Hendrix Pic: H. GOODWIN

Gone Yesterday

HERE TODAY

JIMI HENDRIX
The Essential Jimi Hendrix (Polydor)

CLOSE YOUR eyes and he could be there again: half-closed eyes and a smile part-arrogant, part-shy; conjuring the apocalyse out of a battered Stratocaster and a pile of Marshall amps that looked as if they'd been run over by a tank; murmuring "awww, *shucks!*" while he popped his gum at the chickies in the front row and filled the air with the sounds of bombs bursting, sirens wailing, trapped people screaming, guns in the alley . . . then grinning again and breaking your heart with the most delicate, limpid, wistful rhythm guitar you ever heard.

Open your eyes and the spell breaks. Jimi Hendrix has been worm and canker for eight years and a significant proportion of the audience for today's rock and roll was still at primary school when he was doing his most vital work, which makes Jimi as much of a ghost as Buddy Holly or Eddie Cochran.

Yeah. Sing the song, brother.

All of which makes Hendrix a throwback to the days of hippies and guitar heroes (strictly disposable) since no-one except Brian James has started reviving that era yet. His influence has been felt and is still being felt in areas as disparate as black street funk and white heavy metal, but that influence hasn't necessarily been constructive; Hendrix's alchemies were his and his alone. Untold hordes of guitarists have attempted to mimick and reproduce what he laid down, but even though the gadgetry and science available to the guitarist and the recording studio today is light-years of anything to which Hendrix had access, no one can top him.

He is still the finest instrumentalist to have ever worked within rock and roll — not just the best technician or the most eager experimenter with tricknology, but the man who got the most out of his instrument.

And the reason that Jimi Hendrix got more out of his guitar than anyone is simple: he put more in. When you listen to Jimi (you *are* going to listen, aren't you? Even if he's so far before your time that you never heard him before, or so long gone that you've forgotten him), forget about the techniques. Even do your best to forget about the guitar. Just listen to the man.

See, Hendrix's primary achievement was not that he was Mr. Psychedelic Superspade (the prototype for rock and roll badnigger symbols like Sly and Phil Lynott and Bob Marley, and possibly the catalyst for a lot of white kids to confront and conquer their own racism), not that he pulled together the twin strains of white noise (Beck, Townshend) and black blues (Buddy, Muddy, B.B. — he beat Clapton to it and did it better), not even that he advanced the vocabulary of the electic guitar and pioneered the wah-wah and the fuzz-box and all the other war toys. (Don Menn's comprehensive run-down of Hendrix's arsenal of gadgets is misleading when it appears as a liner note removed from the context of its original appearance in the Hendrix memorial issue of *Guitar Player* magazine, since it encourages the reader / listener to ignore the forest and concentrate on the trees).

Where Jimi's real greatness lay was in his ability to reveal himself totally in sound. His music says more about the eternal verities and questions that — ultimately — all art must concern itself with than his lyrics; more, in fact, than *anybody's* lyrics this side of Bob Dylan or Randy Newman. His affinity with Bob Dylan led him to record many of The Zim's songs (though, sadly, only the already overfamiliar "All Along The Watchtower" is included in this particular compilation). I have a particular fondness for his "Like A Rolling Stone" and his little-known reading of "Drifter's Escape". I wish he'd cut many more.

To listen to Hendrix without getting distracted by anything extraneous is to gaze straight into the maelstrom of whirling chaos that lay at the root of his soul — and of mine, of yours and of everybody's. I know of no music in all of rock and roll that moves the listener in a more directly emotional manner than that of Jimi Hendrix. I've seen people listening to him and getting scared shitless: not scared of the music, not scared of Jimi even, but scared by themselves, scared by the human soul.

This is what art is for: to help us understand ourselves and others a little bit better. And paradoxically, I doubt if Hendrix was the slightest bit concerned about any notions of "art" or "the avant-garde" when he was recording pieces like "Third Stone From The Sun" (think about the title sometime when you've got a little time to spare), "I Don't Live Today" (not included here) or "House Burning Down"; he was just *doing it*, working it all out, getting it down, testifying, saying *this is me, this is you too, this is all of us.*

This particular compilation is okay, though it contains a few cuts that don't seem that *essential* (I'd be interested to know how compiler Alan Douglas justifies the inclusion of a peice as slight as "Little Miss Lover") at the expense of any of Hendrix's blues or R&B-oriented work. Soul and blues were his roots and what he did with them was quite fascinating. Apart from "Purple Haze", it's all drawn from albums, which means that singles cuts like "Hey Joe", "Stone Free", "51st Anniversary", "Wind Cries Mary" and "Highway Chile" are absent. It also excludes *all* of his live recordings.

If you can lay your hands on a copy of the old "Smash Hits" album (which collects his early singles) and the soundtrack album from the documentary film (which is virtually a compilation of his best recordings) to lay alongside this package, you'll have a representative sample of his very best work in five discs.

Incidentally, "The Essential Jimi Hendrix" comes with a free single of a previously unreleased version of Van Morrison's "Gloria", which — despite being flawed by its rather sluggish tempo — anticipates many of the things that Patti Smith was to do with the song several years later.

If Jimi had lived, he might well have gone the way of too many of his contemporaries: crippled by the defeats of the early '70s, retreating into hip muzak and easy options.

I doubt it though. I prefer to think that he'd've stayed a soul rebel, embracing newcomers like Bob Marley and John Rotten as spiritual kin and being embraced, in turn, by them.

And you know what? I think it's sad, it's much too bad, that all our friends cannot be with us today . . .

Charles Shaar Murray

THE REZILLOS
Can't Stand The Rezillos (Sire)

FINALLY, AFTER telling wrangles, we have "Can't Stand The Rezillos", 13 quick cuts lustily shot through with cheap culture combinations. Tanners, annuals, Stan Lee, beatpunk nuggets, fists, paperbacks, pulp-pulp-pulp and, there on the horizon, bug-eyed monsters, robotics and a slight chill.

Timeless and timely? Well, half a good formula . . .

Thirteen songs recorded and mixed in New York. Is there the sound of concrete and nostalgia here? Would Lenny Kaye consider the American references major, the English trajectories minor, or vice versa? The bent Beatlesness of the opening stun, "Flying Saucer Attack", has Fay Fife offering vocals out of the same ice bucket as Debbie Harry, whilst the contemptuous (with a smirk, of course) "No" is surely The Seeds and The Move.

Eugene Rezillo Pic: DENIS O'REGAN

Pulp, Love And (Under) Standing

You guessed it: it's a transatlantic record.

Thirteen songs. The Rezillos' confusing use of two lead vocalists emphasises their pace and fury. Fast switches in front of your very ears. It's Fay Fire's plain but coolly manipulated voice that stars — from Lulu's shake to Siouxsie's fury and stab. Eugene Reynolds' blunt snapping isn't so productive or expressive. When he has to sing, as on "Glad All Over", his weaknesses are made manifest. You're listening?

Thirteen songs. Pulling out two of three non-originals, "I Like It" and "Glad All Over": two short bursts with the purest, most supreme melodies on the record, but the poorest arrangements and deliveries. These are sealed reference points. The group's inventiveness does things with noise that are a little too clever for hippy-happy exhilaration; there's no chance of any calculated innocence working here. The Rezillos have to work at their melodies. Their hooks are strange.

Take "Top Of The Pops" and "Cold Wars", both incisively high tunes that are made distinct mostly through Fife's vocal quipping but are neither conventionally nor consistently memorable. The Rezillos' standards, "Can't Stand My Baby" and "(My Baby Does) Good Sculptures", are just too speedy for *absolute* melody. So you care about melody? So you want to dance?

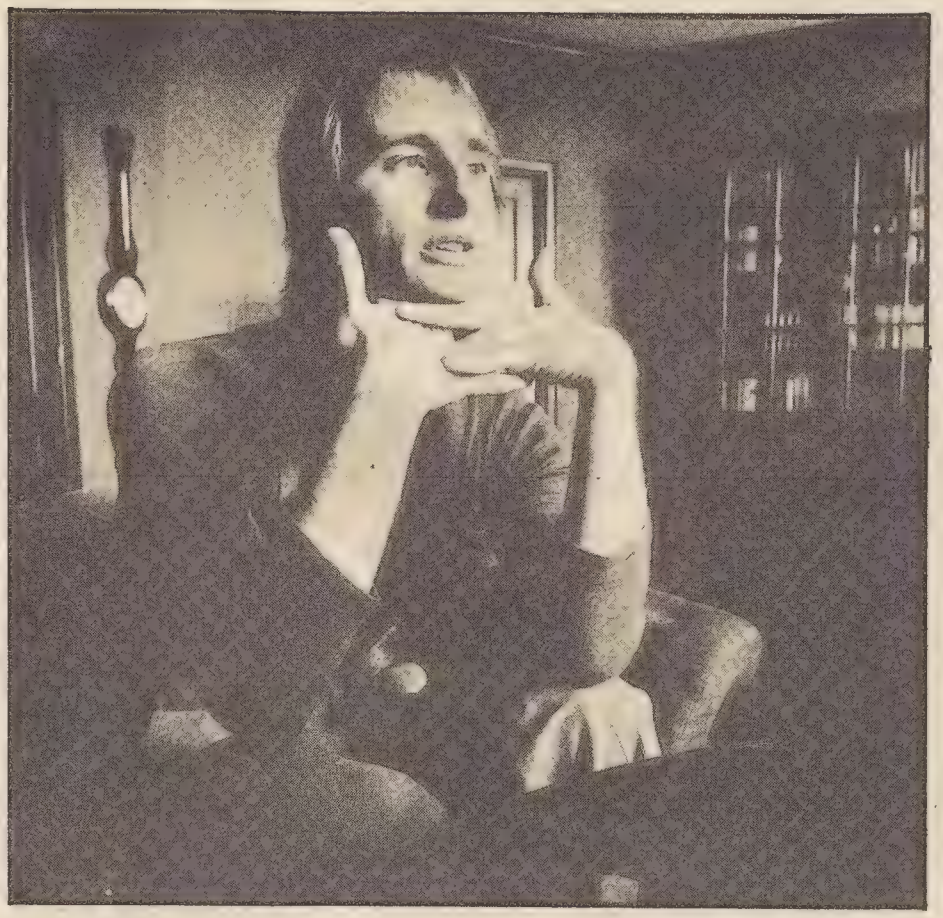
Fay Rezillo Pic: WALT DAVIDSON

John Callis (nee Luke Warm) plays text book electric guitar, Mysterious (now replaced by Simon Templar) full, rippling bass and Angel Patterson straight drums. No messing. The rules are known.

Thirteen songs. Including the indelicate, slightly ambitious "2000 AD", the crass gruffness of Fleetwood Mac's "Someone's Gonna Get Their Head Kicked In Tonight", the extravertly plaintive "It Gets Me", the out of focus R&B of "It's Getting Me Down" and the suppressed psychosis of "Bad Guy Reaction" with its classic false ending.

No "Denis" or "Sheena" or "Love You More". Not yet. But it's all very clever: the parodied dissatisfaction of punk; the lashings of beat and controlled chaos; the frenzied passion of the production and, above all else, lots of cosmic vibes, maan.

Paul Morley



Harley cuts own throat. *Pic: JORGEN ANGEL*

HOBO'S GAFFE

PM Calls Home LA Envoy After Union Bashing Outburst

STEVE HARLEY
Hobo With A Grin (EMI)

WHY, ONE wonders, does the man persist?

Steve Harley, with or without his Cockney Rebels, has oft been chastised in these pages. Tony Parsons, you'll remember, put Muhammad Harley in his place then kicked him while he was down. I spat upon him once, gratuitously, in a Duncan Mackay review and even kindly Angus MacKinnon has felt compelled to lash out at the scoundrel. Surely no singer, and more, Poet (big pee) should warrant such treatment.

Well, it's not our fault that he chooses to make public his obsessions and we've tried righteously ignoring him but, like I said, he persists. And his new album containing nine songs gives everyone five more reasons to continue the conflict.

Nine songs but only five reasons? That's because four songs, at least, can be discounted straight away. From the copious sleeve credits (but no lyric sheet — thanks, Steve) it's unclear whether only half or the whole album was recorded in LA. Whatever, it was all mixed at Zzzunset Sound and the guests include Michael McDonald, Ricky Rutle and Bill Payne besides Rebellers like Mackay, George Ford, Jim Cregan and, of course, Yvonne Keeley. Oddly, Gloria Jones and Marc Bolan put in one appearance each, though on different songs.

So there's an undeniable and debilitating US FM sheen — loads of surface, little substance. The four turkeys are the somnabulistic "Someone's Coming", the over-dressed "Faith Hope And Charity", the nod-off Doobie-ish "Roll The Dice" (a lame choice for single) and a lacklustre, gutless version of The Temptations' "I Wish It Would Rain."

Weightier fouls (sic) are committed on the remaining five songs. Chronologically — "Amerika The Brave" begins as though it's actually going to be interesting, with sinister synthesised burblings and eerily exotic percussion, but it rapidly dissolves into a half-hearted disco dirge, incorporating half-baked observations on, er, America. *("It's a dragnet, it' a magnet . . .")*

Here, as elsewhere, Harley enunciates as though he's trying to make himself understood to someone with a minimal command of the language or to a Spurs mid-fielder. This merely accentuates his slight voice impediment, an inability to make his 'r's' sound convincing, to risible effect.

"Living In A Whapsody," sorry "Rhapsody," has airport lounge strings and horns courtesy of Jimmy Horowitz, philosophy courtesy of Cat Stevens *("Seen a millionaire heartbroken next to a hobo with a grin . . .")* **— all of which leaves listeners as bozos with a grimace. "Riding The Waves (For Virginia Woolf)" is, as if you couldn't guess from the shocking title, an embarrassingly inept electric poem, man, weedily Dylanesque and overbearingly smoking jacket (as in Noel Coward).**

Side two, though, doesn't give up without a fight. The fact that Harley fights dirty makes it even less appealing. Not content with the dumb hypotheses posed in "Hot Youth" *("If ever the day comes that Beirut is Brighton, who'd stone the soldiers then . . .?")*, **he gives full vent to his ruptured spleen in the wittily titled "(I Don't Believe) God Is An Anarchist."**

The fiddly classical guitar intro serves notice of the man's seriousness, the prissy piano embellishments further indications of his effete muscularity.

"No rock is hard as butter / Hip now to say you're from the gutter . . .", **spits Steve as the song proper gets underway with an intractably dense funkiness, this further hampered by an unwieldy and inconsequential middle break featuring organ blipperings of awesome banality.**

No amount of musical deficiency, though, could match the repugnantly smug outburst from the singer as the song climaxes in a welter of hysterical blatherings: *"I don't believe in unions! I don't believe in power! I don't care for revolutions! They're dying by the hour!"*

What this chappie does believe in, apparently, is *"light, darkness, open space, the yoo-man race."* **What the album overall and this song in particular testify to is that Steve Harley, besides being guilty of gross gaucherie and cretinous moralising, is singlehandedly attempting to resuscitate the bloated body of Tory rock, forgetting that it never really existed in the first place.**

Monty Smith

RANDY MEISNER
Randy Meisner (Asylum)

HEAVY METAL music and '70s West Coast Music are a real flag for that most 20th century of diseases — melancholy. Out of too much time and too little tension, it goes hand in hand (snigger) with masturbation: trying to ease a pain you've only ever read about.

Albrecht Durer symbolised melancholy in a decidedly off-colour young woman in his engraving "Melencolia I." One of the songs on Randy Meisner's first, dreadful, solo album, "Daughter Of The Sky" (sic) inadvertently evokes the engraving: *"A wicked woman / A sorceress of pain / You can watch her conjur up a thousand feelings / All of them the same."*

Housewives and sixth-form schoolgirls are thus plunged further into the dark abyss. The unrealised psychological tumour goes malignant. And, like Heavy Metal, the subliminal, dark, dank emotion is not so much articulated as masturbated. If only the music *were* a substantiation of that spirit of homelessness and inverted anxiety which *is* evil, delicious melancholy.

But no, this is air-conditioning music for the mentally constipated. A Disneyland of vicarious fantasies for the young in body but senile at heart. Heavy Metal is a dungeon, and this pap is Hollywood. *"Wanna ride a little, cowgirl?"*

The playing is strictly sessionman coked-out hi-quality no-tension. Meisner only had a hand in writing one of the album's twelve songs; one is an oldie, and we get "Take It To The Limit" (yes) yet again. Such a solo *effort*, eh!

Decent melancholy remains the prerogative of Satie and Schoenberg, in my book.

Ian Penman

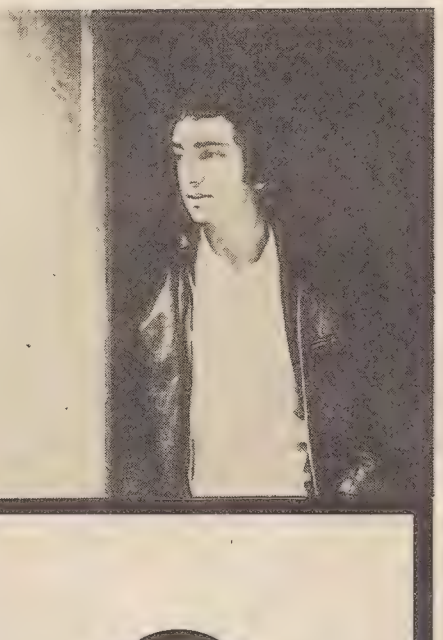
HIT 'EM HARD, HIT 'EM LOW!!

THE LURKERS

BEGA 2

NEW ALBUM

FULHAM FALLOUT

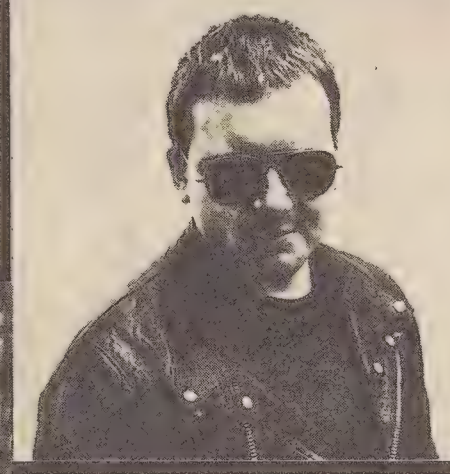


SOUNDS "A DYNAMIC ALBUM"

N.M.E. 'simply classic rock and roll'

RECORD MIRROR 'sheer savagery and raw nerve energy'

ZIGZAG "GLORIOUS STUFF"



Beggars Banquet

WITH A CHOICE OF 4 DIFFERENT PICTURE SLEEVES

NEW SINGLE

PILLS

I DON'T NEED TO TELL HER BEG 9

See THE LURKERS on REVOLVER

IMPORTS

DESPITE the fact that the crew at Flyover have been up to their necks in **Dylan** imports — the Hammersmith-based shop's latest listing includes four picture sleeve singles; a couple of EPs; the treble album "11 Years In The Life Of"; such doubles as "Golden Grand Prix" and "Golden Double"; plus the single album "Grand Prix 20" — it seems that further floor space is soon to be donated to "Masterpieces" (CBS/Sony), a limited edition treble album that's being shipped in from Japan.

A couple of listed tracks boast punter-pulling power, namely "Can You Please Crawl Out Of Your Window", a track that has appeared on a single but never on an official album, and "Mixed Up Confusion", the track that formed part of a US single just prior to the release of "The Freewheelin' Bob Dylan" but was withdrawn almost immediately, a later version of the single being issued in Holland around 1966. It's possible that some of the other songs may be different takes — is, for instance, the version of "I Shall Be Released" the one from the original basement tapes? At present we don't know, though I'll keep you posted.

Yet another acquisition by the Hammersmith shop has been a shipment that includes **Emmylou Harris'** "Gliding Bird" (Jubilee) and **The International Submarine Band's** "Safe At Home" (LHI). Both are highly sought-after collector's items, the Jubilee release stemming from 1969 and featuring the then 20 year-old Emmylou on a set of songs that contains "Everybody's Talkin'", "I'll Never Fall In Love Again", "I'll Be Your Baby Tonight" and Hank Williams' "I Saw The Light", plus a number of Harris originals.

Though there are hints of things to come, often Emmylou's voice doesn't make it, sounding flat on the Bacharach number and strained on the Dylan item. The album was produced and arranged by former Johnny Mathis arranger Ray Ellis, and is folksy in style and has little in common with the Hot Band offerings. It's also worth noting that Jubilee went broke after the album's release, an event which apparently pleased Emmylou, who later claimed the whole affair had been most embarrassing and that "Gliding Bird" was best forgotten.

"Safe At Home", however, is a whole different kind of flashback. Reputed to be the first true country-rock release, it was cut in early '67 by Gram Parson's Submarine Band, which then comprised Parsons (lead vocal and guitar), Bob Buchanan (rhythm guitar), John Nuese (lead guitar) and Jon Corneal (drums), while Glen Campbell, Chris Etheridge, pianist Earl Ball and pedal steel-player J.D. Maness also aided and abetted.

Keeping the column on a country kick (for one week only, folks) a firm called Roller Coaster, of 41 Elm Road, New Malden, Surrey, are importing an Aussie album titled "Golden Country Originals" which features a dozen early items by **Bill Haley.** Bill, before becoming kiss-curl king of The Comets, was billed in Pennsylvania as "The nation's newest singing and yodelling cowboy star" and led such outfits as The Four Aces Of Western Swing and The Saddlemen. Frankly, as these cuts from the Cowboy Records catalogue prove, he was only run of the ranch — which is why presumably he moved on to other areas. For collectors only, I reckon.

Fred Dellar

VAN DER GRAAF
Vital (Charisma)

"I BELIEVE in the gig as a unique event. Film or record it and you can't ever capture it because it's the sum of all the humanity that is there, every member of the audience . . . including all the people who don't like it and walk out" — **Peter Hammill November '76.**

This double live album was recorded on the second of a two night stint at the Marquee club in January '78. VDG have since appeared at the same venue in June, whence I was one of many who fled to the bar, unable to make head or tail of the racket they were making. This set proves (to me) that when I became alienated by the cacophonous white noise into which the music so often degenerated, it wasn't really my fault. At all.

"I've always found it very positive to get negative reactions" — **Hammill again.**

As far as the studio recordings go I consider myself to be as much a stoned Hammill/VDG freak as the most fanatical of his/their followers. But I refuse to join the ranks of those who believe this band can do no wrong in live performance.

Here we are treated to tortuous renditions of two of Hammill's best songs, "Still Life" and "Last Frame". Both have characteristically great non-riff *(Un-riff? — Ed.)* **variations on the originals, but at the same time they can become almost physically painful to endure, this mainly due to Hammill's strained vocals and the overbearing violin and cello parts.**

Supposedly die-hard VDG worshippers are expected to be grateful for the inclusion of the oft-requested "Plague Of Lighthouse Keepers", here part of a "Medley" alongside "The Sleepwalkers". Sadly, both are rendered ineffective by the deliberate omission of the majority of lyrics. Why play these songs unless in their entirety? The crowd love it though.

The encore, "Nadir's Big Chance", and the musical snippet from "Killer" are also dispensible. The former is a vehicle for Hammill to alter lyrics in order to make snide remarks about *"jerks in leather bondage suits"* **— what he doesn't realise is that there's more bondage in his songs than there will ever be down the Kings Road.**

The only golden oldie to make the grade on all levels is the classic "Pioneers Over c". It sounds well-rehearsed and complete. Bassist Nic Potter sounds more like Magma's Jannik Top. Graham Smith's violin and Charles Dickie's cello are very effective, as is good old Jacksonsax. Hammill's well delivered lyrics are only spoilt by being treated with dashes of ancient hippy echo. Simply fossilising, standing still?

And now the reasons why "Vital" may indeed be so. There are five new songs here, and together they make me wish they took the form of a studio album proper. In ascending order of merit — "Sci-Finance" is about the worship of Money, "Urban" about city-life paranoia. The latter opens with a partly realised instrumental passage featuring (guest) David Jackson on sax. Hammill's vocal is weird, the whole thing very unorthodox to these ears.

"Door", another odd tune with police car violin and strong riffing, is of intriguing lyrical content; Hammill feels he has to justify it at the onslaught with a short introduction. "Ship Of Fools" abounds with more excellent non-riffs; it's virtually subdued heavy metal head-banging music with more Magma bass to boot. The fractured, manic guitar starts the adrenalin flow. The violin and cello work is simply astonishing.

The track I'd pay the £4.75 for alone is "Mirror Images", at first lyrically banal and corny until it takes on other meanings: *"It gets such a strain, to pretend that the change is anything but cheap. With your infant peek and angst pretention, sometimes you act like such a creep . . . Cheap imitation of alienation and grief."* **Some cruel observers would say that sums Hammill up.**

Vital? Try telling the fans otherwise. But even endless ecstasy can get boring.

John Gray

All doom and no day makes Hammill a dull play?

Pic: TERRY KERR

Mr. Nadir, We Presume

DIRE STRAITS

The first words

"The Straits at their very best ... a supreme achievement."
Melody Maker

"The first Dire Straits album is a goodie ... All the cuts are cool, shuffling barroom swing-rock which insidiously hook themselves into the consciousness."
Record Business

"Side two makes it by dint of Knopfler's excellent songs and playing ..."
New Musical Express

"'Dire Straits' is a great album from a great band."
Phil Lynott, Thin Lizzy

on the last word in first albums.

David Knopfler
Rhythm guitar

Mark Knopfler
Vocals, lead & rhythm guitars

John Illsley
Bass

Pick Withers
Drums

Dire Straits

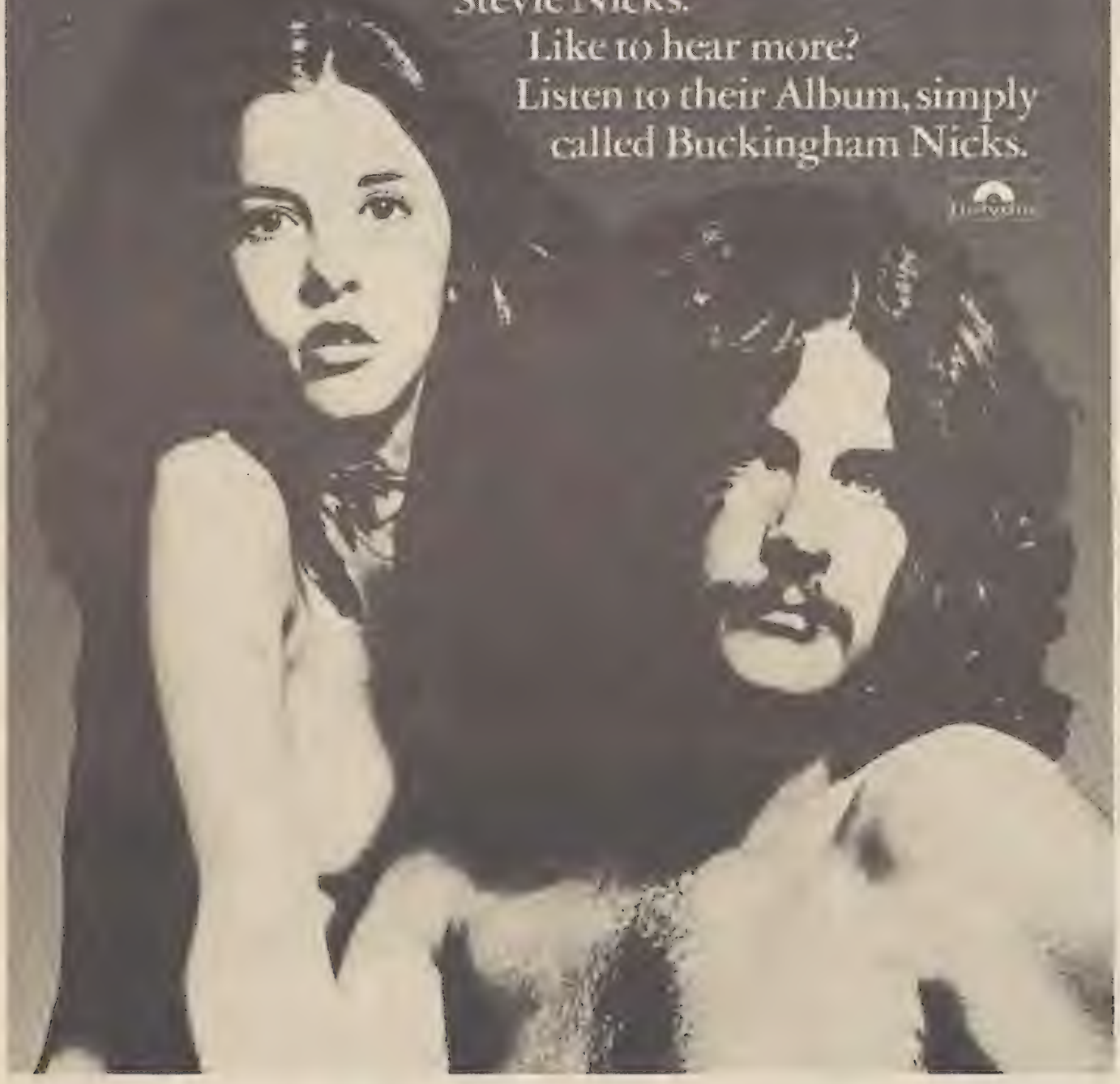
Album 9102 021 Cassette 7231 015

VERTIGO

marketed by phonogram

A beautiful single, by two beautiful people.

'Don't let me down again.'
The single by Lindsey Buckingham and Stevie Nicks.
Like to hear more?
Listen to their Album, simply called Buckingham Nicks.



When Push Comes To Preen

ANNETTE PEACOCK
X — dreams (Aura)

WITH HER first album for six years, Annette Peacock softens the fabric. Glancing curiously and greedily at the rhythms and advantages at the tip of popular music, she checks her perspective, and remembers her position (to explore, yet educate).

And she so moves on from alienating and alienated avant-garde interspersion and interplay, via a maturing or a sad but wiser loss of ideals, into what is for her a middle of the road collection of songs. A whaat? If Norma Winstone had the access of Cleo Laine, if Maggie Nicholls hosted *Playschool* and Stan Tracey was on *Pebble Mill At One* . . .

Peacock shifts without a strain of slumming or a hint of misplaced superiority into the land of songs. Modern Songs, breathing songs. Within the confines and enclosures, the borders and ceilings of 'the song', the music hovers, distils, shivers. The structures unfold, easing sublime and arrogant through heaving, whispering, ambiguous positions and motions.

This is Mood music, drifting hazily from beginning to middle to end over, under, and around the steady rhythms.

And Peacock to pipit (pip it?) . . .

Which isn't to deny its impact or to imply a laziness. These songs have titles, logical patterns and structures that are deliciously smudged; they are delivered spatially but firmly.

Twenty-two musicians are employed in all (mobile perspectives); nothing is wasted. A typical unit consists of guitars, double bass, drums, percussion, keyboards and sax. Plus Peacock's living, teasing, soulful (yes) voice. Contributions come from such as Spedding, Ronson and Mullen on guitars, for metal, chill and funk respectively (often there are tidy combats operating in the innards), also Jeff Clynne on bass and Bill Bruford on drums — spongy, supple and subtle rhythms.

This is not a rock machine. Peter Lemer's keyboards adopt the role of doodler and calmer, with a manner of funk and some swing. Sax is supplied by one of George Khan, Dave Chambers or Ray Warleigh; it rises to prominence at precise points alternatively transparent, opaque, dirty and clean.

This is not a jazz machine. To defy definitions, Peacock's bittersweet vision has, almost insultingly, calmly adapted orthodox methods of song. All that is barely discernible in the songs is a style, if that.

Side one simmers, caresses and spirals through the breathy, bluesy "My Mama Never Taught Me How To Cook", the detailed, softly choppy "Real and Defined Androgens", which in turn metamorphoses into a repetitive duelling of instruments, Peacock speaking throughout like a 'ghost', and the velvety vamp of "Dear Bela".

Side two is a little more cosy. The ballad "This Feel Within" just *exists*, a smokey piece with gentle movements and ripe textures. "Too Much In The Skies" is also slow and soft, but a little smooth. It's made up for by her exotic, tantalising interpretation of "Don't Be Cruel", which falls shrewdly into the context of Peacock's ironical stance of accusation. "Questions" pointedly concludes the album, shimmering and weaving, a standard in a better world.

Listen to the album, shut your eyes, you can almost *see* the music. Physical music: body music. That is rock and roll music. This is a real rock and roll album.

Paul Morley

THE CRUSADERS
Images (ABC)

THE CRUSADERS have been far from idle lately. Stix Hooper and Robert Popwell assisted Joe Sample on his recent solo effort and now, hard on the heels of the band's collaboration with B.B. King on "Midnight Believer", comes the follow-up to last year's "Free As The Wind".

The seven tracks on "Images" dispense completely with the annoying brass and string arrangements that were liberally smeared over "Free As The Wind", whilst one Billy Rogers (information please?) has the unenviable task of filling the space left by the departure of ace axeman Larry Carlton. Comparisons between the two are rough on Rogers, especially as he uses a similar clear tone. He plays with fluency and style, but his solos lack the Carlton sting, although he redeems himself with the sweet, clipped funk riffs that open Joe Sample's "Fairy Tales".

The album itself is probably as good as "Free As The Wind", but some of the material embraces styles already well-worn by The Crusaders and, even worse, there are signs that inspiration is temporarily fading. The closing pair of tracks are the album's weakest. Wilton Felder's "Covert Action" rides monotonously on a half-hearted attempt at a reggae riddim and Joe Sample's "Snowflake" comes too near schmaltz for comfort.

That said, there are still some very fine crusades here. Robert Popwell scores heavily with his "Cosmic Reign", the longest piece on the album. The dumb title and the short, unnecessary synth intro belie a fierce stomp and buck dance that highlights Stix's masterful drumming and some Bootsy-ful snapping bass from Pops. Intelligently edited, it would make a great disco single.

In similar vein is "Bayou Bottoms", Stix and Pops supporting Felder's smouldering sax, but it's Hooper who takes the credit for the first side's real gem, "Marcella's Dream", which allows Sample to weave wistful electric piano around the faster sax and guitar solos. Marcella must be a really nice girl.

The Crusaders can still play hot solos the way most of us can walk and "Images" is a good album, but its quality is erratic. The result of overwork?

Neil Peters

Hey, Hey, we're the Brinsleys . . .

Lest We (Remember To) Forget

. . . And they're the Dux *Pic: ROBERT ELLIS*

BRINSLEY SCHWARZ
Fifteen Thoughts Of Brinsley Schwarz (United Artists)
DUCKS DELUXE
Don't Mind Rockin' Tonite (RCA)

NEITHER OF these records convey more than a thumbnail sketch's worth of the importance and value of the groups concerned. The names of some of the participants tell you a little — Nick Lowe, Sean Tyla, Martin Belmont, Brinsley Schwarz, Bob Andrews, Nick Garvey, Andy McMasters — and the names of a few of the people involved in the management of the two bands and the production of their records tell you a little more — Dave Robinson, Dai Davies, Dave Edmunds.

The Brinsleys — named after lead guitarist Brinsley Schwarz, though bassist Nick Lowe did most of the writing and singing — and the Ducks broke up in '75; the Ducks called it a day in the spring after a whole host of personnel changes and the Brinsleys held on until summer. Both bands were considered losers by the heavy - success end of the music business: nice guys and fine musicians and all the rest of it, but *losers*.

Now it's '78. Nick Lowe has at least three highly successful careers as solo hitster, producer-at-large and bassist in Rockpile, one of the best bands in the whole rock and roll cosmos. Belmont, Schwarz and Andrews are the nucleus of The Rumour, who are managed by Dave Robinson, currently helming Stiff, still Britain's most prestigious indie even though some of its recent product has been not altogether overwhelming.

Garvey and McMasters form The Motors, who are very successful. Dai Davies, who's had a hand in the management of both of these bands in his time, now manages The Stranglers and heads the Albion circuit, which controls at least three of the best rock venues in London. Sean Tyla has his Tyla Gang who may not have conquered the world but at least have the satisfaction of knowing that they're very good indeed . . .

Losers? Who's kidding who?

If these records sell, two record companies will be very happy. Mind you record companies are *always* happy when the stuff sells, but in these cases it'll mean that RCA and UA will make back some of the money that they lost on the Ducks and the Brinsleys in the first place. See, these records make fine souvenirs of those hot, sweaty Hope And Anchor nights for them as was there, but it's uncertain whether a present day fan of Basher, The Motors or The Rumour would understand.

On "Fifteen Thoughts Of Brinsley Schwarz" he or she'd hear a band that was simultaneously slick-tight and down-to-earth playing a mellow blend of uptown R&B and — ahem — country rock, with a bit of five - years- ahead - of - its - time white reggae and Beatloid powerpop chucked in for good measure, all of it (mainly due to the production when anybody except Dave Edmunds was doing the business) sounding decidedly weedy compared to the tidal-wave wash of guitars and organ that swept Schwarzfreaks off their feet in the pubs and cellars. The live "Home In My Hand" that closes out the album is a taste, but by no means the whole experience.

On "Don't Mind Rockin' Tonite", he or she'd hear a determinedly graunchy Yankophile hard rock band with few pretentions and a lot of energy and an occasional incongruous taste for saccharine that spilt right over the top when Andy McMasters (now The Motors' bassist but then on piano; Nick Garvey, who now plays rhythm guitar for The Motors was playing bass in the Ducks, *plus ca change)* joined the band.

"Love Melody" was incredibly insipid and Garvey's "Please Please Please" was so Beatley it might almost have been The Flamin Groovies at work. Sean Tyla displayed early mainfestations of what has at times seemed like an ambition to rewrite "Sweet Jane" more times than any other living human, and on "Daddy Put The Bomp" he gets so deep into his vicarious Tony Joe White swampfox trip that he transcends any possible accusations of embarassing apeing of American influences and produces a genuinely moving addition to the genre.

I'm glad to see both of these albums available because the Ducks and the Brinsleys gave me so many good times around the quartermark of the '70s, and maybe they will indeed provide insight and enjoyment for the present-day fans of Lowe and all the others. But it must be said — all of these guys are doing better work now, and it's just as well that they didn't make it first time around.

Second shot hit the target. Na true????

Charles Shaar Murray

BIG YOUTH
Dread Locks Dread (Virgin Front Line)
TAPPER ZUKIE
M.P.L.A. (Virgin Front Line)

OF ALL the unreleased classic reggae around, Front Line have chosen to re-issue records barely absent from the racks since labels such as Klik and Vulcan/Grounation folded. Apart from the two albums above they're re-releasing U.Roy's "Version Galore", and were at one time considering the same dubious privilege for Fred Locks' "True Rastaman".

With the Tapper release they are simply adding insult to injury. When it first topped the reggae albums charts in November '76 it was proclaimed as the greatest deejay album ever made and a classic of our times. In fact, "M.P.L.A." features *the* most prehistoric production for a contemporary recording — and Tapper's mostly to blame. Of all the toasters I'm afraid I like Tapper the least, so it doesn't help to hear him bubble and babble through a haze of ear-piercingly distorted treble and thudding 'false' bass.

The backing tracks, including two by the brilliant Junior Ross and The Spear, are on the whole quite good; the fault lies with the man himself. Generally repeating all the cliched phrases he originally coined on the first album "Man Ah Warrior", he just bores me. Why he's currently everyone's darling is perplexing but at the same time amusing. You're not my style.

When Klik first put out "Dread Locks" in Autumn '75, it was one of the best buys around and was a household item in every dread-initiated collection. I suppose that if you're partial to decent toasting then this is representative of the best at that time. It stands the stern test of time that applies to such volatile, instant music.

The production by Prince Tony Robinson, with one track each originally credited to Jack Ruby ("Marcus Garvey Dread") and Vivian Jackson ("Lighning Flash/Weak Heart Drop") still sounds great in '78. If only Jah Youth sounded as good today. The bass drum is reminiscent of someone banging on the ceiling below.

As most humans can't endure a whole album of *any* deejay, it becomes obvious that the reason this is one of the best of the genre is due the fact that only six out of the eleven tracks feature vocals, the rest being good dubs. Why couldn't the rest have caught on way back then?

John Gray

max's kansas city volume II
max's kansas city
MUSIC FROM THE CORE OF NEW YORK CITY
'MAX'S KANSAS CITY VOLUME II' – the continuing chronicle of the new wave phenomenon which exploded in the streets of New York City.
Max's Kansas City Volume II features Philip Rambow, Lance, Andrew Pearson, Just Water, The Brats and Grand Slam.
Wise up and get it.
82858
Records

DENNIS BROWN
Visions Of Dennis Brown (Lightning)
THE MEDITATIONS
Message From The Meditations (United Artists)

IN MATTERS of love and reggae it's easy to show the cold-shoulder, easier still to slip into infatuation.

Those of you who find that the former cap fits with reggae might well have been put off by some of the more objectionable prose the music attracts. Some chroniclers hangdog on talk-over trivia like punters studying form at Ladbrokes and, remarkably, find little time to castigate the continued flog-o-rama of distinctly un-roots priced 12" singles.

Relief is sweet. Both these issues are wide-market realisations, both in the sense of scope and appeal, and the fact that the respective labels are both widely distributed.

"Visions Of . . ." was produced by J. Gibbs — JA Kim Fowley behind, amongst other things, Culture's "Two Sevens Clash" masterpiece — and is impeccable, as is the case with all of Brown's work to date. Petty officialdom, larger officialdom, prostitution and cynicism are all given the finger, Dennis' voice both beguiling and convincing these days.

Brown is less self (macho)-fixated than some singers, and this strong pure intonation conveys a depth of feeling which is undoubtable. How religious music should be — you don't have to believe to believe it (something you find in the most diverse of artists — Marvin Gaye once, Richard Thompson, Mahalia Jackson . . .).

"Message From The Meditations" precedes their rather disappointing 77/78 "Wake Up!" and like the Brown release is a collection which the roots audience will already own.

As Penny Reel remarked previously in these pages, "Message From . . ." *is* the best of this young, three-piece group (Ansel Creigland, Danny Clarke, and Winston Watson), showcasing such lyrically and melodically stronger work as "Babylon Trap Them", the classic "Running From Jamaica" and "Woman Is A Shadow". Lovely, enhancing, universal music.

The best thing is to open up (like the music) and hear. Then love is your choice.

Ian Penman

Dennis Brown himself

(We Don't Believe) God Is Dead (Chapter 87)

YELLOW DOG
Beware Of The Dog (Virgin)

EGGED ON by the success of their single "Just One More Night", Yellow Dog have decided that they're not just a pop group. They're also a bit of a comedy turn. This is bad news.

As with their debut album, they've come up with a bunch of amiable songs, but this time, they're trying to be funny with it. As a result, you get a variety of jokey American accents, presumably from veteran songwriter Kenny Young. At one point, he goes into a wince-inducing monologue about how you should get all your friends to buy the album.

What's worse, the sleeve is one of the nastiest sexist offerings you're likely to come across, with "dog" used as a synonym for "woman". Yuk.

Despite all this, there is a credit side, and that consists of the majority of the songs. "Up In The Balcony" is a nicely realised account of Lincoln's assassination. "Flying Saucers" is a rueful song about those hackneyed encounters.

"Wait Until Midnight" and "I Got Carried Away" both have great choruses. And "Masters Of The Night" suggests they could cut it as a rock band, if they weren't trying to be so cute.

But then, a little less coyness all round would help.

Bob Edmands

VANGELIS
Beaubourg (RCA)

"BEAUBOURG — A modern symphony. Music from the soul in the age of the machine" — so runs the ad. copy for Vangelis the less large maker of moussaka for the mind's fourth RCA album.

What price another wedge of quasi-classical bombast from the Greek who cooked us up such dodgy dishes as "Heaven And Hell" (ah, the dualism), "Albedo 0.39" (ah, the terrible insistence of time and the GPO speaking clock) and "Spiral" (ah, the endless endlessness)?

But no. "Beaubourg" is a 'serious' work. Its derivations are blindingly obvious. There's too much Karlheinz Stockhausen in the random electronic bloop and clatter, too much Olivier Messaien in the tentative exploration of melody and (a)tonality. Neither influence is transcended.

"Beaubourg" is only 'modern' in its plasticity. Imitation is the sincerest form of redundance.

Angus MacKinnon

VARIOUS
Short Circuit
Live At The Electric Circus (Virgin)

THE CIRCUS in Manchester — a venue that cultivated more important noises of the North in nineenseveneeseven than any other — is commemorated here not with a bang but a sampler. And, in the midst of the current glut of compilation albums threatening to flood the market, this ten-inch, eight-track, six-group frisbee does not sail very far at all.

It is intended as a memento to the last two nights of rock music at the Circus, a wonderfully tatty disused cinema cum working men's club on the dark side of town — an ideal venue in fact.

NO VOLTS, NO STYLE

What you get from Manchester's belated — and patently unrepresentative — answer to "Live At The Roxy" are two tracks apiece from The Fall and John Cooper-Clarke and one each from Buzzcocks, Steel Pulse, The Drones and Joy Division.

As the sleeve notes — penned by the *NME*'s Paul Morley — concede, the album claims neither perspective, permanence nor accuracy . . . just spills a few snippets of the Bondaged Zippers And Pogoers Club as it was.

What hurts though, is that the album could have been so much better — the tracks by The Worst, The Prefects, John The Postman and The (legendary?) Negatives were all considered unusable and Howard Devoto, whose Magazine were playing their first ever gig that night, simply said "No".

The two most interesting tracks here have to be those that mark the vinyl debut of The Fall — intense, promising and defiant, they are a far cry from being the conventional new wave outfit one reviewer recently claimed. Both "Stepping Out" and "Last Orders", particularly the former, are spikey and well constructed although the keyboards could have done with being mixed a little higher. For them, regard it as a statement of intent and one which augurs well for the forthcoming "Bingo Master's Breakout" single.

As for the rest, Buzzcocks, Pulse and Clarke can, and indeed have, all done much better. The beloved 'Cocks appear with the old "Time's Up" warhorse while you only have to place the Pulse's plodding "Makka Spliff" up to any of their three recent singles to see how much they have improved.

Cooper-Clarke meanwhile has yet to convince me of his ability to transfer his incisive and whacky verse successfully onto record. I await his CBS single. Which leaves but a couple of even more readily disposable tracks courtesy of Joy Division (then Warsaw) and The Drones, the latter a standing Manchester joke — a teenybopping Man City Rollers before they jumped, bumped and boogalooed onto last year's punk bandwagon.

The first 5000 of this album are pressed in blue vinyl: ultimately the colour it makes me feel.

Adrian Thrills

UFO ● 33⅓ ● THREE TRACK EP ● CHS 2241 ● RED VINYL ●
EXCLUSIVE FRISBEE OFFER ● NEW ALBUM OBSESSION ●

Chrysalis Records & Tapes

CORNWALL'S NEW ROCK VENUE

NEW CORNISH RIVIERA LIDO CARLYON BAY

Big Apple DISCOTHEQUE

July 22nd: **Mungo Jerry** £1.50 in advance £1.75 on night

July 29th: **Goldie** £1.50 in advance £1.75 on night

August 5th: **The Lurkers** £1.50 in advance £1.75 on night

August 12th: **Jimmy James and The Vagabonds** £1.50 in advance £1.75 on night

August 19th: **Sham '69** £1.75 in advance £2.00 on night

August 26th: **Sassafras** £1.50 in advance £1.75 on night

SEATING FOR 1,100 IN THE 2,000 CAPACITY BIG HALL
ADVANCE TICKETS FROM SAFFRON RECORDS, TRINITY STREET, ST AUSTELL
AND FROM THE NEW CORNISH RIVIERA LIDO, CARLYON BAY
(2 MILES EAST OF ST AUSTELL OFF THE A390) TELEPHONE PAR (072 681) 2725/2636

DON'T TOUCH THAT DIAL!

The answer to a lughole's prayer . . .

Yes, this is it. The Big One. The stereo buff's delight. ROY CARR is in ecstasy. The plaster in the review room is starting to crumble. Roy Carr is . . . AAAARHHH

PIONEER'S off-the-peg unit (the wotsit on the wall is optional . . .)

HAVE I got news for you! Know how I often babble on about the benefits of mixing 'n' matching various manufacturers components until you eventually arrive at a sound system that satisfies your individual taste and requirements! Well, there are exceptions — and this is one of 'em — when a specific electronics firm has painstakingly devoted its technical know-how to ensuring component compatibility amongst its various individual wares.

Yes kids, it's own up time! And, this months's *nobody-does-it-better-at-the-price-than . . .* is justifiably slapped on those gentlemen at **Pioneer.**

This isn't the first time I've steered the potential hardware investor towards the Pioneer display stand. However, this is the first occasion when I've discussed the benefits of purchasing one of their *complete* systems.

Over the last few years, Pioneer has established itself worldwide as the Volkswagen of the hi-fi world: easy-to-operate high quality / durable equipment at a price well within the budget of those contemplating a serious investment.

Indeed, Pioneer turntables and amplifiers have become legends — offering performance, style and consistency at give-away prices.

Granted, the sleek raw-silk chrome anodised finish of the components when neatly stocked in a rack-mounting is enough to seduce most customers, but casting aside these austere good-looks and twinkling lights, the prime question is, does it achieve the kind of playback excellence one expects from persistent word-of-mouth endorsements?

The answer is an undeniable yes!

Before getting down to checking out the individual components, let's discuss the — bread situation!

In this context, I am listing the manufacturer's recommended retail price. However, if this is the first time you've tuned in to this page, let me stipulate (as I always do) that this is just a guide-line. Competition between high street retailers means you can expect (demand) to score healthy discounts if you're prepared to go window shopping.

Well, then, here's the cast of characters:

Pioneer PL.514 turntable (RRP) £73.85.

Pioneer SA.606 amplifier (RRP) £131.64.

Pioneer TX.606 stereo tuner (RRP) £105.99.

Continues p.43

'BEEP BEEP LOVE'
A new 12" single
to soothe the savage breast.
From gruppo sportivo
12/6454
Epic
Records
This shot is just a part of the photo on the front of the Gruppo Sportivo album
Get the album and see the rest. The single is on the album too!

marquee

90 Wardour St., W.1 — 01-437 6603

OPEN EVERY NIGHT FROM 7.00 pm to 11.00 pm
REDUCED ADMISSION FOR STUDENTS AND MEMBERS

Thurs 20th & Fri 21st (Adm £1.50)
RADIO STARS
Plus friends & Ian Fleming

Tues 25th July (adm £1)
TANZ DER YOUTH
plus guests & Joe Lung

Sat 22nd July (Adm 85p)
BLAST FURNACE & THE HEATWAVES
Business & Ian Fleming

Weds 26th & Thurs 27 July
THE ADVERTS
plus guests & Jerry Floyd
Advance tickets to members £1.40
Non-members at the door £1.60

Sun 23rd July (adm £1)
SUPERCHARGE
Plus guests & Mandy H

Mon 24th July (Adm £1.50)
From America we welcome
SHIRTS
plus Support & Jerry Floyd

Fri 28th July (adm £1.50)
CHELSEA
plus friends & Ian Fleming

HAMBURGERS AND OTHER HOT AND COLD SNACKS AVAILABLE

READING FESTIVAL
AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY WEEKEND

TELEPHONE 01-387-0428/9

MUSIC MACHINE

Playing times 10.30 pm and midnight.
CAMDEN HIGH ST. OPP. MORNINGTON CRESCENT TUBE. N.W.1

Wednesday, July 19th £1.00
SORE THROAT
+ BLAZER BLAZER

Friday, July 21st £2.00
Last London appearance of
THE DICKIES
+ THE EDGE

Thursday, July 20th £1.50
MERGER
+ LITTLE BO BITCH

Saturday, July 22nd £2.00
GONZALEZ
+ 13

Monday July 24th, Tuesday July 25th,
Wednesday July 26th, Thursday July 27th
THE CLASH
+ From New York SUICIDE + The Specials
Advance tickets £2.50 from box office

Tuesday, August 8th—
Benefit for National Council for One Parent Families
THE STEVE GIBBONS BAND
+ AUTOGRAPHS
Tickets £1.50 in advance from Box Office, £2.00 on door

LICENSED BARS - LIVE MUSIC - DANCING
8PM - 2 AM MONDAY TO SATURDAY

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

Siouxsie and the Banshees

THE SHIRTS
WHITE CATS
ROUNDHOUSE
CHALK FARM, N.W.1
SUNDAY 23rd JULY at 5-30
ADMISSION £2.00 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE ROUNDHOUSE BOX OFFICE, TEL. 267 2564, OR LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS SHAFTESBURY AVE., W.1. TEL. 439 3371, OR AT DOOR

Rainbow Culture

OUTLAW CONCERTS PRESENT

FRIDAY 28th JULY 7·30
TICKETS £3·00 £2·50 £1·50
From Box Office, London Theatre Bookings 439 3371
Premier Box Office 240 2245 and usual agents

THE COW
HAMMERSMITH ROAD W 6

Friday July 21st Free
FRANKENSTEIN
Saturday July 22nd 50p
RAMBOW
Sunday July 23rd Free
FISCHER Z
Wednesday July 26th Free
SOUNDER
Thursday July 27th Free
STARJETS

Thursday July 20th Free
STARJETS

FULLERS TRADITIONAL ALES

THE NASHVILLE ROOM

Thursday July 20th £1.00
TANZ DER YOUTH
Friday July 21st & Saturday July 22nd £1.00
WHIRLWIND
Sunday July 23rd 50p
90° INCLUSIVE
+ PRESSURE SHOCKS
Monday July 24th 60p
THE EDGE
+ AUTOGRAPHS
Tuesday July 25th 75p
THE LATE SHOW

CORNER CROMWELL ROAD/NORTH END ROAD, W14
(Adjacent West Kensington Tube Tel: 01-603 6071)

Benefit for the National Council for One Parent Familes
THURSDAY JULY 27th, FRIDAY JULY 28th and SATURDAY JULY 29th

9 9 9
+ SUPPORT
Tickets £1.00 in advance from Box 9, 147 Oxford Street, W.1
Cheques payable to Albion Management, S.A.E. required
Over Eighteens Only

HOPE & ANCHOR

HOPE & ANCHOR
UPPER STREET
ISLINGTON, N.1

Thursday, July 20th 75p
AUTOGRAPHS

Monday, July 24th 60p
JOHNNY CURIOUS

Friday, July 21st 75p
THE BANNED

Tuesday, July 25th 75p
RAMBOW

Saturday, July 22nd £1.00
SORE THROAT

Wednesday, July 26th £1.00
MICKY JONES BAND

Sunday, July 23rd 75p
OK (JAZZ)

Thursday, July 27th 75p
CHARLIE DORE'S BACKPOCKET

★ ROLL UPS ★

FINAL GIG (band splitting)
at the BRIDGE HOUSE, CANNING TOWN, E.16
Friday July 21st
Thanks to all our friends for their support

STOP PRESS!
14th CAMBRIDGE FOLK FESTIVAL

TICKETS ARE GOING FAST
and in the interest of crowd comfort WEEKEND TICKET SALES will probably cease at MIDNIGHT ON FRIDAY JULY 28. A limited number of one day tickets will be on sale at 10am Sunday July 30.
BOX OFFICE, Central Library, Lion Yard, Cambridge. Tel: Cambridge 57851.
Sponsored by Cambridge City Council

RICH KIDS
SUMMER TOUR

Wed 19th July **NEWPORT** Stowaway Club
Thur 20th July **BRISTOL** Granary Club
Fri 21st July **EAST RETFORD** Porter House
Sat 22nd July **BIRMINGHAM** Barbarella's*
Wed 26th July **ABERDEEN** Ruffles*
Thur 27th July **GLASGOW** Shuffles*
Fri 28th July **EDINBURGH** Clouds*
Sat 29th July **LINCOLN** AJ's*
Sun 30th July **HIGH WYCOMBE** Town Hall*

Tue 1st Aug. **CARDIFF** Top Rank*
Wed 2nd Aug. **TORQUAY** Town Hall*
Thur 3rd Aug. **PLYMOUTH** Metro*
Fri 4th Aug. **LONDON** Music Machine*
Sat 5th Aug. **BIRCOTE** Leisure Centre*
Sun 6th Aug. **BLACKPOOL** Imperial Hotel

***Plus Special Guests**
"THE SLITS"

Blast Furnace and THE HEATWAVES

THE BLUE WAVE HITS THE MARQUEE

SAT. 22nd JULY

BLUE FEVER!

· THE BRECKNOCK · TUESDAY JULY 25 ·
CAMDEN ROAD NW1 ADMISSION FREE

Tennis Shoes

THE WAITING ONLY MAKES THE HEARTACHE WORSE

DINGWALLS

01-267 4967 Camden Lock, Chalk Farm Road, London NW1

THURS 20
THE RETAINERS
FEATURING: PAUL CARRACK
NEIL HUBBARD, TONY O'MALLEY,
MEL COLLINS, ALAN SPENNER
AND THE REST OF 'EM

WED 26
GEORGE MELLY
WITH JOHN CHILTERNS' FEETWARMERS

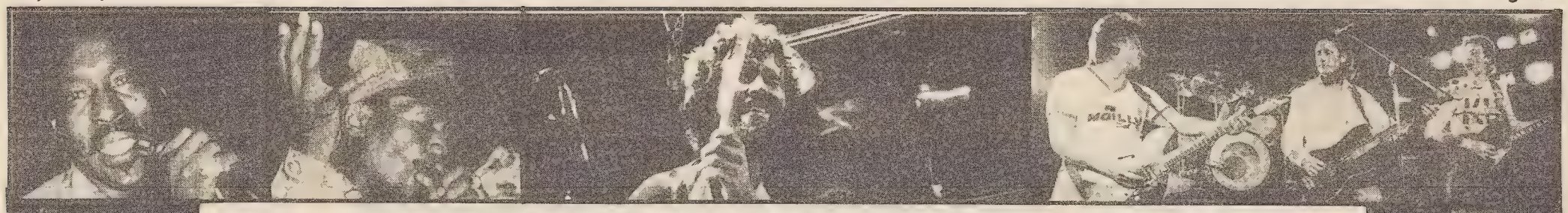
ALL BOOZE ½ PRICE BEFORE 10p.m.
8pm–2am·Live Music·Licensed Bar·Disco·Restaurant

THE PORTERHOUSE

20 Carolgate, Retford, Notts. Tel. 704981
Friday July 21st
RICH KIDS
Saturday July 22nd
THE LATE SHOW

LIVE! LIVE! LIVE!

There are more LIVE! Ads on Pages 42 & 43
Find yourself a good gig!



NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

Thursday

BASILDON Double Six: THE CROOKS
BIRKENHEAD Rascals: SPIDER
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: CRYER
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: RICKY COOL & THE ICEBERGS
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: MAGNUM
BRIGHTON Alhambra: THE EXECUTIVES
BRIGHTON Hungry Year: ATTRIX
BRISTOL Granary: THE RICH KIDS
BURY Deeply Vale Peoples Free Festival: VARDIS / CIRCUS / OASIS / DRIVE BY NIGHT etc.
CAMBRIDGE The Alma: IMPULSE
COLWYN BAY Dixieland Showbar: HOT WATER / KELLIES HEROES
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: BILL EVANS TRIO / LEE KONITZ
DONCASTER Outlook Club: THE SHIRTS
EDINBURGH Usher Hall: CULTURE
FOLKESTONE Leas Cliff Hall: LEE KOSMIN BAND
HALESOWEN Tiffany's: ZHAIN
HASTINGS Pier Pavilion: THE HOLLYWOOD KILLERS
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: THE SMIRKS
IPSWICH Gardeners Arms: PAUL DOWNES & PHIL BEER
LEEDS Staging Post: BAD NEWS
LEEDS Viva Wine Bar: AFTERMATH
LINCOLN A.J.'s Club: ALWOODLEY JETS
LIVERPOOL Sports Club: STADIUM DOGS
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: SCARECROW
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: THE RETAINERS
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: BLIND DRUNK
LONDON CANNING TOWN Tidal Basin Tavern: COCK SPARRER
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: TWO TIMERS / LEYTON BUZZARDS
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: SLIPSTREAM
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: STAR JETS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Rutland: FRED RICKSHAW'S HOT GOOLIES
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Swan: UNCLE PO
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: PETE BROWN & PHIL RYAN'S NEW BAND (for three days)
LONDON KENSINGTON De Villiers Bar: GOLD DUST TWINS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: TANZ DER YOUTH
LONDON Marquee Club: RADIO STARS
LONDON NEW BARNET Duke of Lancaster: JOKER
LONDON OLD KENT ROAD Thomas A'Beckett: THE TUMBLERS
LONDON PLUMSTEAD Green Man: UNDERHAND JONES (for three days)
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: FLYING SAUCERS / GINA & THE ROCKIN' REBELS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: ERIC BELL BAND
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: APOSTROPHE
LONDON TOTT. CT. RD. Drill Hall: METABOLIST
LONDON WESTWAY Latimer Rd. Tube (6-9pm free): HERE AND NOW
LUTON Cotters: BERLIN
MACCLESFIELD Krumbles: SAMSON
MANCHESTER Rafters: THE LURKERS
MELTON MOWBRAY Pinted Lady: MUSCLES (for three days)
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: TEST TUBE BABIES
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: PELICAN
PAISLEY Three Horseshoes: CHARLEY BROWNE
PORTSMOUTH HMS Vernon: SOUL DIRECTION
POYNTON Folk Centre: PHIL & JUNE COLLECLOUGH
ROCHESTER Nags Head: HOTLINE
SALTBURNPhilmore Disco: THE MOTORS
SEATON CAREW Gatsby's: STRAW DOGS
SHEFFIELD Limit Club: CLAYSON & THE ARGONAUTS
SKEGNESS Festival Pavilion: GUYS'N'DOLLS
TIGHNABRUAICH Hollies Hotel: THE MOTELS
TROWBRIDGE Civic Centre: J.A.L.N. BAND
WALSALL Three Crowns: MODEL MANIA
WEST BROMWICH Oakdale Club: MATCHBOX
WORCESTER Hideway Club: DAVE BERRY (for three days)
YORK Munster Bar: THE MEKON

Friday

BIRMINGHAM Acocks Green New Inn: MODEL MANIA
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: THE SHIRTS
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: THE ITALIANS
BIRMINGHAM Elizabethan Days: BAD EARTH
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: SPITFIRE
BRADFORD Star Hotel: NICK DOW
BRAINTREE Waggon & Horses: THE CRACK
BURY Deeply Dale Peoples Free Festival: CANCEL / EMERGENCY / HOWARD THE DUCK / FREE RIDE / BODY / SPHINX / CRY TOUGH / NIRVANA etc.
CHICHESTER Cathedral Green (lunchtime): SHORT STORIES
COCKERMOUTH Moota Hotel: SALFORD JETS
DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: THE SMIRKS
HEREFORD Crystal Rooms: THE BARRON KNIGHTS
HORNCHURCH The Bull JERRY THE FERRET
IPSWICH Royal William ZHAIN
KIRKLEVINGTON Country Club: KRAKATOA
LEEDS Viva Wine Bar: THE NEIGHBOURS

Highlights in pix

TOP OF PAGE (left to right): **Buddy Guy and Junior Wells headline a London concert on Friday, see next page for full details; Joe English, former Wings drummer, is playing temporarily with Sea Level who have a one-off London gig on Wednesday; and The Motors continue their tour at Saltburn (Thursday), Newcastle (Friday), Aberdeen (Saturday), Sheffield (Sunday), Exeter (Monday), Penzance (Tuesday) and Plymouth (Wednesday).**

LEFT COLUMN (top to bottom): **Steve Hillage headlines the final night of the Deeply Vale People's Free Festival, near Bury, which runs from Thursday to Tuesday (see under separate days for details): Tom Paxton plays a brace of concerts — at Reading on Saturday, and open-air in London Regents Park on Sunday; and Siouxsie & The Banshees headline a major London concert for the first time on Sunday.**

RIGHT COLUMN (top to bottom): **The Adverts, whose T.V. Smith is pictured, begin a short gig series at Scarborough (Friday), Leeds (Saturday), Redcar (Sunday), Doncaster (Monday) and London (Wednesday); The Rich Kids (Glen Matlock is the man in focus) are on the road at Bristol (Thursday), Retford (Friday) and Birmingham (Saturday); and The Clash begin a series of four successive nights at London Music Machine on Monday.**

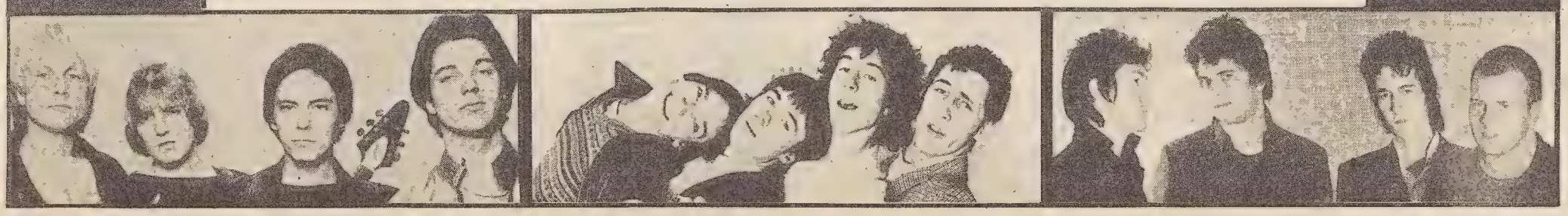
BOTTOM OF PAGE (left to right): **Radio Stars are back in town for a couple of nights at London Marquee (Thursday and Friday); The Smirks are on the road at High Wycombe (Thursday), Dudley (Friday), Manchester (Saturday), Leeds (Sunday), Nottingham (Monday) and Birmingham (Tuesday); and The Lurkers continue lurking at Manchester (Thursday), Middlesbrough (Friday) and Dumfries (Sunday).**

LINCOLN A.J.'s Club: THE HEARTBREAKERS
LIVERPOOL Masonic Hall: HOT WATER
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: SUCKER
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: ERIC BELL BAND / THE INVADERS
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: THE DICKIES
LONDON CAMDEN Southampton Arms: JELLYROLL BLUES BAND
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: ROLL-UPS
LONDON CANNING TOWN Tidal Basin Tavern DOGWATCH
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: BOB KERR'S WHOOPEE BAND
LONDON E.1 Festivel: THE RESISTANCE
LONDON Film School: SPITERI
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: ROY HILL BAND
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: "BLUES FESTIVAL 78" with BUDDY GUY & JUNIOR WELLS / KOKO TAYLOR / CHICAGO ALL-STARS
LONDON HARROW ROAD Windsor Castle: RAMBOW / THE RUTS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: WHIRLWIND
LONDON Marquee Club RADIO STARS
LONDON PENGE Freemasons Tavern: THIEF
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: GREIG & NIGEL'S FOLK AND BLUES NIGHT
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: PACIFIC EARDRUM
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: ZAINE GRIFF
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: AUTOGRAPHS
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: BELTINAKOUSH
LONDON W.10 Acklam Hall: JUNIOR BROWN / THE PASSIONS / PEARLY SPENCER
LOSWESTOFT Waveney Hotel: PAUL DOWNES & PHIL BEER
MACCLESFIELD Travellers Rest: SAMSON
MALVERN Winter Gardens: MAGAZINE
MANCHESTER Russell Club: CULTURE
MIDDLESBROUGH Cleveland Jazz Festival: GEORGE MELLY & JOHN CHILTON'S FEET-WARMERS
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: THE LURKERS
MIDDLESBROUGH Town Hall: J.A.L.N. BAND
NEWCASTLE Mayfair Ballroom: THE MOTORS
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: LAST CALL
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: SLIP HAZARD & THE BLIZZARDS
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: ADVERTISING
OXFORD Corn Dolly: HOTLINE
PLYMOUTH Metro: SUICIDE
REDHILL Centre: MATCHBOX
RETFORD Porterhouse: THE RICH KIDS
ROTHESAY Pavilion: CHARLEY BROWNE
SCARBOROUGH Penthouse: THE ADVERTS
SHEFFIELD Limit Club: JACKIE LYNTON'S HAPPY DAYS
ST. ALBANS Horn of Plenty: THE WINDERS
SUNDERLAND Mecca: JUGGERNAUT
SUTTON COLDFIELD Martsmith Social Club: THE UTENSILS
WALTON-ON-THE-NAZE Royal Albion Hotel: DIAMOND LIL
WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: THE LATE SHOW

Saturday

ABERDEEN Palace Theatre: THE MOTORS
BASILDON Double Six: 90° INCLUSIVE
BIRKENHEAD Rascals: SPIDER
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: THE RICH KIDS
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: BRENT FORD & THE NYLONS
BIRMINGHAM Kings Heath Hare & Hounds: MIKE ELLIOTT
BLACKPOOL Stanley Conservative Club: NORMAN JAY & VINTAGE
BRISTOL Granary: THE DODGERS
BURY Deeply Vale Peoples Free Festival: THE FALL /ALTERNATIVE TV / THE RESTRICTED / ALCHEMIST / VICTOR BROX / SEVENTH ANGEL / HERE AND NOW etc.
CHATHAM Tam O'Shanter: VISITOR 2035 / ZHAIN
CHELTENHAM Lansdowne Crescent Festival (free): BANNANA MOON / ROTOVATORS
CHELTENHAM Plough Inn: PAUL DOWNES & PHIL BEER / SILKIE MILLER / J. J. DION
DUDLEY J—B.'s Club: MICKEY JONES BAND
DUNSTABLE California Ballroom: HI-TENSION
DYFED Cross Hands Inn: SOUL DIRECTION
EXTER Routes: TIM ARNOLD
FALKIRK Maniqui: CHARLEY BROWNE
LEEDS Haddon Hall: SUBURB
LEEDS Viva Wine Bar: KNIFE EDGE
LINCOLN A.J.'s Club: EMERGENCY
LIVERPOOL University: THE CIMARONS
LONDON BARNET Salisbury Hotel: THE CROOKS
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: THE MONOS
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: STEVE BROWN BAND / RAIL
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: GONZALEZ
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: PACIFIC EARDRUM
LONDON CANNING TOWN Tidal Basin Tavern: CHINA STREET
LONDON CHELSEA The Wheatsheaf: OVERSEAS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Jubilee Hall: WALLACE LASANA WILLIAMS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: DICK MORRISEY / JIM MULLEN / VIOLA WILLS
LONDON CRYSTAL PALACE White Swan: THE CRACK
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: WHITE CATS
LONDON HACKNEY All Nation s Club: TRIBESMAN
LONDON HACKNEY Mayfair Cinema: ALTON ELLIS / SONS OF JAH / BLACK STONES / ASWAD / JAH WOOSH
LONDON HACKNEY Middleton Arms: JOKER
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: RAMBOW / THE RUTS
LONDON HAMPSTEAD E.G.A. Studios: BLACK SUPERSTITION MOUNTAIN
LONDON HARLESDEN White Horse (R.A.R.): MISTY / CHARGE / THE IDOLS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: WHIRLWIND
LONDON NEW BARNET Duke of Lancaster: JERRY THE FERRET
LONDON N.4 The Stapleton: THE ACTORS
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: CHRIS HILL
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: BIG CHIEF with DICK HECKSTALL-SMITH
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: THE 2-TIMERS
LONDON Upstairs At Ronnie Scott's: BELTINAKOUSH
LONDON WILLESDEN Cavern Club: MATCHBOX
LONDON WOOLWICH The Shakespeare: R21/NEW HORMONES
MANCHESTER Merry-Go-Round Club: THE SHIRTS
MANCHESTER Middleton Civic Hall: THE SMIRKS
MARGATE Dreamland: THE HOLLYWOOD KILLERS
MATLOCK Black Rocks Club: VESUVIUS
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: KRAKATOA
MILLOM Cumbria Club: SALFORD JETS
NOTTINGHAM Boat Club: TRAPEZE
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: OUTWARD BOUND
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: GIRLS SCHOOL
OLDHAM Boundary Hotel: SAMSON
POOLE Chequers Inn: FRINGE BENEFIT
READING Target Club: HOTLINE
READING Hexagon Theatre: TOM PAXTON
RETFORD Porterhouse: THE LATE SHOW
SHEFFIELD Limit Club: JACKIE LYNTON'S HAPPY DAYS
SHEFFIELD Midhill Club: STRANGE DAYS
ST. ALBANS City Hall: SONJA KRISTINA'S ESCAPE / DRUID
ST. AUSTELL New Cornish Riviera: MUNGO JERRY
TONYPANDY Naval Club: JENNY DARREN BAND
WALSALL The Dilks Arms: FREEBIRD
WISHAW Crown Hotel (lunchtime): THE PESTS

CONTINUES OVER . . .

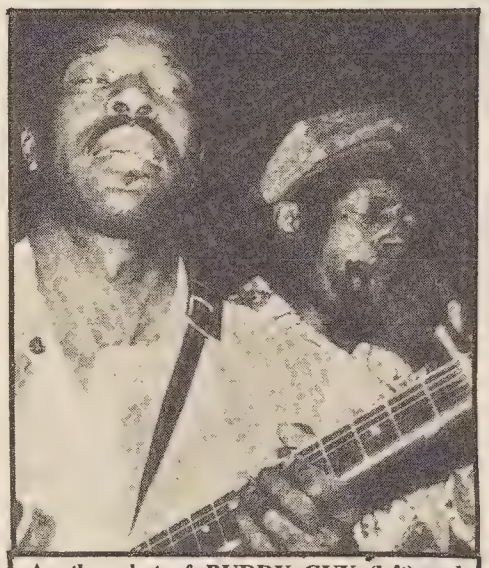


GIG GUIDE

COMPILED BY DEREK JOHNSON

Sunday

BAKEWELL Monsal Head: SAMSON
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: LITTLE ACRE
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: VIDEO
BOURNEMOUTH Village Bowl: T CONNECTION
BRADFORD Princeville Club (lunchtime): SNOOTY
BURY Deeply Vale Peoples Free Festival: THE RISK / THE OUT / CHINA STREET / MISTY / THE RUTS / BOB WILLIAMSON / PETE FARROW etc.
BURY ST. EDMUNDS Griffin: ZHAIN
CHORLEY Joiners Arms: THE BOF BAND
DOUGLAS I. o. M. Palace Lido: SHAM 69
DUMFRIES Stagecoach: THE LURKERS
ELGIN Eight Acres Hotel: IGNATZ
ELLESMERE PORT Win Hall: JUGGERNAUT
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: THE CHEATERS / THE VENTS
KENILWORTH The Club: FREEBIRD
LEEDS Fforde Green Hotel: THE SMIRKS
LEEDS Viva Wine Bar: LUIGI ANA DA BOYS
LONDON BATTERSEA Nags Head: JUGULAR VEIN
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: THE SNEAKS
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD
LONDON CHALK FARM Roundhouse: SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES / THE SHIRTS / WHITE CATS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Jubilee Hall: WALLACE LASANA WILLIAMS
LONDON FINCHLEY Torrington: RAMBOW
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: JENNY DARREN BAND
LONDON GREENWICH Well Hall Open Theatre: JAKE THACKRAY
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: JOKER
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: WHIRLWIND
LONDON N.14 The Stapleton: JERRY THE FERRET
LONDON PECKHAM Montpelier (lunchtime): BLUE MOON
LONDON REGENT'S PARK Open Air Theatre: TOM PAXTON
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: GENTRY
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: THE MONOS
LONDON WALTHAMSTOW Selbourne Park: BLACK SLATE / LEYTON BUZZARDS
LONDON W.C.1 Pindar of Wakefield: SWIFT
MANCHESTER Band on the Wall: THE MEKON / A CERTAIN RATIO / TOY TOWN SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
MEASHAM Working Mens Club: STRANGE DAYS
MIDDLESBROUGH Town Hall: FIVEPENNY PIECE
NEWBRIDGE Club and Institute: THE INVADERS
NOTTINGAHM Boat Club: RACE AGAINST TIME
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: THE PRESS
PAIGNTON Festival Theatre: THE WURZELS
POYNTON Folk Centre: JOHNNY COPPIN / BARRY OATES & PETE CONNELL
READING Community Centre: HEADROOM
REDCAR Coatham Bowl: THE ADVERTS / BLITZKRIEG BOP
REDHILL Lakers Hotel: HOTLINE
SCRBOROUGH Floral Hall: GUYS'N'DOLLS
SHEFFIELD Top Rank: THE MOTORS



Another shot of BUDDY GUY (left) and JUNIOR WELLS, who are also pictured separately on the preceding page. They're topping a one-off Blues Festival package at London Hammersmith Odeon on Friday and, as far as we know, it's the first time they've appeared together in this country. Also on the bill is Ko Ko Taylor, a girl singer also new to Briatin, and the Chicago Blues All-Stars featuring such esteemed veterans as Big Voice Odum and Odie Payne

Monday

BEVERLEY White Horse Inn: JOHNNY COPPIN
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: WIDE BOYS
BIRMINGHAM Digbeth Civic Hall: CULTURE
BIRMINGHAM Yardley Yew Tree: MODEL MANIA
BLYTH Golden Eagle: STEVE BROWN BAND
BRENTWOOD Hermit Club: VIC RUBB & THE VAPOURS
BRISTOL Crockers: HARD UP (for three days)
BRISTOL Stonehouse: BRENT FORD & THE NYLONS
BURY Deeply Vale Peoples Free Festival: AQUA / CREATION / DAWNWEAVER / THE TUNES / MEKONS / PREACHER / NODES etc.
BUXTON Gaslight Club: PRISONER (for three days)
CHADWELL HEATH Greyhound: ALFALPHA
CHESTER Smarties Club: STAA MARX
DONCASTER Outlook Club: THE ADVERTS
EXETER Routes: THE MOTORS
FALKIRK Maniqui: THE DEFT JERKS
GUILDFORD The Junction: THE MAGNETS
HEREFORD Crystal Rooms: DANA (for a week)
ILFORD Cauliflower Hotel: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
LEEDS Viva Wine Bar: BRANDY
LEICESTER R.A.F. Luffenham: JOE STEAD
LIVERPOOL Phab Club: THOSE NAUGHTY LUMPS
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: THE VIPERS
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: THE PASSENGERS / THE BALLOONS / THE LEOPARDS
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: THE CLASH / SUICIDE
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: ZAINE GRIFF
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: MONOCHROME SET / SLANDER
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: BOB KERR'S WHOOPEE BAND
LONDON Marquee Club: THE SHIRTS
LONDON OLD BROMPTON RD. Troubadour: LIAM McGUIRE
LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: TIM ROSE
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: PENNY ROYAL
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: LITTLE BO BITCH
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: DESPERATE STRAITS
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: U.K. SUBS
LONDON WALTHAMSTOW North-East Polytechnic: BLACK SLATE / PATRIK FITZGERALD
LONDON WEST HAMPSTEAD Railway Hotel: RESISTANCE / HELICOPTERS
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: WORLD SERVICE
MANCHESTER Band on the Wall: CHINA STREET
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: GWAIHIR
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: THE SMIRKS
OXFORD Corn Dolly: HOTLINE
ST. ALBANS Horn of Plenty: JOKER
STORNOWAY (Isle of Lewis) Town Hall: IGNATZ
SWANSEA Nutz Club: THE DODGERS
SWINTON Duke of Wellington: SALFORD JETS
THORNLEY The Club: ZHAIN
WALLASEY Labour Club: SPIDER
WOLVERHAMPTON Queen's Hotel: ATLAS

Tuesday

ANGLESEY Plas Coch: HOT WATER
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: THE SMIRKS
BIRMINGHAM Fighting Cocks: BRUJO
BIRMINGHAM Northfield King George V: MODEL MANIA
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: JAMESON RAID
BISHOPS STORTFORD Triad Leisure Centre: TRAVLA
BOLTON Tongueward Club: SALFORD JETS
BRIDLINGTON Folk Club: JOHNNY COPPIN
BRIGHTON The Richmond: THE EXECUTIVES/ NICKY & THE DOTS
BURY Deeply Vale Peoples Free Festival: STEVE HILLAGE / VISITOR 2035 / PEGASUS / THE REDUCERS / GENOCIDE etc
CLEETHORPES Bunnies Club: CO-CO
CUMBERNAULD Kestral: ZHAIN
EXETER Routes: SCRATCHER
LEEDS Viva Wine Bar: OAKWOOD
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: TENNIS SHOES
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: THE CLASH / SUICIDE
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: THE YOUNG BUCKS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: RESISTANCE / SLANDER
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: THE DODGERS
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: RAMBOW / THE RUTS
LONDON Marquee Club: TANZ DER YOUTH
LONDON NEW BARNET Duke of Lancaster: JERRY THE FERRET
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: MATUMBI
LONDON PUTNEY White Lion: U.K. SUBS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: RAIL
LONDON WEST HAMPSTEAD Railway Hotel: LIGHTNING RAIDERS / DANDIES
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: BABY GRAND
MARGATE Bowlers Arms: SAMSON
NEWCASTLE The Cooperage: FAMOUS FIVE
NOTTINGHAM Town Arms: THE TURBINES
NUNEATON 77 Club: HERE AND NOW
PENZANCE The Garden: THE MOTORS
PORTREE (Isle of Skye) Gathering Hall: IGNATZ
REDRUTH Regal Cinema: THE WURZELS
TORQUAY Town Hall: KRAKATOA

Wednesday

BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: BRUJO
BIRMINGHAM Golden Eagle: KILLING TIME
BIRMINGHAM Hall Green The Sherwood: CARTOONS
BIRMINGHAM Nite Out: SHOWADDYWADDY (for three days)
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: RAINMAKER
BIRMINGHAM Yardley Bulls Head: ROSES
BOURNEMOUTH St. Stephen's Hall: WHIRLWIND
BRIGHTON New Regent: KRAKATOA
CHELTENHAM Plough Inn: PEKOE ORANGE
CLEETHORPES Bunnies Club: CO-CO
CUMBERNAULD The Kestrel: CHARLEY BROWNE
EXETER Routes: ALAN HODGE BAND
GRANGEMOUTH Hotel International: THE DEFT JERKS
KINLOCHLEVEN Recreation Club: IGNATZ
LEEDS Viva Wine Bar: JOHN HEDLEY HAGGETT
LIVERPOOL Masonic Hall: THE EDDY
LONDON ACTON White Hart: MENACE/RAPED
LONDON ANGEL City Armms: SOME CHICKEN
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: TOUR DE FORCE
LONDON CAMDEN Dublin Castle: O.K.
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: THE CLASH/ SUICIDE
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: KANGAROO KOURT
LONDON CANNING TOWN Tidal Basin Tavern: CADILLAC
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: RAMBOW/THE RUTS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: SEA LEVEL/ DIXIE DREGGS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: SOUNDER
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: HOTLINE
LONDON Marquee Club: THE ADVERTS
LONDON PECKHAM Montpelier: BLUE MOON
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: DANA SIMMONDS & GREIG'S FOLK AND BLUES SHOWCASE
LONDON SOUTHALL White Hart: MATCHBOX
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: THE MONOS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: THE INMATES
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: THE ROCKETS
LONDON WIMBLEDON F.C. Nelson's Club: JO-ANN KELLY BAND
PLYMOUTH Woods Centre: THE MOTORS
SKEGNESS Festival Pavilion: GUYS 'N' DOLLS
SOLIHULL Golden Lion: THE FIRST BAND
SOUTH WOODFORD Railway Bell: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
UXBRIDGE Load of Hay: PAUL DOWNES & PHIL BEER
WALTON—ON—THE—NAZE Royal Albion Hotel: DIAMOND LIL
WHITLEY BAY Minggles: STEVE BROWN BAND

NOTHING ABSOLUTELY NOTHING HE JUST SITS ON HIS SWING AND FALLS TO SLEEP, AND DREAMS ABOUT BRIAN.

THE CLASH
suicide
+ SUPPORT
MUSIC MACHINE, JULY 24-25-26-27
ADMISSION £2.50
ftn 1

HOLLIES
TIDAL BASIN TAVERN, TIDAL BASIN ROAD, E16
(off Silvertown Way) 01-476 7791
Open Monday to Saturday until 2 am — Midnight on Sunday
Thursday July 20th
ZHAIN
Friday July 21st
DOGWATCH
Saturday July 22nd
CHINA STREET

Words (Barry Clarke) Words Words Words Words Words Words Words
CITY HALL, ST ALBANS
Saturday July 22nd at 8 pm
SONJA KRISTINA'S
(from Curved Air)
ESCAPE
+ Special Guests DRUID
July 29th at 8 pm
JENNY DARREN BAND
+ The Paranoids
MARY JANE DISCO BAR FOOD
Advance tickets from Box Office, 37 Chequer St. St Albans, tel 64511 or available on door
Words Words Words Words Words Words Words Words Words

SNOOPY'S
THE GREYHOUND
HIGH ROAD, CHADWELL HEATH
EVERY MONDAY — LIVE BANDS
JULY 24th
ALFALPHA
(as seen on TV)
JULY 31st
TOP GROUP
(to be announced)
AUGUST 7th
AUTOGRAPH
(as seen on Revolver TV show)
AUGUST 14th
ZAINE GRIFF
AUGUST 21st
TOP GROUP
(to be announced)
GROUP TALENT CONTEST EVERY WEDNESDAY
£500 IN PRIZES

BLITZ
LAST BASTION
WHITE HART, Acton
Wednesday August 9th
Watch this space for further dates

THE REACTION
ON TOUR
19th 'F' CLUB AT ROOTS ; LEEDS
20th OUTLOOK CLUB ; DONCASTER
21st BARBERELLA'S ; BIRMINGHAM
22nd THE MERRY GO ROUND ; MANCHESTER
24th MARQUEE ; LONDON
25th NASHVILLE ROOMS ; LONDON
THE SINGLE
I CAN'T RESIST

WIP 6437
Produced by Ed Hollis
ISLAND

IF YOU WANT TO DREAM ABOUT BRIAN B. PLACING YOUR AD IN THIS SECTION PHONE 01-261 6153 AND LET THE MAN OF YOUR DREAMS DO THE WORRYING.

TELEPHONE 01-387-0428/9
MUSIC MACHINE
Playing times 10.30 pm and midnight.
CAMDEN HIGH ST. OPP. MORNINGTON CRESCENT TUBE · N.W.1
Tuesday August 8th
A benefit gig for the National Council For One Parent Families
STEVE GIBBONS BAND
AUTOGRAPHS SLITS
JOHN COOPER CLARKE
Tickets £1.50 in advance from Box Office, £2.00 on door

leasehold theatre for sale
licensed for Live 'Pop' Shows and Stage Entertainment.
Excellent Facilities for use as Rehearsal Studio.
Box No. 3561, N.M.E.,
Kings Reach Tower
Stamford Street
London, S.E.1

Monday July 31st and Tuesday August 1st
ADAM & THE ANTS
MOONLIGHT CLUB, WEST HAMPSTEAD
Tickets in advance £1.00 from London Theatre Bookings, Shaftesbury Ave. 01-439 3371 or Rough Trade Records, 202 Kensington Park Road, 01-727 4312.

FOR JUST £5·50 NIGHTBIRD OFFERS YOU THE CHANCE TO
JOIN 70+OF THE BEST CLUBS & DISCO'S AROUND!
PLUS-OBTAIN REDUCED ADMISSION PRICES OF UP TO 50% & OUR CLUB GUIDE!
IF YOU'RE OVER 18 SEND NO MONEY NOW TO RECEIVE YOUR NIGHTBIRD CLUB CARD AND CLUB GUIDE. You can use the card for 10 days FREE! If you decide to keep them we'll invoice you £5.50. Or return within 14 days and owe nothing!
WRITE TO: FREEPOST, Nightbird Ltd (Dept NME29), PO Box 100, London Road, Camberley, Surrey. Tel: 0276 66951.

THE HOLLYWOOD KILLERS
Thursday July 20th HASTINGS PIER
Thursday, July 27th ROCK GARDEN W.C.2
Saturday, July 22nd MARGATE DREAMLAND
Friday, August 4th BENEDEN Village Hall
Friday, August 18th EASTBOURNE ARCHERY
A & R Men and Agents Watch Out
Enquiries Danny 058 085 211

LAST BASTION! THE WHITE HART PUB
246 HIGH ST. ACTON
MENACE + RAPED & D.J.
WEDS 26th JULY 8.00pm
Please come early
WEDS 2nd AUG.
WHITE CATS
+ SATELLITES & D.J.

KEITH PEARSON'S RIGHT HAND BAND
JULY/AUGUST DATES
JULY
17th QUEENS HOTEL, CLIFTONVILLE
19th MILLERS, CANTERBURY
21st ORANGE TREE, FRIEN BARNET
22nd STURY COURT CLUB, CANTERBURY
23rd PULLMAN CLUB, FOLKESTONE
26th MILLERS, CANTERBURY
28th ADMIRAL OWEN, SANDWICH
29th CAMBRIDGE FOLK FESTIVAL
31st QUEENS HOTEL, CLIFTONVILLE
AUGUST
2nd ARUNDEL FOLK CLUB
3rd WHEATSHEAF F.C., CLIFTONVILLE
4th ARMY & NAVY, CHATHAM
5th THREE RABBITS, ROMFORD RD., MANOR PARK
9th MILLERS, CANTERBURY
10th DOUBLE 6, BASILDON
11th CHEQUERS ASH
14th QUEENS HOTEL, CLIFTONVILLE
16th MILLERS, CANTERBURY
18th BRITISH RAIL S.C., DOVER
19th STURY COURT CLUB, CANTERBURY
23rd MILLERS, CANTERBURY
24th SARACENS HEAD, MARGATE
25th WINDSOR CASTLE, HARROW RD., LONDON
Sept. 5th to 27th HOLLAND TOUR
All dates subject to change
Contact: Atlantic Agency, Romford 26563

UP-TO-THE-MINUTE-FASHION
MEMBERS ONLY
Reveal their
WINTER SWIMWEAR collection at:
THE SWAN (Hammersmith)
Thursday July 20th
City Arms (City Road)
Tuesday July 25th
Super darling!

THE BRIDGE HOUSE
23 BARKING ROAD, CANNING TOWN, E16
Thursday July 20th 30p BLIND DRUNK Is Matt Vinyl a Small Face?
Friday, July 21st 40p Their Final Gig ★ ROLL UPS ★
Saturday, July 22nd 50p PACIFIC EARDRUM
Sunday, July 23rd 40p The Original R.D.B.
Monday, July 24th Free Zaine Griff
Tuesday, July 25th Free Young Bucks
Wednesday, July 26th 30p KANGAROO KOURT
Thursday, July 27th Free Warm Jets

CHALLENGE (LONDON) PROMOTIONS
present
RAW
JOHN COOPER-CLARKE
PHANTOM
PATRIK FITZGERALD
7.30 pm, FRIDAY, 21st JULY
£1.50
at the CLUB ROW CLUB
Club Row, London, E2
(nr. Shoreditch Church)
Org. by London YCL/Hackney YCL
Nrst. trains: Shoreditch, Old St., Liverpool St. Buses: 5 - 22 - 47 - 48 - 55 - 67 - 78 - 97 - 149 - 243

ROGER THE CAT
Wednesday July 26th STAPLETON CROUCH END
Friday July 28th THE SWAN CHELLSWAY, STEVENAGE
Saturday July 29th HAMBROUGH TAVERN SOUTHALL
Monday July 31st HERMIT CLUB BRANTWOOD
presented by Vehicle Music and Gilmore promotions 01-204 9976

THE GREEN MAN
67 High Street, Plumstead, S.E.18
Directly from Glasgow
UNDERHAND JONES
Thursday 20th, Friday 21st, Saturday 22nd July
Their new E.P. "E.P. Fits" available from Jammy Records JRU J001
Enquiries 041 954 6810

PEGASUS
109 GREEN LANES, LONDON N.16.
01-226 5930
Thursday July 27th 50p EXILES
Friday July 28th £1 CRAZY CAVAN
Saturday July 29th 50p BIG CHIEF (Featuring Dick Heckstall-Smith)
Monday July 31st SHOOTER
Tuesday August 1st PEKOE ORANGE
Wednesday August 2nd MONOS

TO ADVERTISE

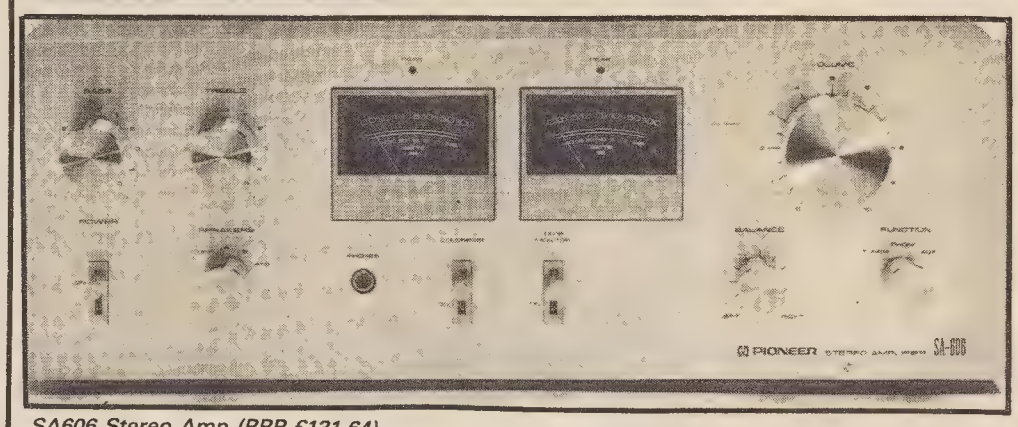
ring 01-261 6153
Brian B

BOGNOR ROCK COCKS UP ROXY SHOCK!

STAA MARX apologise for late cancellation of Saturday's gig caused by circumstances beyond their control.

Letters of complaint (No flowers please) to Mrs. Gretoli.

HI-FI contd.



SA606 Stereo Amp (RRP £131.64).

■ *From page 39*

Pioneer CT-F.4040 stereo cassette deck (RRP) £135.11.

Now, it's Pioneer's intention to market this particular system — inclusive of a set of £60 speakers — as an all-in-one mounting rack at a price which, I've been informed, will be slightly lower than if you bought each component separately.

Furthermore, to facilitate an investment in either this sytem under review or other items displayed in their catalogue, Pioneer (in collaboration with The City Bank) are about to lauch what they term a Privilege Purchase Plan.

In other words, they're proposing to extend credit at the highly-competitive interest rate of eight per cent. That's something well worth contemplating if, after much soul-searching, one is about to embark on The Big Stereo System Splurge.

Having tackled the financial aspect, it's time to switch on the equipment. We here at *NME* decided to give this Pioneer system a Trial by Ordeal; to play all this week's new releases and see what packed in first, the software or the hardware!

It proved to be no contest.

While a good many vinyl pressings failed the endurance test, the Pioneer set-up handled the chore super-efficiently and emerged unscathed. For the record (no pun intended . . .), we *attacked* the system with 12-inch reggae dubs and disco mixes, hard rock, soft rock, schlock rock, direct-cut discs, acetates, Japanese pressings, jazz, Jimi Hendrix. You name it, we gave each and every record the same opportunity to measure up or hit the incinerator.

Victims fell hard and fast.

Once you find that you're listening to the overall technological excellence of any hi-fi sound system as opposed to the actual music being auditioned, then it defeats the whole purpose of the exercise. Despite appreciating the admirable quality of the standard of subsequent playbacks, not once did any of us fall an unwilling victim of this pitfall.

First the turntable:

Pioneer decks really do take some beating within their price range. Time after time, I've suggested any one of Pioneer's range for immediate consideration for both first-time buyers and those intent on up-grading their systems. They really are attractive precision-made jobs which, if handled with due care, can last one a lifetime.

The **PL514** is a belt-drive, auto-return / quick-start two speed model for which I used two cartridges: the **AT12XE/H (RRP, £17.92),** and the **AT13Ea/H (RRP, £24.14).** I constantly switched cartridges, but in the final analysis decided that, of the two, the AT13Ea/H definitely had the edge. To my ears, this particular cartridge highlighted either a record's qualities or deficiencies.

The thing I particularly liked about the **Pioneer SA606 amplifier** is that it isn't bedecked with superfluous dials and switches. I'm not attracted to equipment that resembles Concorde's flight-deck or becomes increasingly more difficult to operate after a couple of glasses of vino!

O.K., so this specific model doesn't possess the added extras that one finds on Pioneer's more expensive models, but without any hassles it more than adequately handles the role for which it was specifically designed.

It's an integrated amp with 40 watts per channel — both channels driving at 8ohms from 20Hz-20,000Hz with, according to the manufacturer, no more that 0·05 per cent total harmonic distortion. By the way, this term refers to the signal that manifests itself during output and which is not present at the input.

The Pioneer SA606 amplifier not only packs plenty of punch, but when jacked-up to the threshold of overkill doesn't, like so may amps, degenerate into a morass of rattling distortion.

Both the bass and treble controls are extremely sensitive and allow the operator tremendous latitude to re-texture the original signal. For instance, during a reggae disco dub playback, I switched on the cassette deck and with some fancy-fiddling produced some nifty dub mixes of my own.

On another occasion, I played a Japanese pressing of Mal Waldron's "Tokyo Bound" album — a modern jazz trio comprising acoustic grand piano, string bass and drums. The playback was quite remarkable.

Being familiar with the true sound of the album — employing it quite often during hi-fi system test-runs, I noticed that the reproduction was the closest I've come to having the Mal Waldron Trio actually playing in-person in the review room.

In particular, the timbre and natural resonance of the bass and the drums (when plated with brushes), plus the metallic ching of hickory against the cymbals, was nothing less than sublime. More about that when we get around to discussing the stereo cassette deck.

The **Pioneer TX606 FM/AM stereo tuner** again adheres to the streamlined, simplistic design of the rest of the rack-mounted system. Aside from the illuminated wave band guide — a light follows the dial — VU meters, power switch, volume control and tuning aides, there is nothing present to confuse the user.

The **CT-X4040 stereo cassette deck** is one of Pioneer's latest models and has been introdcued as a replacement for the hitherto much-vaunted CT-F2121. Furthermore, in up-grading this component (it incorporates ten circuit boards) Pioneer — to their credit — have somehow managed to reduce the RRP.

Though, in terms of amenities, the CT-X4040 keeps to the bare necessities it compares more than favourably with stereo cassette decks in the £250-£300 bracket.

The noise-to-signal quality astounds. Yet another *for instance* . . . I popped in a Fuji FL compact cassette tape, set the bias to STD (as instructed) and, as CSM reviewed 'em, recorded "Who Are You" by The Who and "Take It Off The Top" by The Dixie Dregs — a couple of extremely punchy, well recorded *and* well pressed singles.

I specifically chose these two records because they seem to cover a wide frequency sound spectrum. When both CSM and your test-driver listened to the playback we detected a noticeable improvement in comparison with the original vinyl.

Not only was the quality a faithful reproduction of the original, but transferred to tape both records took on an added dimension, presence and overall slam. What other recommendation does one require? I thought I'd chance my arm and the system's reputation by slipping in a live stereo cassette recording I'd made at the Nashville of Blast Furnace & T'Heatwaves.

Considering the circumstances under which that location recording had been made, the reproduction was of superior bootleg quality. Finally, I taped a direct-cut disc, a reggae 12-inch disco dub and the aforementioned Mal Waldron album and (hand-on-my-heart) the only difference I could detect between the original and copy was that the copy had the edge!

Truthfully, there's no way I can fault this cassette deck. It does everything one could expect and a little more. And, when taking into account the asking price, it's gotta be an odds-on favourite. In passing, a particularly welcome little bonus is the illuminated cassette compartment which, at a glance, enables one to ascertain just how much tape is left to run, Full marks and a gold star in the margin.

For once, I chose not to audition this system through my trusty Celestion-Ditton stack, but the speakers Pioneer provided for this test-run. However, before I proceed any further, it needs to be established that **HPM-40 speakers (£88 per cabinet)** don't come with the all-in-one-price rack mounting. To reiterate, Pioneer have selected a £60 pair.

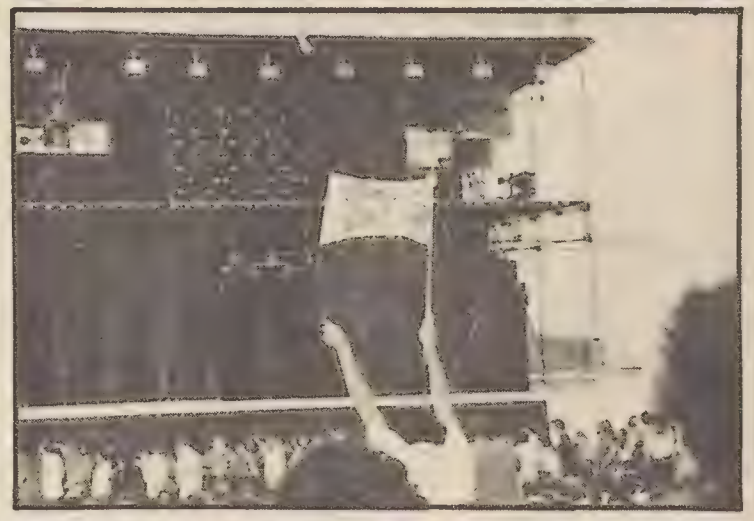
Again, as you must be aware, speakers are very much a question of individual preference — and something I often have nightmares and earache over.

The HPM-40 stack don't only measure up as excellent rock boxes, but no matter what else I blasted through them they offered a most satisfactory compromise between pin-point clarity and definition and warmth.

On hard rock and reggae playbacks, especially, it was possible to pump-up the volume to Saturday Night Saloon Bar level and not wince or rattle the glasses.

Obviously, much time, effort and the burning of the midnight lamp has been spent on achieving an extraordinary level of sophistication and component compatability. When housed in its rack mounting (look no trailing leads!), not only does it look good, sound good and taste good, but the price is right. So do yourself a favour and check this system out.

Oh yeah! If Pioneer want it back not only will they have to come around in person, but I suggest they come mob-handed . . .



200,000 PEOPLE CAN'T THE TOWN

ELEVEN HOURS after the opening bars of music erupt from Merger, the Blackbushe Picnic is to end as a major triumph.

Bob Dylan, diminutive and dressed in black, will sway gently under the rich red spotlights and sing with genuine emotion, "The Times They Are A-Changing." And then as his band play on he'll finally remove his electric guitar and warmly thank the massed audience.

Before he leaves the stage at the rear, the lonely Chaplinesque figure passing from view, he will silently pace the boundaries of the platform, bowing stiffly and smartly as a last gesture to his devotees.

Out on the aerodrome, trampling on crushed cans and squelching in the pulp of a day's discarded food, the cheering thousands brandish their blazing torches into the cold, black night. With bonfires burning brightly, the flashing flickering flames highlighting the fiery dedication in the crowd's eyes, a shaft of brilliant light will cut across the canvas bigtop over the bandstand and bounce off a hovering giant balloon, its shadowed features looking down like the man in the moon.

We'll realise in a rush of emotional confusion, as regret tussles with the lingering sensation of Blackbushe, that Dylan's visit is over; concluded by a 180 minute set that's as much of an unprecendented revelation as any of his shows were at Earls Court.

The Alimony Tour ends here, and the legend becomes the supreme Rock Entertainer of the '70s.

THE PILGRIMAGE to Blackbushe, 50 miles from London and just inside the Hampshire border, started on Thursday and by 11 a.m. on the day, 50,000 have already claimed their ground space in front of the stage.

Another 150,000 are still on their way on wheels, trains and foot. Battered Fords with radiators croaking and steaming are tombstones on the route, passed by the steady stream of kids shouldering rucksacks and blankets.

The sturdy corrugated-iron fencing around the massive ground gives the impression of an encampment; and there's a medieval English air, with orange and yellow striped toilets that poke above their yellow enclosures like tournament tents.

Stalls, marquees and stands selling hotdogs, ices and drinks surround the enclosure. And all the time records blare through the gigantic banks of speakers on the stage wings, in turn relaying out to three 30-foot PA towers across the middle of the arena.

By the time **Merger,** a special late addition to the bill at Dylan's own request, start playing some energetic and articulate reggae shortly after mid-day, the area immediately in front of the crash-barrier is so densely packed that the DJ has warned those at the back to quit pushing forward.

Only minutes into their set a crushed casualty strapped to a stretcher is hauled over the barrier, but Merger are unperturbed. Their confidence allows them to overcome the initially-reserved audience response.

Lake, an Anglo-German quintet, were an unconfortable anachronism sandwiched between Merger and Graham Parker & The Rumour.

Saddled with the misfortune of releasing two albums (on CBS) ten years too late, and working on a redundant formula of CSN&Y vocal licks and Yes drycleaned instrumental virtuosity, it's little wonder their vocalist, James Hopkins-Harrison self-consciously flinches during his song introductions.

A DUSTY-DRY grey hot day, and by mid-afternoon the commercial success of the Picnic is guaranteed as the audience swells to 100,000 . . . and the portable bogs prove to be inadequate.

It's a young gathering, mid-teens to early 20s, mainly in blue denims, who, unlike the comparatively large faction of middle-aged at Earls Court, regard Dylan as essentially a '70s artist. And the early volume of traffic in the area shows they're also interested in seeing Parker, Armatrading and Clapton.

Five hours after **Graham Parker & The Rumour** viciously launch into "Stick To Me," it'll be clear why each of these artists have that status, and why Dylan may be getting a little edgy as he waits in his dressing room.

Parker, who might have felt uneasy on the same bill as one of his strongest influences, is intent on punching a blow at Blackbushe that won't be forgotten quickly.

The brass blazes from the left, the best British R&B hammers out from the right, and Parker's got a firm grasp of his own magnificent vocal powers.

Before there's chance for any malicious caterwauling from the Dylan partisans, "Thunder And Rain" and "That's What They All Say" are delivered with the same intensity, and they don't pressure-drop until clear of "Fool's Gold."

Credentials shown and approved, Parker & The Rumour wipe the brow and introduce "Passion Is No Ordinary Word," the first of five new, unrecorded songs that comprise a third of the hour long set.

And from there it's "Love Gets You Twisted,' as soft and sensuous as "Passion," counterpointed by Parker's committed snarl and an untidy edge of Brinsley Schwarz's solo; with "Waiting For The UFOs" positively buckling the trap in its fury to seize the crowd by the throat.

Arrogant, determined and musically so damn tight you'd have trouble squeezing a ferret through the open spaces, they not only have every one of their new numbers endorsed by 100,000 but rage through absolutely classic versions of songs old enough to be dog-eared.

The act is stunning, the applause they receive shattering.

WHILE THE change over for **Clapton** seems to be unduly long, the scene in the hospitality area at the back of the stage is turning into a regular pig circus.

Helicopters and limos have been steadily unloading ritzy guests since 2 pm, and the body traffic around the record company tents is congested — if only because nobody has the right passes to show.

For some it doesn't seem to matter, and Bianca and Ringo breeze grandly into Phonogram's tent without any formality.

A madness of another kind is setting in out front, as the wait for Clapton bristles with excitement / irritation then explodes into noisy delight as he and the band eventually switch on just before five.

Blistering rock 'n' roll — with the guitars of Eric and George Terry shouting at each other across the clout of the rhythm section — jolts at least 20,000 to their feet. And with Clapton and Marcy Levy batting the lead vocals between them, this version of "The Core" makes the studio version seem as though it was left in the deep freeze.

No sooner have they cranked up than Eric takes 'em down for some measured blues, his guitar groaning with an ecstasy. Then, a little gruffly, he introduces "Wonderful Tonight," his instrument singing out the magnificent opening melody, to put the set at a level where grace and ease are more important qualities than energy.

Eric looks well, beard and hair neatly trimmed, wearing a black leather jacket and blue denims, playing sound.

However, in his continual pursuit of self-effacement, he tends to instil a reserve in his band, where even the boisterous piano of Dick Sims can't cut rhythmic edges into "Lay Down Sally". Apart from a brief, growling guitar solo, it tends to plod along uneventfully.

His approach is cool, sometimes detached. He's even distinctly humble at times.

"We'd like to pay our tribute now to the star of the show," he says quietly. "This one's called 'Knockin' On Heaven's Door'."

Sensitive textures are tenderly created by the guitars and organ. Basist Carl Radle and Jamie Oldaker on drums along with just the right emphasis. Marcy's harmonica is cupped and subdued. It's just one of the set's many highlights.

Eric in fact gets the best full-throatal cheer of the day. Country and blues have already shown him to be in remarkable good voice as well as on brilliant playing form, and the roars greet a heavy-riffed version of J J Cale's "Cocaine".

After a brief absence from the stage while Marcy laid some soul into "Nobody Knows When You're Down And Out", he returns to lead the band into a climax with a series of combination punches — "Badge", performed fairly strictly to Cream's original, "Heaven's Door", and a compact but hard reading of "Key To The Highway" are concluded by what's undoubtedly now regarded as Clapton's anthem.

"What'll you do when you

Report: TONY STEWART

BE WRONG . . .

BOB DYLAN at the Event Of The Decade

get lonely . . ." he sings, and the delirium of the festival audience is almost enough to drown out even the chorus of "Layla".

CLEARLY THE idea in scheduling **Joan Armatrading** between Clapton and Dylan was for her to act as a buffer.

Easily one of this country's most accomplished female writers, enigmatic and graced with a vocal range that embodies the soul of blues and the flexibility of a great jazz singer, she was undoubtedly expected to quieten any audience restlessness. But that hardly coincided with what *she* had in mind.

She comes on a few minutes after 7.00 pm, the concert encampment now tense, with edgy excitement rippling over the chattering hordes. Joan seems a little nervous for her first British appearance this year.

A sharp breeze kidnaps the music from the relay towers and lifts it away. Blowin' In The Wind, you might say. And because of it the thousands at the back quickly give up on the subtleties of what is to be a daringly ambitious set.

Strumming her acoustic guitar, she fronts a new band comprising Red Young (keyboards), Quitman Dennis (sax), Matt Betton (drums), Bill Ham (guitar) and Steve Brantley (bass).

Eerie moods and superb husky singing suddenly transforming into pure poignancy escape at least a third of the audience periodically during the set.

"Willow", a compassionate love song from the "Emotion" album, is undoubtedly one of the highlights, with magical moods created by Young's fragile piano phrases and Dennis' sax warmly brushing along the melody line.

In a concert hall I suspect she would have been nothing short of magnificent.

DESCRIBED AS Dylan's encore to his six concerts at Earl's Court, the Blackbushe Picnic would have undoubtedly attracted something close to 200,000 even if Parker and The Rumour, Armatrading and Clapton hadn't been here.

But with a bill like this, Blackbushe lays claim to being *The Event Of The Year . . .* maybe even of the *Decade.*

But, seeing as we're talking about a projection over the '70s, where were the exciting new wave artists of the '70s who'd have eaten Lake and a dozen others like them for breakfast?

Didn't Clash or Sham 69 or Dury or Costello or The Jam or TRB or Magazine deserve to be included?

True enough, GP and R are close in spirit, but . . .

ANYWAY . . . THE band buoyantly burst into an instrumental "My Back Pages", spontaneous solos rattling against one another as an almighty gale of a howl rips out of 200,000 pair of lungs.

Blow by blow, the atmosphere from the first sight of **Dylan** in a black top hat and shades starting into the only unrecorded song of his act, "Love Her With A Feeling", matches and even surpasses London.

Guitarist Billy Cross is up against the speakers to our left, with Bobbye Hall on congas immediately behind him; to the extreme left Alan Pasque's on keyboards facing the line of Jerry Scheff (bass), Steve Soles (guitar), David Mansfield (pedal steel, mandolin, violin) and Steve Douglas (sax, flute, recorder); with Helena Springs, Jo Ann Harriss and Carolyn Dennis serried behind them. Ian Wallace's kit points diagonally across the platform at Pasque.

From "Baby Stop Crying", sticking close to the "Street-Legal" version but with Dylan finding more vocal edge than he did in the studio, the first of many innovations in the act comes with a works-outing into "Just Like Tom Thumbs Blues", featuring sax and organ solos where on the original there was harmonica.

Dylan isn't messing around with a duplicate of Earl's Court. The assertive way in which he tackles "Shelter From The Storm" displays energy and drive that was occasionally missing before. Jagged and jolting, only Cross' precisely pointed lines tuck away the ragged untidiness. Then comes a brisk "It's All Over Now, Baby Blue".

Dylan suits Blackbushe, and whether or not it was specifically arranged to suit him *and* his credit column in an accounts ledger, just doesn't come into it. As quickly as one song ends he's into another, tangling up some mysteries to be unravelled later.

Although the set partly follows the same pattern as before, the by-now familiar new versions are juxtaposed with yet *more* refurbished classics. And if a comparison is to be drawn, then he's transforming mansions into palaces rather than the reverse.

The superlative "Tangled Up In Blue" is dropped. In its place Dylan — accompanied only by Pasque's piano and the haunting sax lines of Douglas — plaintively sings of the "Girl From The North Country". Modelled on the soft melody of the "Nashville Skyline" version with Johnny Cash, it's as moving as the ballad "If You See Her, Say Hello" from "Blood On The Tracks".

Conversely, songs that were originally instrumentally light and airy, such as "Ballad Of A Thin Man" or "Simple Twist Of Fate", become dynamic rock songs. The latter now bears some comparison to "Like A Rolling Stone", dominated by organ and an intricacy of guitar patterns.

And while still tackling the most unpleasantly simplistic disco-riffing of "Maggie's Farm", through "Stone" where the three girls' vocals, for once, are an unnecessary burden, and "I Shall Be Released", on which they're as invaluable in creating dramatic impetus on the chorus as the pedal steel and sax, Dylan still introduces two more songs from "Street-Legal" in the first half of the show.

With Dylan's voice determinedly pitched high over the music — enthusiasm being his source of power — both "Is Your Love In Vain" and "Where Are You Tonight" remain close to the recordings.

Dylan then removes the silk topper (apparently acquired from his hotel doorman), and retires to the back of the stage to join Cross as the set's energy and pace is stifled by the most perplexing aspect of the act.

With Dylan poker faced on rhythm, Carolyn Dennis sings Sam Cooke's "A Change Is Gonna Come" and Helena Springs tackles "Mr Tambourine Man" as a banal piece of cabaret. The party pieces are continued by Jo Ann Harriss disappearing up "The Long And Winding Road" to a simple piano and violin refrain; followed by Soles singing something that's instantly forgettable.

You feel their spots are sport in Dylan's manipulative games, for as soon as they skip offstage, he returns. Swinging on an acoustic guitar, he performs a hesitant rather than positive "Gates Of Eden"; and stooping slightly to his right, blowing into the harp, it's almost the vintage Dylan 'cept he's so *subdued.*

It's now dusk, and the stage lighting plays an integral part in creating mood for the remainder of the show. The pace is finely judged, building through "True Love Never Forgets", the blaring black gospel "One More Cup Of Coffee", easing confidently down for "Blowin' In The Wind", with his rasping phrasing and light flute melodies dancing in and out until the number rises to its climax.

Later still, "To Ramona" — which you'd think deserved a similar treatment — is emotionally drained. Dylan presumably decided that the melody should be carefully underlined by the group, and he's right. "All I Really Want To Do" is jauntily cast aside as a clap-a-long: hi-heel sneakers optional.

Really, you can't help but view the show with some ambivalence. There's a compulsion to be drawn into the festive atmosphere and Dylan's hypnotic mystique. But at the same time a part of you wants to withdraw a little and objectively reflect on Dylan's almost sacrificial surrender of what were once mystifying powers.

The megarock versions of "Masters Of War" and "It's Alright Ma (I'm Only Bleedin')" now rely on the collective resources of the band rather than on him alone.

Then there's the actual choice of songs that's often perplexing.

His selection starts with something 15 years old, from "Freewheelin'," and then he takes at least one song from each of his subsequent seven albums. But he's hesitant to delve into his early '70s sets, virtually leaving a five year gap until he picks up again with "Planet Waves". This time he doesn't even perform the revised "The Man In Me" (70), which he's occasionally featured on this tour.

Gradually he has increased the number of "Street-Legal" songs, tonight making it six (two-thirds of the album) with "Changing Of The Guards" to come as the first encore.

Generally the songs aren't controversial — with a few exceptions. One is "Masters Of War", with its scorchingly malicious lyric. Yet it's also the oldest, and, ironically enough, "Senor", from "Legal", is its companion — it's neighbour in the set and its neighbour in lyrical intent too. Conveniently the two firmly link the past with the present.

So, the show *does* make sense, especially if Dylan is seen as a Rock Entertainer. Apart from those missing few years, his act has historical perspective, nostalgia and innovation; and it's studded by parts of his three major albums of this decade, including "Desire" as a borderline case.

Perhaps it's now Bob Dylan's ambition to establish the multifarious aspects of his own talent in the concert arena — without having to worry about The Band's pomp for military marches behind his songs, or the Rolling Thunder minstrels cluttered about him like over-zealous nephews.

This Blackbushe outfit is one helluva rock band for him, and he's one helluva rock performer. The soft lyric and lingering melody of "Forever Young" is exactly the right song to end with.

His own voice soars into an anthem, Eric Clapton's sobbing blues guitar drift under the lyric, and the torches above the crowd burn in homage. It's an experience that'll be very hard to equal.

Even after a ramshackle "Changing Of The Guards", Dylan — again with an acute awareness for the sense of occasion — finishes with "Times They Are A-Changing". Perhaps it's the realisation in "Senor" that cycles constantly recur without changing that brings a suggestion of despair rather than indignation into his singing.

But still you can't help clutching at the last verse; as perhaps he knows only too well.

Pix: PENNIE SMITH **(stage pic by SIMON FOWLER)**

CAN'T STAND THE REZILLOS

NEW ALBUM OUT NOW ON SIRE

GET THE SET!

Paste in Carefully No. 1

FLYING SAUCER ATTACK

SOMEBODY'S GONNA GET THEIR HEAD KICKED IN TONIGHT

I CAN'T STAND MY BABY

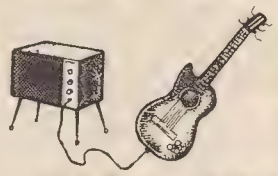
GETTING ME DOWN

Paste in Carefully No. 6

IT GETS ME

TOP OF THE POPS

NEW SINGLE 'TOP OF THE POPS'



ON TOUR SOON

WATCH PRESS FOR DETAILS

K 56531 (Album)
SIR 4001 (Single)

13 Cuts REZILLOS

Talking Heads

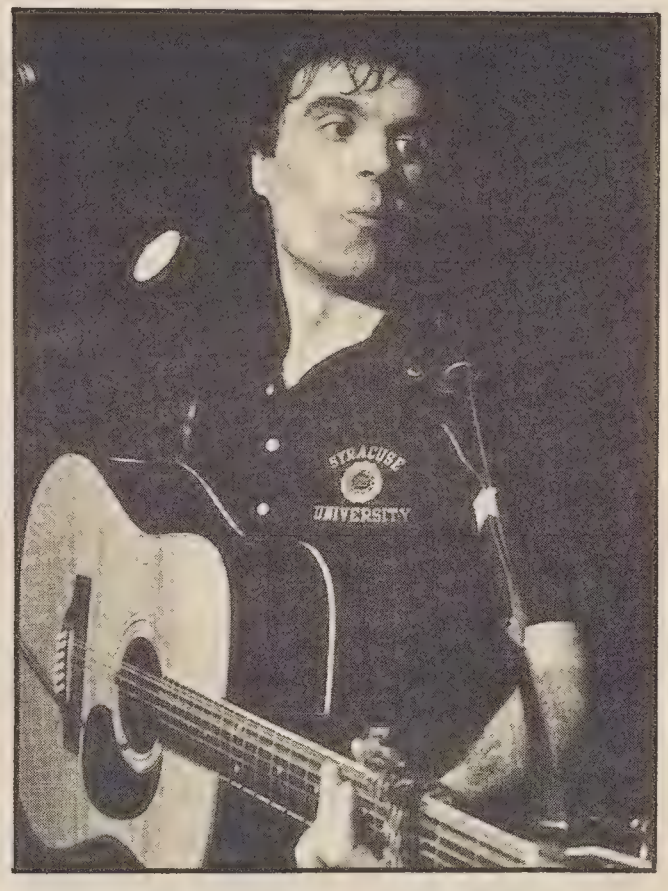
LYCEUM, LONDON

TALKING HEADS sell out the Lyceum. It is an event. You can tell by the air of hushed despondency that hovers around the ticketless stragglers outside. You can tell equally by the pregnant but still subdued atmosphere within. Heads partisans are appropriately calm and polite, and their numbers get bigger all the time.

As far as can be divined from thronging with this quiet majority, they are young, healthy, possessed of all five senses, and neither emotionally nor otherwise debilitated. They just like to see a wilfully oblique little art student who failed to get a degree screaming psychopathically to no one in particular that he doesn't have to prove that he is creative. I like it too.

We don't mind being blinded by intellect; we don't even give it a second thought. (And not that I do, what's wrong with it anyway? In the wacky pop world people get blinded by intellect; we don't of other fiction ranging from "political" platitudes to platform boots). The well-adjusted punter won't feel threatened, conned or condescended to by Talking Heads. They'll just enjoy the Byrne's-eye view, and perhaps dance.

Which is just as well because Talking Heads don't seem especially anxious to compromise either. For instance they still play in bright, shadowless white light, without a follow spot. Don't mistake this for some sort of contrived neon austerity, it's simple illumination. And David Byrne is still writing striking offbeat songs about other people's problems.



TALKING HEADS' David Byrne. Pic: GUS STEWART

MORE FOOD FOR THOUGHT

Most of them were previewed in foundling state on the last tour, polarized the critics on the new album, and are now positioned one-for-one with older material in a wildly re-organised set. Previous crowd pleasers, "The Big Country" and "Take Me To The River", now open the show, thus virtually forcing the new songs to stand or fall. They could have gone the safe route to a guaranteed reaction, but laurels, after all, aren't meant to be sat upon.

Yet the ploy wasn't entirely successful. Playing new and old

Maggie Bell

ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL, LONDON

SOMETHING OF a comeback, this gig. For too long now our finest lady soul voice has been under wraps. Tonight's re-launch of Maggie Bell's career must qualify as an event of some importance.

Warming up are **Meal Ticket**; they're an intelligent, seasoned five-piece whose clean, American-flavoured boogie continues to win the approval of just about everyone who approves of clean, American-flavoured boogie. They've a useful writer in Rick Jones though his songs, "Blame" excepted, are as stereotyped as the riffs — all hoboes, Highways and gun-totin' toughies.

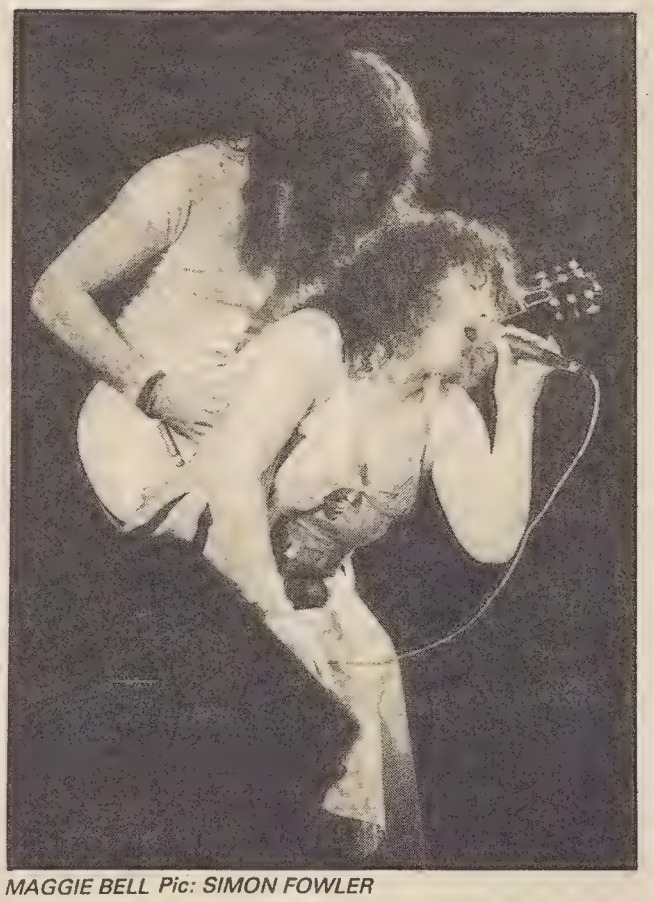
Meal Ticket do nothing that's especially new but they do it very well and I don't suppose they'll go hungry.

Maggie Bell is greeted with a warmth that's evidence of enormous affection and respect. Assembled around her are Jon Lord, Ian Paice and Paul Martinez, plus the fail-safe expertise of Geoff Whitehorn, on parole from Crawler.

The re-acquainting process starts with "Suicide Sal" and "Queen Of The Night" and it's immediately obvious that the girl's forgotten nothing.

Familiarity remains the keynote with "I Saw Him Standing There" and material by Freddie King and Aretha Franklin, the latter ("Do Right Man, Do Right Woman") reminding us that Maggie stands comparisons as odious as you care to make; she comes out with credibility intact.

Enter Andy Mackay to offer sax support on a belting version of Maggie's last recording, his theme from "Hazell". Then exit everyone except Whitehorn who soloes, guitar-hero fashion, on the jingle for Cadbury's Chocolate Flake. Really wild, Geoff.



MAGGIE BELL Pic: SIMON FOWLER

MAGGIE TAKES THE WRAPS OFF

I'd earlier pondered the possibility of Ms Bell mellowing out to move up-market in the manner of that chanteuse of Suburbia, Elkie Brooks. (The RFH is, after all, a rather genteel setting for this former doyenne of the Sauchiehall Street Locarno). But there's no danger — as witness "Penicillin Blues", still dirty after all these years.

To hear those smoky vocals billow around "After Midnight" is to see why Bible-belters made bonfires of rock'n'roll records. The Devil's music.

Encore time and "What You Got Is So Good", complete with Andy Mackay and The McKinlay Sisters (dubbed The Bell-tones), reveals a hitherto unsuspected contingent of unreconstructed headbangers leaping out from the plushly-seated ranks. No, nothing much has really changed but, where Maggie Bell is concerned, I guess that's just the way it should be.

Paul Du Noyer

near consecutively caused the crowd barometer to go at times up and down like a yo-yo. One minute appreciative, the next ecstatic.

After all the talk about capturing their live sound on record, a feat which "More . . . Food" patently fails to achieve mainly because it didn't set out to, they now seem to be going in the opposite direction and trying to capture their recorded sound live.

With the new songs in particular, the characteristic fragile textures evident on the last tour have given way to a brassy, fuller, less self-conscious sound.

The time spent working in the studio on "Stay Hungry", "Warning Sign" and "With Our Love" shows up. Arrangements and tones follow the recorded versions, sometimes not quite successfully, "Thank You For Sending Me An Angel" for instance would have been better in its pre-album incarnation, but then it's good to hear people stretching their capabilities a little.

And Talking Heads are nothing if not even further out on their own limb, like it or lump it. I've seen them four times this year and haven't failed to come away spellbound as much by the subtle jagged thrust of their sound as by the degree of assurance and innovation with which they carry it off.

As time goes by the goofball love-struck twitterings diminish and David Byrne becomes less of a Richman-esque figure all round. But, paradoxically, the audience appears to be ever more fascinated by him.

They know you can see as much as you want to see, because they know what you see is what you get, and I got what I came for.

Paul Rambali

FLASH . . .

White Cats
NOTTINGHAM

THE WHITE CATS are a very entertaining little band, one of that rare breed who have more energy than ability to channel it creatively. This means that they are tremendous fun while they're on stage at the Sandpiper but you have difficulty remembering the songs afterwards.

There are no more than a couple of strong numbers in the whole set — but who needs great songs when you're whacking out enough juice to run the National Grid for a week?

This band featuring Chris Miller (no longer a.k.a. Rat Scabies) aims at your body not your brain; and if you sit around waiting for catchy melodies, relevant lyrics and originality of content, you've missed the point completely.

Two years ago, The White Cats would probably have been hailed as prime exponents of an exciting new movement. Whether the advances of the last 24 months make them redundant or not is entirely up to you. **Stephen Gordon**

Roger The Cat
ROCK GARDEN, LONDON

GLAM-ROCK Roger the Cat are not. Rick Arnold (guitar, vocals) must be the oldest 24-year-old gigging, wife Marion (piano) l ooks like it's the worst job she's ever had and Dave Cross (vocals, guitar) hardly registers.

Songs (Cross/R. Arnold) are all thought and no flair, plain vocals and duelling guitars. Jerry Hulme (Simon Kirke drums) rocks and Marion colours, but that's it — bar a smattering of pop sensibility in a couple of numbers by former bassist Pete Fisher.

I tried not to hold the Arnolds' classical training against them, but a "Hold Your Head Up" soundalike was the giveaway: this was clean, tidy, no-groin Anglo-rock. It can be exclusively revealed that Roger the Cat are no threat to the blood pressure. **Harry George**

Pix: CHALKIE DAVIES

ROCKIN' AND ROLLIN' IN THE USA

Rolling Stones
ST. LOUIS
NEW ORLEANS

By ROY CARR

NO STONES in 77!! While overlooking a rather perfunctory live greatest hits souvenir from the year before that, strictly on face value I would say that statement was reasonably accurate.

However, had the sequel statement, no 'Stones in 78' been uttered it wouldn't have originated out of contempt — but out of sheer unadulterated bright green envy.

The world's finest ever rock and roll dance band is back on the road, see, and any resemblance to any other band of that ilk that you may have come across in the past few years is purely coincidental.

The Rolling Stones haven't come to pose. They've come to party. No longer is there any danger of them becoming the Mick Jagger's all stars ("Hi, this is Billy — he's gonna do a couple of his own numbers and I'm gonna swing around on a bleeding rope!"), supported by side show paraphernalia distracting from the purpose of the Stones whole being — which is to rock . . . R-O-C-K rock!

What we have here flying the shredded Stones battle-standard is a totally re-born band who have no truck with sophisticated staging, fancy costumes, 40-foot phallics and grotesque mannerisms.

Indeed, except for a couple of quick breathers ("Far Away Eyes" and "Love In Vain") it's all stops out from the moment the Stones not so much lurch but slam into "Let It Rock" — something they continue to do unabated until an hour and a half later when they file away another classic re-run of "Jumping Jack Flash" (on another evening it was "Satisfaction").

Like I said, stuff the posing, let's get on with the partttttty!

On Tuesday the band played host to an intimate gathering of just 3,000 half-crazed fans in St Louis. On Thursday it was before the biggest-ever crowd assembled under one roof (New Orleans superdrome) for a concert of any nature — in excess of 80,000.

However, the size of the gate didn't make any difference — everyone received the same deluxe treatment.

The Stones stepped on stage in what looked like the clothes they'd blown into town wearing and with just sufficient hardware to produce the Right Kind of Sound. Extras weren't forthcoming or necessary and you knew they meant business when after the first number Jagger, in barrow-boy street chic (white jacket, black vinyl trousers and white cap) started physically rolling up the carpet at the front of the stage as they tore into "All Down The Line".

The impression gleaned in both St Louis and New Orleans was not of a bunch of seasoned vets taking the money and running but of a young band, riding both a hit single and album, pushed out on the road for the very first time as bill toppers.

Yes, it was as good as that.

Night after night they seemed to crack one energy level after another, Jagger's right and left hand guitar men, Keith and Ron, firing straight from the hip.

It was heady stuff. No longer did Keith convey the desperate impression of trying to stay vertical. Now he's continually dashing to the very lip of the stage, firing off the kind of guitar leads that made him the undisputed guvnor, smiling from ear to ear, moving in almost as many directions as Jagger, with Woody snapping at his heels.

The absence of guitar leads and the introduction of radio-pickups has given the band added mobility. Even Bill's moving (not much, but he's moving), and he fell off stage t'other night, didn't he.

"Honky Tonk Woman" struts her stuff (especially in New Orleans) and "Starfucker" has the grinning glimmer twins working within inches of the crowd.

The sight of Jagger gunning a Fender Stratocaster presents both a fresh new visual and aural addition to the familiar fool-proof formula.

"When The Whip Comes Down" is the first of eight tracks from "Some Girls" which form the crucial centre filling of the Stones' rock cake, and you know how tasty some fillings can be.

The "Some Girls" music is immediately accessible and custom designed for the stage.

"Beast Of Burden" gets the whole message across, then Jagger once again straps on his Strat for "Lies" and the band attain that full tilt raucousness that was burned deep with such songs as "Rip This Joint". Again Keith hurtles himself stage front to trade off solos with Woody.

If this alone isn't enough to make the hackles rise the two-fisted keyboard team of the Ian Stewart and Ian McClagan sets to work with a vengeance. Their presence is continually heard, felt, and enjoyed throughout the entire show.

On Tuesday there was some concern as to Bill Wyman's ability to perform a full set — after having badly injured his left hand and his only head in his stage fall. But if, as we were led to believe, young Bill couldn't pull his weight it certainly didn't show as he sustained the nifty base pattern of an extended "Miss You" — once again with Jagger on guitar. The number sounded even better live.

Only someone of Jagger's strength and self-confidence could front a band with such fire in its belly and not get blown away in the process.

Charlie Watts is still solid as a rock. During "Miss You" (a random choice) with just a straight off-beat on snare, high hat and bass drum he's the very essence of the universal heart beat.

Jagger continues on guitar for "Just My Imagination", jettisons it for a stop-in-your-tracks "Shattered" and returns to it for a deliriously poutish "Respectable". "Far Away Eyes", with Mick's hilarious Anglo-redneck brogue, retains its element of humour.

Then it's testifying time and a thoroughly convincing and emotive "Love In Vain" . . . It's taken a long time for "Tumbling Dice" to establish itself as one of the Stones major as opposed to minor standards.

"Happy" is more than aptly titled. For the first time in a long time Richard gives the impression that he is fully aware that he's having himself a good time.

(In Chuck Berry's home town, St Louis, "Sweet Little Sixteen" is thrown in as a respectful tip of the hat to the master. "Brown Sugar" follows and it's good night folks with "Jumping Jack Flash.")

Keith only fell over once in St Louis, but didn't in New Orleans — and that was only when Mick pushed him. However, it didn't effect the continuity. Keith just sat there in a heap on the floor still playing and grinning madly. At this rate they ain't never gonna wipe the smile off either his face or any of the others in the band.

No Stones in 78?

You must be kidding John.

Andy's PLATTERS STALL

FOR DETAILS OF ADVERTISING
RING ANDY McDUFF ON 01-261 6172

MISSED THAT HIT SOUND WHILE IT WAS AROUND?
Get it from the dealer with all the classics.

All the singles listed below are only 75p each and are but a small selection from over 2,000 singles and 1,000 L.P.s listed at incredible prices.

ABBA Dancing Queen
ANIMALS House of the Rising Sun
BEATLES Hey Jude
JANE BIRKIN Je t'aime
JULIE COVINGTON Don't Cry for me Argentina
BOB DYLAN Knock on Heaven's Door
EAGLES Hotel California
GERRY & PACEMAKERS You'll Never Walk Alone
GOLDEN EARRING Radar love
GEORGE HARRISON My Sweet Lord
MICHAEL JACKSON Ben
DON MCLEAN American Pie
MOODY BLUES Nights in White Satin
NILSSON Without You / Everybody's Talkin'
QUEEN Bohemian Rhapsody
RIGHTEOUS BROS. You've Lost That Lovin' Feelin'
ROLLING STONES Satisfaction
SEX PISTOLS Petty Vacant
SIMON & GARFUNKEL Bridge over Troubled Waters
ROD STEWART Sailing
SUPREMES Stoned Love
THIN LIZZY Whisky in the Jar
TORNADOES Telstar
IKE & TINA TURNER Nutbush City Limits
MARY WELLS My Guy
AND AT — ONLY — 30p
DAVID SOUL Going in with my eyes wide open

ALSO A GREAT BARGAIN
100 HIT SINGLES — £13 (+ £2 if overseas)
100 SOUL SINGLES — £8 (+ £2 if overseas)
100 REGGAE SINGLES — £8 (+ £2 if overseas)

POSTAGE & PACKING 25p EXTRA — any number of records

OLDIES UNLIMITED DEPARTMENT N
6/12 STAFFORD STREET,
ST. GEORGES, TELFORD, SHROPSHIRE TF2 9NQ

YOU ARE PAYING TOO MUCH FOR RECORDS AND CASSETTES

— AND WE INTEND TO CHANGE ALL THIS

COB RECORDS, N-120, PORTHMADOG, GWYNEDD, WALES, BRITISH ISLES (Tel 0766 2170/3185 Mon-Fri)

— IS THE WORLD'S MOST COMPLETE RECORD SERVICE (OVER 20,000 REGULAR AND SATISFIED CUSTOMERS WORLDWIDE)

OUR EXCLUSIVE SERVICES —

1. ANY BRAND NEW LP OR CASSETTE SOLD WITHIN THE BRITISH ISLES AND OVERSEAS AT UP TO £1 OFF FULL RETAIL PRICE. Speedy and efficient service. Free catalogue listing nearly 3,000 titles by over 200 different artists. EXPORT ENQUIRIES WELCOMED.
2. RECORD EXCHANGE AND PURCHASE SERVICE. Your unwanted good condition LP's and cassettes bought for cash or exchanged for any brand new items of your own choice. Send s.a.e. or phone for details FIRST (no items accepted unless official offer has been given beforehand.)
3. THOUSANDS OF QUALITY, GUARANTEED GOOD CONDITION USED LP's AT BARGAIN PRICES (UK SERVICE ONLY). Every item checked thoroughly before purchase and fully guaranteed. Over 10,000 items in stock. Free catalogue available on request.

SAVE £££'s AT COB

Record Mart
(MAIL ORDER SERVICE)
THE GOLDEN OLDIES SPECIALISTS
CLASSIC SOUNDS FROM THE 50's-60's & 70's

Pink Floyd Arnold Layne £1.65
The Beatles Magical Mystery Tour (double EP — with booklet) £2.25
Spencer Davis Gimme Some Lovin' EP .. £1.40
Traffic Hole In My Shoe EP £1.40
Free Wishing Well EP £1.40
Eddie/Hot Rods At The Marquee EP £1.40
Eddie/Hotrods At The Sound Of Speed EP £1.40
The Beatles Nowhere Man EP £1.40
The Beatles All My Loving Ep £1.40
The Beatles Yesterday EP £1.40
The Beatles Beatles Hits EP £1.40
The Beatles Beatles For Sale No. 1 EP £1.40
Genesis Carpet Crawlers £1.10
Genesis Counting Out Time £1.10
Bad Company Feel Like Makin' Love £1.00
Led Zeppelin Immigrant Song £1.00
Queen Killer Queen/Liar £1.00
Steppenwolf Born To Be Wild £1.00
Deep Purple Hush £1.00
Wings Give Ireland Back To The Irish £1.00
Electric Light Orch. Roll Over Beethoven £1.00
Wings Mary Had A Little Lamb (pic sleeve) £1.00
Deep Purple Smoke On The Water £1.00
Wings Live And Let Die £1.00
Thunderclap Newman Something In The Air £1.00
Animals We Gotta Get Out Of This Place £1.00
Wings Hi Hi Hi/C Moon £1.00
Eddie/Hotrods I Might Be Lying £0.90
Eddie/Hotrods Wooly Bully £0.90
Roxy Music Virginia Plain (pic sleeve) £0.90
Dr Feelgood Route 66/Roxette £0.90
Thin Lizzy The Rocker £0.90
Status Quo Mystery Song £0.90
Lindisfarne Lady Eleanor £0.90
Dr Feelgood Back In The Night £0.90
Hawkwind Psychedelic Warlords £0.90
Status Quo Down Down £0.90
Lou Reed Walk On The Wildside £0.90
Status Quo Break The Rules £0.90
Procol Harum A Whiter Shade Of Pale .. £0.90
Bruce Springsteen Born To Run £0.90
Dr Feelgood She Does It Right £0.90
Genesis A Trick Of The Tail £0.90

Prices include postage/packing/V.A.T. (U.K. only) Overseas customers please write for quotation. Cheques/PO's to:

RECORD MART (MAIL ORDER DEPT N)
96D SOUTHCHURCH ROAD
SOUTHEND-ON-SEA, ESSEX

FIVES
55 ELM ROAD
LEIGH-on-SEA, Essex

12"
Metropolis — I Love N Y £1.25
Sun - Sun Is Here (pic) 99p
Devo E P £1.99
Towngsend Streets 99p
Helen Davis — Satisfaction (pic) 99p
Linda Ronstandt — Blue Bayou (Blue) (pic) 99p
Television — Foxhole (Red) (pic) 80p
Eddie & Hot Rods — Life on Line (pic) 79p
G Benson — On Broadway 80p
Bunny Sigler Party 99p
War — Galaxy 99p
Stargard — Which Way Is Up 99p
Donna Summer — Back In Love Again 99p
Flamin Groovies — Whole Lot Better 99p
Loretta Holloway — Hit & Run 99p
Jimmy Lindsay — Easy 99p
O Jays — I Love Music 99p
Ripple — The Beat Goes On 99p
Diana Ross — Baby It's Love 90p
Floaters — Magic 80p
Pirates — All In It Together 80p
Bethnal — Don t Do It (P.c) 99p
R Gordon — The Fool 75p
R Gordon The Way I Walk £1.25
W Murphy 5th Of Beethoven £1.25
K Patterson — Turn On The Light £1.25
Heavey Mason — Till You Take My Love 99p
Meditation — Much Smarter £1.50
Revolutionaries — Headache, Belly Ache £1.50
Bunny Wailer — Roots, Radics, Rockers, etc £1.50

7"
Rats — She's So Modern (pic) £1.50
Costello — Red Shoes 75p
Ivor Biggun — The Wanker Song (pic) 99p
Electric Chairs — Gold E P 99p
Damned — Problem Child 99p
Nick Lowe — Bowi E.P (pic) £1.25
Snuff Rock E P (pic) £1.25
Muck Farren E.P. (pic) £1.25
Foreigner — Cold As Ice (clear) (pic) 99p
Devo — Be Stiff 99p
David Coverdale — Snakebite (white) (pic) 99p
Devo Satisfaction (pic) 99p
Johnny Allen — Promised Land (pic) 99p
Jane Aire Yankee Wheels (pic) 99p
Adverts No Time To Be 21 (pic) 99p
Buzzcocks — I Don t Mind (pic) 99p
The Boys — Brickfield Nights (pic) 99p
Advertising — Stolen Love (pic) 99p
Blitzkreg Bop — Lets Go (pic) 99p
The Banned Him Or Me (pic) 99p
Bethnal We Gotta Get 99p
Box Tops Cry Like A Baby (pic) 99p
Realist — I Got A Heart (pic) 99p
Harry Ocean — Whoops A Darsy (pic) 99p
Bishops — I Take What I Want (pic) 99p
Elvis Costello — Allison 99p
Elvis Costello — Halfway to Paradise 99p
Mirrors — Cure for Cancer (pic) 99p
Motors — Double Single (pic) 99p
Iggy Pop — Kill City (pic) 99p
Profits — I am Hog 99p
Johnny Moped — Darling Lets Have (pic) 99p
Pezband — On and On (pic) 99p
T.R.B. — Up Against the Wall (pic) 99p
T.R.B. — E.P. Rising Free (pic). 99p
The Saints — 1, 2, 3 and 4 (pic) 99p
Radiators — Million Dollar (pic) 99p
Ramones — Do What You (pic) 99p
Stiff Little Finger — Suspect Device 99p
Subs — Gimme Your Heart (pic) 99p
Spitballs — Telstar (pic) 99p
Suburban Studs — I Hate School (pic) 99p
Talking Heads Pulled Up (pic) 99p
Vibrators We Vibrate 99p
Vibrators Auto Lover (pic) 99p
Wreckless Eric - Reconnez Cherie (pic) 99p
Wire — I am the fly 99p
X Ray Specs - Daydlow (p/orange) £1.25

ELVIS
Canadian Tribute Gold L P (imp) £5.99
Love Me Tender pic E P (imp) £1.65
Tutti Frutti pic E P (imp) £1.65
Kid Galahad pic E P (imp) £1.65
Stuck On You pic E P (imp) £1.65
Such A Night pic E P (imp) £1.65
Heartbreak Hotel pic E P (imp) £1.65
It s Now Or Never pic E P (imp) £1.65
Are You Lonesone Tonight pic E P (imp) £1.65
Suspicious Minds pic E.P (imp) £1.65
Old Shed pic E P (imp) £1.65
Touch of Gold pic E P (imp) £1.65
King Creole pic E P (imp) £1.65
Blue Hawaii pic E P (imp) £1.65
Tickle Me pic E P (imp) £1.65
Wooden Heart pic E P (imp) £1.65
Tell Me Why pic E P (imp) £1.65
Love Letters pic E P. (imp). £1.65
My Way pic single (red) £1.50
Unchained Melody pic single (white) £1.50
Puppet On A String pic single (green). £1.50

P&P 12p — 7", 27p — 12", Max 60p

REGGAE, REGGAE, REGGAE, REGGAE, REGGAE, REGGAE
DADDY KOOL RECORDS (1 min from Tottenham Rd. Tube)
44 HANWAY STREET, LONDON W1. Telephone 01 636 5708
HOTTEST IMPORTS LATEST RELEASES EVEN SKA!
SEND NOW! FOR THE BIGGEST REGGAE MAIL ORDER LISTS IN ENGLAND
MILES AHEAD! WEAK HEART FADE AWAY — RANKING JOE £3.50

1. LIVE AT THE MUSIC MACHINE — DILLINGER £3.50
2. KAYA DUB — AGGROVATORS £3.75
3. REACTION IN DUB — REVOLUTIONAIRES £3.50
4. MISTER ISAACS — GREGORY ISSACS £3.50
5. DUB FROM CREATION — THE ARABS (PRINCE FAR I BAND) £3.50
6. RAM-A-DAM — VIVIAN JACKSON/PROPHETS £3.50
7. WAITING IN THE PARK — CHANTELLES £2.00
7. UMOJA DUB — DENNIS BROWN £3.50
8. DREADLOCKS DREAD — BIG YOUTH £3.75
9. DEATH IN THE ARENA — CLINT EASTWOOD £3.75
10. BRAND DUB — KEITH HUDSON £3.50
11. HERB DUB/COLLIE DUB — REVOLUTIONAIRES £2.50
12. MESSAGE FROM THE MEDITATIONS £3.75
AFRICAN LAND — KALPHAT £2.00

P&P FREE. WHOLESALE/EXPORT ENQUIRIES WELCOME

FOR DETAILS OF
MAIL ORDER ADVERTISING
RING
ANDY McDUFF ON 01-261 6172

Rock Discounts! Up To £1.00 OFF SINGLE ALBUMS!

Send for our bumper Free Mail Order Catalogue listing almost **4,000 TITLES** of brand new unplayed fully guaranteed albums at **HUGE DISCOUNTS!**

Besides our fast service we offer you

Cheap Imports! Discount Cassettes!
Punk Singles! Export! Export!

Telex: 51458 COMHUD G FOR OZONE

Remember — We specialise in Rock

Either phone us at 0484 710660 (24 hour Ansafone) or write to: **OZONE MAIL ORDER,** Dept. NME, PO Box 21, 37 Bethel Street, Brighouse, W Yorks HD6 1AB (Great Britain).

Just look at these prices! No wonder everyone's going FRANTIC MAIL ORDER MUSIC

			Shop Price	Frantics Price
GRAHAM PARKER & THE RUMOUR	"Heat Treatment"	6360 137	£3.99	£2.95
	"Stick To Me"	9102 017	£3.99	£2.95
	"The Parkerilla" double album	6641 797	£4.50	£3.60
PASSPORT	"Ataraxia"	K 50456	£3.79	£2.80
PERE UBU	"Modern Dance"	9100 052	£3.99	£2.95
	"Datapanik in the Year Zero"	RDR 1	£1.99	£1.65
TOM PETTY & THE HEARTBREAKERS	"Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers"	ISA 5014	£4.10	£2.95
	"You're Gonna Get It"	ISA 5017	£4.10	£2.95
ANTHONY PHILLIPS	"Wise After The Event"	SPART 1063	£3.79	£2.80
PINK FLOYD	"Piper at the Gates of Dawn"	SCX 6157	£3.89	£2.80
	"Saucerful of Secrets"	SCX 6258	£3.89	£2.80
	"More"	SCX 6346	£3.89	£2.80
	"Ummagumma" double album	SHDW 1	£5.70	£4.30
	"Atom Heart Mother"	SHVL 781	£4.10	£2.95
	"Relics"	SRS 5071	£1.89	£1.45
	"Meddle"	SHVL 795	£4.10	£2.95
	"Obscured by Clouds"	SHSP 4020	£3.89	£2.80
	"Dark Side of the Moon"	SHVL 804	£4.10	£2.95
	"A Nice Pair" double album	SHDW 403	£5.00	£3.60
	"Wish You Were Here"	SHVL 814	£4.10	£2.95
	"Animals"	SHVL 815	£4.10	£2.95
PIRATES	"Out of their Skulls"	K 56411	£3.79	£2.80
	"Skull Wars"	K 56468	£3.79	£2.80
PLANET GONG	"Live Floating Anarchy 1977"	CRM 2000	£2.25	£1.85
POCO	"Rose of Cimmaron	ABCL 5166	£3.79	£2.80
	"Indian Summer"	ABCL 5220	£3.79	£2.80
JEAN-LUC PONTY	"Enigmatic Ocean"	K 50409	£3.79	£2.80
POPOL VUH	"Heart of Glass"	900536	£3.99	£2.95
ELVIS PRESLEY	"Elvis in Concert" double album	PL 02587(2)	£6.98	£5.50
	"Moody Blue"	PL 12428	£3.99	£2.80
MADDY PRIOR	"Women in the Wings"	CHR 1185	£3.79	£2.80
PRISM	"Prism"	INS 3014	£3.89	£2.80
PROCOL HARUM	"A Whiter Shade of Pale" ?			
	"A Salty Dog" double album	TOOFA 7	£4.05	£2.95
	"Grand Hotel"	CHR 1037	£3.79	£2.80
	"Shine on Brightly" ?			
	"Home" double album	TOOFA 10	£4.05	£2.95
QUEEN	"Queen I"	EMC 3006	£3.89	£2.80
	"Queen II"	EMA 767	£4.10	£2.95
	"Sheer Heart Attack"	EMC 3061	£3.89	£2.80
	"A Night at the Opera"	EMTC 103	£4.50	£3.30
	"A Day at the Races"	EMTC 104	£4.50	£3.30
	"News of the World"	EMA 784	£4.10	£2.95
	"Weekend Rendezvous"	CHR 1149	£3.79	£2.80
RACING CARS	"TV Tube Heart"	WIK 4	£3.79	£2.80
RADIATORS FROM SPACE	"Radio's Appear"	9103 332	£3.99	£2.95
RADIO BIRDMAN	"Songs for Swinging Lovers"	WIK 5	£3.79	£2.80
RADIO STARS	"City to City"	UAS 30104	£3.99	£2.95
GERRY RAFFERTY	"Rainbow Rising"	2490 137	£4.35	£3.15
RAINBOW	"On Stage" double album	2657 016	£7.10	£5.50
	"1st Album"	2490 141	£4.35	£3.15
	"Long Live Rock 'n' Roll	POLD 5002	£4.35	£3.15
RAMONES	"Ramones Leaves Home"	9103 254	£3.99	£2.95
	"Rocket to Russia"	9103 255	£3.99	£2.95
LOU REED	"Transformer"	LSP 4807	£3.99	£2.80
	"Berlin"	RS 1002	£3.99	£2.80
	"Rock 'n' roll Animal"	APLI 0472	£3.99	£2.80
	"Live"	RS 1007	£3.99	£2.80
	"Rock 'n' Roll Heart"	ARTY 142	£3.79	£2.70
	"The Very Best of Lou Reed"	PL 12001	£3.99	£2.80
	"Street Hassle"	SPART 1045	£3.99	£2.80
RENAISSANCE	"Novella"	K 56422	£3.79	£2.80
	"Song for all Seasons"	K 56460	£3.79	£2.80
REZILLO'S	"I Can't Stand"	9103 257	£3.99	£2.95
CLIFF RICHARD	"40 Golden Greats" double album	EMTVS 6	£5.99	£4.60
	"Small Corners"	EMC 3219	£3.89	£2.80
JONATHON RICHMAN & THE MODERN LOVERS	"The Modern Lovers"	BSERK 1	£3.99	£2.95
	"Jonathon Richman & The Modern Lovers"	BSERK 2	£3.99	£2.95
	"Rock & Roll with Modern Lovers"	BSERK 9	£3.99	£2.95
	"Live"	BSERK 12	£3.99	£2.95
TOM ROBINSON BAND	"Power in the Darkness"	EMC 3226	£3.89	£2.80
ROLLING STONES	"No 1" m	LK 4605	£3.79	£2.80
	"No 2" m	LK 4661	£3.79	£2.80
	"Out of our Heads"	SKL 4733	£3.79	£2.80
	"Big Hits"	TXS 101	£3.99	£2.95
	"Their Satanic Majesties Request"	TXS 103	£3.99	£2.95
	"Beggar's Banquet"	SKL 4955	£3.79	£2.80
	"Let It Bleed"	SKL 5025	£3.79	£2.80
	"Get Yer Ya Yas Out"	SKL 5065	£3.79	£2.80
	"Sticky Fingers"	COC 59100	£3.79	£2.80
	"Gimme Shelter"	SKL 5101	£3.79	£2.80
	"Exile On Main Street" double album	COC 69100	£5.99	£4.30
	"Rolled Gold" double album	ROST 1/2	£4.99	£3.90
	"Love you Live" double album	COC 89101	£6.49	£4.60
	"Some Girls"	CUN 39108	£4.10	£2.95
LINDA RONSTADT	"Hasten Down the Wind"	K 53045	£3.79	£2.80
	"Best of Linda Ronstadt"	K 53055	£3.79	£2.80
	"Different Drum"	CAPS 1004	£2.50	£1.85
	"Simple Dreams"	K 53065	£3.79	£2.80
DIANA ROSS & THE SUPREMES	"20 Golden Greats"	EMTV 5	£3.89	£2.80
DEMIS ROUSSOS	"Demis Roussos"	9199 575	£3.99	£2.95
ROXY MUSIC	"Greatest Hits"	2302 073	£4.35	£3.15
ROYAL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA	"Best known works of Rick Wakeman"	AMLH 68447	£4.25	£3.15
THE RUBINOOS	"The Rubinoos"	BSERK 10	£3.99	£2.95
THE RUNAWAYS	"Queens of Noise"	9100 032	£3.99	£2.95
	"Runaways"	9100 029	£3.99	£2.95
	"Waiting for the Night"	9100 047	£3.99	£2.95
TODD RUNDGREN'S UPTOPIA	"Opp's Wrong Planet"	K 55517	£3.79	£2.80
	"Hermit of Mink Hollow"	K 55521	£3.79	£2.80
RUSH	"All the World's a Stage" double album	6672015	£5.49	£4.30
RUTLES	"2112"	9100 039	£3.99	£2.95
	"Farewell to Kings"	9100 042	£3.99	£2.95
	"Archives" triple album	6641 799	£6.99	£5.25
SAD CAFE	"The Rutles"	K 56459	£3.79	£2.80
	"Fanx Ta Ra"	PL 25101	£3.99	£2.80
SAILOR	"Misplaced Ideals"	PL 25133	£3.99	£2.80
	"Checkpoint"	CBS 82256	£3.99	£2.95
THE SAINTS	"Greatest Hits"	CBS 82754	£3.99	£2.95
SANTA ESMERELDA	"Eternally Yours"	SHSP 4078	£3.89	£2.80
SANTANA	"House of the Rising Sun"	9101 164	£3.99	£2.95
	"Santana Abraxas"	CBS 64087	£3.99	£2.95
	"Caravanserai"	CBS 65299	£3.99	£2.95
	"Greatest Hits"	CBS 69081	£4.29	£3.15
	"Lotus" triple album	CBS 66325	£10.49	£7.90
	"Moon Flower" double album	CBS 88272	£5.49	£3.90
SPECIAL OFFERS				
ALICE COOPER	"Lace and Whiskey"	K 56365		£1.95
GEORGE BAKER	"Summer Melody"	K 56395		£1.95
THE BEATLES	"Live at the Hollywood Bowl"	EMTV 4		£1.25
MICHAEL CHAPMAN	"The Man who Hated Mornings"	SKL 5290		£1.95
JOHN DENVER	"I Want to Live"	PL 12521		£1.75
HALL & OATES	"Bigger than both of Us"	APLI 1467		£1.75
IGGY POP	"The Idiot"	PL 12275		£1.75
THE KINKS	"Golden Hour of the Kinks — Vol. 2"	GH 558		£1.35
KISS	"Dressed to Kill"	CAL 2009		£1.95
LA BELLE EPOQUE	"Miss Broadway"	SHSP 4074		£1.50
MECO	"Music inspired by Star Wars"	XL 13043		£1.50
PROCOL HARUM	"Rock Roots"	ROOTS 4		£1.25
RADIATOR	"Isn't it Strange"	ROLL 14		£1.95
SKREWDRIVER	"All Skrewed Up"	CH 3		£1.25
SWEET	"Sweets Golden Greats"	PL 25111		£1.50
VILLAGE PEOPLE	"Village People"	DJF 20524		£1.95
EDGAR WINTER'S WHITE TRASH	"Recycled"	CBS 82228		£1.95
TOP SELLING CASSETTES				
BOOM TOWN RATS	"A Tonic for the Troops"	ENCAS 003	£4.25	£3.30
ELVIS COSTELLO	"This Year's Model"	RAC 3	£3.79	£2.80
BOB DYLAN	"Street Legal"	CBS-40 86067	£4.49	£3.50
FLEETWOOD MAC	"Rumours"	K4 56344	£3.79	£2.80
GENESIS	"And Then There Were Three"	7208 619	£4.25	£3.30
RAINBOW	"Long Live Rock 'n' Roll	POLDC 5002	£4.50	£3.30
ROLLING STONES	"Some Girls"	TC-CUN 39108	£4.10	£3.30
SOUNDTRACK	"Saturday Night Fever" double play	3517 014	£6.49	£4.75
STRANGLERS	"Black & White"	TCK 30222	£4.25	£3.30
WINGS	"London Town"	TC-PAS 10012	£4.10	£3.30
COLLECTION & SAMPLERS				
Various Artists incl. STEELY DAN, QUEEN EAGLES, BOSTON, etc "F.M" DOUBLE ALBUM		MCSP 284	£5.70	£4.30
Various Artists incl. SUMMER, ROSS, COMMODORES, etc. "THANK GOD IT'S FRIDAY" double album		TGIF 100	£6.99	£5.25
Various Artists incl. JANE AIRE, RUBBER CITY, BIZARROS, etc. "AKRON"		GET 3	£2.99	£2.35

FRANTIC MAIL ORDER MUSIC

PAYMENT
P.O.'s, Cash, Cheques (allow 7 days clearance). Payable to FRANTIC MAIL ORDER CO. No record tokens accepted.

POST & PACKING RATES
1 LP 40p. 2 LPs 55p. 3 LPs 70p. 4 LPs 80p. 5 - 9 LPs £1.00 Double Albums 55p. Triple Albums 70p. Cassettes: 1 MC 10p, 2MCs 20p, 3 MCs 30p, 4 MCs 40p, 5-9 MCs 50p. For mixed orders add 10p per cassette to LP postage charge.

FREE POSTAGE!
FOR ORDERS OF 10 LPs OR TAPES AND OVER.

Order to: FRANTIC MAIL ORDER CO.
Anderson Road, Warley B66 4BB.

Name _____

Address _____

_____

_____

_____

NX/22/7

QTY.	Artist/Title	£ p
	ALTERNATIVES	
	TOTAL	
	Postage & Packing	
	Total Enclosed	

IF YOUR FAVOURITE MUSIC IS NOT LISTED HERE, SEND FOR THE **FRANTIC CAT!**

Write or phone (021-429 6441) for your Frantic catalogue of 1,500 LPs and tapes, all at greatly reduced prices.

FRANTIC EXPORT
Prices quoted only apply to UK. Overseas readers please contact Tandy's Records Ltd. (Dept. NX), Warley, West Midlands B66 4BB. Large users/importers contact the Trade Division at above address.

PLATTERSTALL

FOR DETAILS OF ADVERTISING RING ANDY McDUFF ON 01-261 6172

BONAPARTE MAIL ORDER

101 GEORGE STREET, CROYDON, SURREY CR0 1LE Tel 01 681 1490/3062

BONAPARTE SPECIALS SECTION 1

DYAKS/GUTTER KIDS 68p
KILBURN & THE HIGHROADS 5-TRACK EP 99p
"BEZERK TIMES"/LIVE DOUBLE W/4 BESERKLEY ACTS £4.99
SNAKEFINGER/THE SPOT (blue vinyl) £1.50
CAPT. SENSIBLE/JET BOY JET GIRL £1.50
IAN DURY/WAKE UP! + BLOCKHEADS (pic) £1.50
DAVID BOWIE/HEROES) 12" Spanish import) £2.49
WRECKLESS ERIC/WHOLE WIDE WORLD (imp. pic) £1.50
DAMNED/NEW ROSE + STAB YOR BACK (imp. pic) £1.50
DAVID BOWIE/HEROES (in French or German) (each) £1.50
TALKING HEADS/BUILDINGS AND FOOD LP £3.10
REZILLOS/CANT STAND THE REZILLOS LP £3.10
STEEL PULSE/HANDSWORTH REVOLUTION LP £3.10
BIG STAR/RADIO CITY + NO. 1 RECORD (DBL) £4.50
SPIRIT/SPIRIT LIVE lp £3.10
TRB/POWER IN THE DARKNESS lp (17 TRACK DBL. LP) £5.99
RICHARD HELL/BLANK GENERATION EP (Ork label) £1.99
PETER HOLZAPFLE/NIG BLACK TWUCK £1.50
GARY VALENTINE/THE FIRST ONE £1.50
SNEAKERS/IN THE RED 12" EP (excellent) £2.49
MARIE ET LES GARCONS/ATTITUDES (prod. J. Calet) £1.50
LEILA & THE SNAKES/ROCK'N'ROLL WEIRDOS £1.50
CHROME/XLIEN SQUIDTRACK LP £3.99
RESIDENTS/DUCKSTAB (T-shirt, poster. EP pack) £4.50
RESIDENTS/DUCKSTAB EP £1.99
RESIDENTS/SATISFACTION (yellow vinyl) £1.50
DAVE EDMUNDS/The Legendary ROCKPILE LP! £3.99
DOGS/GO WHERE YOU WANT TO 12" EP £2.25
JAH WOOSH/MARIJAHANA WORLD TOUR LP £4.25
SAINTS/1-2-3-4 double singe (?) 75p
ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW LP £4.50
GROOVIES/" NOW" LP (import w/14 tracks) £4.50
ROCKIN' REBELS/WESTERN (v.good frogability!) £1.50
AKRON COMPLICATION LP/VARIOUS ARTISTES £1.50
CRIMINALS/THE KIDS ARE BACK £1.50
THE POPI/THE POPI LP £4.79
MUMPS/CROCODILE TEARS £1.50
ELVIS/THIS YEAR'S MODEL (US version) £4.79
BUZZARDS + RUBBER CITY REBELS/"FROM AKRON" LP £3.99
NICK LOWE/PURE POP LP (US imports) £4.79
IAN DURY/SEX & DRUGS (12") £2.25
IAN DURY/SEX & DRUGS (7") £1.50
IAN DURY LP w/double sleeve, SEX & DRUGS etc £4.50
PLASTIC BERT/CA PALME (imp. pic sleeve) £1.50
"HEROES & COWARDS"/WOF STIFF COMPILATION £2.99
STRANGLERS/BLACK & WHITE (w/free EP) £2.99
PERE UBU/MODERN DANCE LP £2.99
PERE UBU/DATA PANIK 12" EP £1.99

UK NEW RELEASE 45s (section 2)

DEVO/BE STIFF 65p
SHIRTS/TELL ME YOUR PLANS 65p
LOU REED/STREET HASSLE 12" EP 99p
THE REACTION/I CAN'T RESIST 65p
PATTI SMITH/new 12" EP (inc. live 25th FLOOR + 3) 99p
THE BEARS/ON ME 65p
REZILLOS/TOP OF THE POPS 65p
KRYPTON TUNES/LIMITED VISION 65p
SNATCH/I.R.T. + STANLEY 65p
BRAINIAC FIVE/MUSHY DOUBT EP 99p
PLATIC BERT/SHA-LA-LA-LEE 65p
PUSH/THE CAMBRIDGE STOMP 65p
REGGE REGULAR/JAH + BLACKSTAR 12" £1.99
PUNISHMENT OF LUXURY/PUPPET LIFE 65p
X-RAY SPEX/IDENTITY 65p
LEYTON BUZZARDS/NINETNEEN & MAD 65p
BUZZCOCKS/LOVE YOU MORE 65p
WIRE/DOT DASH 65p
BOYFRIENDS/I'M IN LOVE TODAY 75p
JOHNNY G. /HIPPY'S GRAVEYARD 65p
ANDY ARTHUR/SI CAN DETECT YOU 65p
HUMAN LEAGUE/BEING BOILED 65p
SHAM 69/IF THE KIDS ARE UNITED 65p
SUICIDE/CHERRIE (12") £1.25
JUST WATER/SINGIN' IN THE RAIN 65p
TYLA GANG/TROPICAL LOVE 65p
RUBINOOS/I WANNA BE YOUR BOYFRIEND 65p
SMIRKS/OK, UK 65p
CLASH/WHITE MAN IN HAMMERSMITH PALAIS 65p
PISTOLS/NO ONE IS INNOCENT (7" only) 65p
DRUG ADDIX MAKE A RECORD (EP) 99p
SKUNKS/GOOD FROM THE BAD 65p
NEON/ANYTIME, ANYPLACE 3-TRACK EP 75p
GYRO/DETENTION CENTRE 65p
JILTED JOHN/GOING STEADY 75p
STEEL PULSE/PRODIGAL SON 65p
JONA LEWIE/THE BABY'S ON THE STREET AGAIN 65p
LENE LOVICH/THINK WERE ALONE NOW (Stiff) 65p
REAL KIDS/ALL KINDSA GIRLS 65p
P. FITZGERALD/BACKSTREET BOYS EP 75p
TRANSMITTERS/ PARTY 65p
THE REALISTS/I'VE GOT A HEART 65p
HUMPHREY OCEAN/WHOOPS-A-DAISY 99p
MEMBERS/SOLITARY CONFINEMENT 65p
DEVO/SATISFACTION (12") 99p
DEVO SATISFACTION 65p
BOXTOPS/THE LETTER 65p
BOOMTOWN RATS/LIKE CLOCKWORK 65p
TOM PETTY/I NEED TO KNOW 65p
IAN DURY/WHAT A WASTE 65p
VIBRATORS/JUDY SAYS 65p
SOFT BOYS/ANGLEPOISE LAMP 65p
RICH KIDS/MARCHING MEN 65p
EARLE MANKEY/MAU MAU 65p
NORMAL/TV OD 65p
LORA LOGIC/ESSENTIAL LOGIC EP 65p
THROBBING GRISTLE/JUNITED 65p
TAPPER ZUKIE/VIEGO & SHE WANT A PHENSIC (each) 65p
JOHNNY MOPED/LITTLE QUEENIE 65p
LURKERS/AINT GOT A CLUE (no gold discs left) 65p
NIPPLE ERETORS/KING OF THE BOP 65p
BETHNAL/DON'T DO IT 12" 89p
GROOVIES/FEEL A WHEE LOT BETTER 12" 99p
GRAHAM PARKER/DONT ASK ME QUESTIONS (12") 99p
GRAHAM PARKER/DONT ASK ME QUESTIONS (7") 65p
POLICE/ROXANNE (7") or (12") 65p
BLAST FURNACE & HEATWAVE EP 99p
MODERN LOVERS/ASTRAL PLANE (live) 65p
SHAM 69/ANGELS W/DIRTY FACES 65p
KRAFTWERK/WE ARE THE ROBOTS 65p
AUTOMATICS/WHEN THE TANKS ROLL 65p
PLASTIC BERT/CA PLANE POUR MOI 65p
STIFF LITTLE FINGERS/SUSPECT DEVICE 65p
JOHNNY THUNDERS/DEAD OR ALIVE 65p
SKIDS/CHARLES/EP 65p
MEKONS/NEVER BEEN IN A RIOT 65p
PATTI SMITH/BECAUSE THE NIGHT 65p
SUBWAY SECT/NOBODY'S SCARED 65p

COLOURED VINYL/ SECTION 3

BEATLES/THE WHITE ALBUM (white vinyl) £7.99
BEATLES/62-66 dbl. (red) & '67-'70 dbl. (blue) (each) £5.99
STONES/MISS YOU 12" (pink-French import) £2.99
FOREIGNER/COLD AS ICE (clear w/clear sleeve) 75p
THE SHIRTS/THE SHIRTS LP (blue) £3.99
MOTORS/FORGET ABOUT YOU (12" red vinyl) 99p
IGGY POP/KILL CITY LP (green) £4.79
DICKIES/PARANOID 10" EP (white) £1.99
DICKIES/PARANOID 7" 45 (clear w/diff. B-side) 75p
ELO/SWEET TALKIN' WOMAN (purple) 99p
STRANGLERS/4-track EP (pink) £1.15
STRANGLERS/BLACK & WHITE LP (black + white) £4.99
SQUEEZE/SQUEEZE LP (red) £4.99
SQUEEZE/BANG BANG 7" 45 (green) 75p
FRANKIE MILLER/STUBBORN (blue) 75p
LITTLE NELL/AQUATIC SEX etc. EP (red) 75p
DAVID COVERDALE/WHITESNAKE EP (white) 99p
ELECTRIC CHAIRS/BLATANTLY OFFENZIVE EP (gold?) 99p
TELEVISION/ADVENTURE LP (red) £3.99
WRECKLESS ERIC 10" LP (brown) £2.99

NOT SO NEW UK RELEASE 45s

TRB/2-4-6-8, RISING FREE & UP AGAINST (each) 65p
STRANGLERS/GRIP, PEACHES, BETTER CHANGE, HEROES, 5 MINS & SLEAZY (each) 65p
PENETRATION/DICTATE & FIRING SQUAD (each) 65p
ONLY ONES/LOVERS & ANOTHER GIRL (each) 65p
BLONDIE/RIP HER, DENIS & PRESENCE (each) 65p
MAGAZINE/SHOT & TOUCH + GO (each) 65p
BUZZCOCKS/ORGASM, WHATDOIGET & DONT MIND (each) 65p
X-RAY SPEX/BONDAGE & DAYGLO (each) 65p
STEEL PULSE/NYLAH LUV & KU KLUX (each) 65p
PISTOLS/VACANT, GOD SAVE & HOLIDAYS (each) 65p
CLASH/RIOT, REMOTE, COMPLETE & CITYROCKERS (each) 65p
ELVIS C./RED SHOES, CHELSEA & PUMP IT UP (each) 65p
NICK LOWE/GLASS, ½ WAY & HITLER (each) 65p
999/NASTY, EMERGENCY & DESSIRE (each) 65p
ULTRAVOX/SAVAGE & ROCKWROK (each) 65p
GORILLAS/GOT ME, GATECRASHER, MY GAL + MY LIFE (each) 65p
MOTORS/DANCIN', BE WHAT YOU GOTTA, SENSARION & AIRPORT (each) 65p
VALVES/ROBOT LOVE & ADOLFS ONLY (each) 65p
ADVERTS/GARY G, SAFETY & NO TIME (each) 65p
GEN X/YR. GEN., WILD YOOF & READY STEADY (each) 65p
JOOLS HOLLAND/BOOGIE WOOGIE '78 EP 95p

MAIL ORDER TO CROYDON SHOP ONLY
101 GEORGES STREET, CROYDON, SURREY
OTHER SHOPS AT: 7 Phoenix Court, Guildford, and 31 Market Square, Bromley.
Please make cheques and POs payable to Bonaparte.
Allow 10 days for cheque clearance. When ordering please list alternatives where possible.
U.K. POSTAGE. 7 inchers — 10p each, 5 or more 5p each. 12 inchers — 20p each.
EUROPE and U.S.A.
7 inchers — 25p each. 5 or more 15p each. 12 inchers 50p each.
Prices now apply in shops if ad. is shown.
WE ACCEPT RECORD TOKENS. FREE: FULL CATALOGUE AVAILABLE NOW with every order, or send S.A E.

WEST 4 RECORD COVERS

LP Polythene (200G) 25 £1.10; 50 £2.10; 100 £2.80; 250 £6.10; 500 £11.20; 1000 £18.75. LP Polythene (400G) 25 £1.75; 50 £2.95; 100 £4.25; 250 £9.60; 500 £18.20; 1000 £34.00. LP Paper Polylined (inners) 30 £2.75; 100 £8.00. LP White paper 50 £3 25; 100 £6.00. LP PVC (heavy duty) 25 £3.30; 50 £6.40; 100 £12.60. PVC Double LP 1 @ 32p; 10 £3.20. Singles Card polylined 30 £3. Singles Paper 100 £2.10. Singles PVC (heavy duty) 25 £2.65; 50 £4.95; 100 £9.45. Singles Polythene (400G) 50 £1.65; 100 £2.15; 250 £4.80; 500 £9.10; 1000 £17.20. Singles White Card 30 £2.65. *Prices include P & P in U.K. and Eire, Channel Islands and B.F.P.Os.* Overseas customers write for list. Cheque or P.O. with order please or shoppers welcome to save postage at
WEST 4 TAPES & RECORDS, 169 CHISWICK HIGH ROAD, LONDON W4. Dept NME

RECORD CORNER
27 BEDFORD HILL, BALHAM SW 12

Join the 1000s who get our booklet each fortnight. UK £1.20 per year. Overseas £1.85 per year.

LIMITED EDITION'S RECORDS. *(COLLECTOR'S ITEMS)*

The Beatles. White Album (Double)
In White Plastic (£6.99)
The Lurkers. Love Story (in white or blue or red plas) (pic) 99p each
Sex Pistols. 12" Biggest Blow (with interview) (£1.50)
Sex Pistols. 7" (French) Cosh The Driver (£1.25)
Foreigner. Cold As Ice (clear plastic) (80p)
Rolling Stones. Miss You (USA) 12" black plastic (£2.30)
E.L.O. Sweet Talking Woman (purple plastic) (90p)
Stranglers. Pink E/P (£1.15)
Damned. Don't Cry Wolf (purple plastic) (80p)
Squeeze. Bang Bang (green plastic) (80p)
Patti Smith. 4 track 12" Privilage (99p)
Boomtown Rats. Like Clockwork (pic) (80p)
Blondie (12") Prescence Dear (99p)
Lou Reed (12") Street Hassle (99p)
Hi Tension (12") Hi Tension (£1.75)
Ian Dury. Sex Drugs and Rock and Roll (12") (£2.25)
Elvis Presley. My Way (red plastic) (£1.50)
Elvis Presley. Unchained Melody (white plastic) (£1.50)
David Bowie (12" (Heroes) (£2.50)
Eater E/P Live In White Plastic (85p)
The Dickies. 10" in white plastic Maxi single (£2.25)
Squeeze. in red plastic (L/P) (£4.75)
Kansas. Carry on Wayward Son (99p)
David Bowie. Peter and the Wolf (green plastic)(£4.99p)
Stranglers. black and white (in black/white plastic) (£4.99)

TOP SELLING ROCK SINGLES IN PICTURE SLEEVES

Ian Dury. Sex Drugs And Rock and Roll (£1.25)
Sex Pistols. Submission/New York (£1.25)
Sex Pistols. Submission/Pretty Vacant (90p)
The Residents. Satisfaction (yellow plastic) (£1.25)
The Car. Just What I Need (90p)
Queen. It's Late (90p)
City Boy 5.7.0.5.9. (80p)
Sham 69. Angel With Dirty Faces (80p)
Stiff Little Finger. Suspect Device (80p)
Talking Head. Pulled Up (80p)
Spirit. Nature's Way (99p)
Barry Manilow. Even Now (90p)
UFO. Cherry (90p)
Jona Lewis. The Baby She's On The Street (75p)
Robert Palmer. Best of both World (75p)
Johnnie Moped. Little Queenie (75p)
The Reaction. I Can't Resist (75p)
The Who. Had Enough (75p)
Left Hand Drive. Who Said Rock and Roll is dead (75p)

A FEW OF OUR TOP SELLING ROCK IMPORTS
90p each unless stated

ELO Do Ya
Foreign. Hot Blooded
Nick Lowe. So It Goes
Elvis Costello. This Years Girl
Starz. Hold On To The Night
Kiss. Struter 78
Kiss. Rocket Ride
David Bowie. Heroes (Sung in French) £1.50
David Bowie. Stay/Word On A Wing
Meatloaf. Two Out Of Three Ain't Bad
Blue Oyster Cult. Godzilla
Ian Dury. Billericay Dickie
Andy Gibb. An Everlasting Love
Oliva Newton John. Hopelessly Devoted To You

Tom Robinson Band USA Album Contains a Bonus LP Featuring 7 Extras Tracks. Power in The Darkness. USA Copy
(£4.99)

A FEW OLDIES. WE HAVE OVER 10,000 IN STOCK. SEND FOR OUR BOOKLET.

Led Zeppelin. Trampled Under Foot (85p)
Chris Montez. Let's Dance (85p)
Sex Pistols. God Save The Queen (75p)
Chicken Shack. I'd Rather Go Blind (75p)
Shirley Ellis. The Clapping Song E/P (£1.25)
Pink Floyd. Time/ Us And Them (90p)
Zombies. She's Not There (85p)
Moody Blues. Go Now (85p)
Rascals. Groovin (85p)
Bad Company. Feel Like Makin Love (85p)
David Bowie. Young Americans/Knock On Wood (85p)
Sam Cooke. Twisting The Night Away (85p)
Four Seasons. December 63 (75p)
Mott The Hoople. All The Young Dudes (85p)
Rolling Stones. Out Of Time (85p)
Beatles. We have a large amount of French imports in picture sleeves (send for booklet)
Elvis Presley Tributes. We have all the rare ones (but hurry) send for booklet.

If You Collect Records Make Sure You Try Us. Our Orders Are Sent By Return. We Don't Make You Wait Weeks.
Post/Packings: U.K. Singles — 1-5 15p. Over 5 — 25p. LPs and 12" 1 to 5 — 35p. Over 5 Free. Overseas (Singles) 1-5 — 20p each, over 5 — 10p each. L.Ps. 1 to 3 — £1 each. Over 3 — 50p each.

RECORDWORLD
17 The Broadway, Wickford, Essex.

Byrds — Reunion £1.99
Richie Furay — Reason £1.99
John Sebastian — Welcome Back £1.99
Jesse Colin Young — On The Road £1.99
The Meters — Best Of £1.99
Jo Jo Gunne — 1st £1.99
Orleans — Let There Be Music £1.99
Jesse Winchester — Rough Side £1.99
Jesse Winch — Learn To Have It £1.99
Bread — Manna £1.99
S. Goodman — Words we can dance to £1.99
S. Goodman — Jesse's Jig £1.99
Goodman/Hammer — Like Children £1.99
Paul Butterfield — Pigboy Gabshaw £1.99
James Taylor — Walking Man £1.99
Judy Collins — Bread and Roses £1.99
Judy Collins — Who Knows £1.99
Taj Mahal — Music Fuhya £1.99
George Carlin — Wally Londo £1.99
George Carlin — Toledo £1.99
Tam Rush — Classic Rush £1.99
Blondie Chaplin — (Asylum) £1.99
Lorraine Ellison — Best of £1.99
The Faces — 1st album £1.99
The Cate Bros — In One Eye £1.99
Santana/McLaughlin — Love devotion £1.99
Laura Nyro — First Songs £1.99
Johnny Winter — Still Alive £1.99
Loggins and Messina — Full Sail £1.99
Wally — 1st £1.99
Van Dyke Parks — Yankee £1.99
Chip Taylor's — Last Chance £1.99
All This and World War II £3.25

ALL PRICES INCLUDE POSTAGE+PACKING

PARROT RECORDS

Stranglers — Rattus, Heroes,B&W ..... each £2.99
Mink De Ville — 1st, Magenta ..... each £2.89
Pere Ubu — Data Panik in the Year Zero £1.59
Pere Ubu — Modern Dance £2.99
Graham Parker — Parkerilla (Dble) .. 50p P & P + £2.99
Graham Parker — Heat, Stick, Howling ..... each £2.99
Ian Dury — New Boots (w/Sex & Drugs) £3.25
Vibrators — Mania, V.2 ..... each £2.99
Television — Marquee, Adventure (Red) ..... each £2.79
Flamin' Groovies — Action, Now ..... each £2.99
Boys — Boys, Alternative ..... each £2.75
Buzzcocks — Another Music £2.99
Wreckless Eric — 12" & 10" Brown ..... each £2.99
Elvis Costello — Aim/Model ..... each £2.99
999 ..... £2.75
Patti Smith — Easter, Ethiopia, Horses ..... each £2.79
Residents — 1st 3 albums ..... each £3.99
Sham 69 — Tell Us the Truth £2.99
XTC — White Music £3.10
Talking Heads — 77 ..... £2.99
Wire — Pink Flag £2.89
Sex Pistols — Bollocks £3.10
Boomtown Rats — 1st, Tonic for Troops ..... each £2.99
Iggy Pop — Kill City, T.V. Eye, Live ..... each £2.99
Stooges — Meta.lic K.O. £3.75
Damned — Damned, Pleasure ..... each £2.49
Jam — City, Modern World ..... each £2.99
Blondie — 1st, Plastic Letters ..... each £2.79
Rods — Wire, Teenage Depression ..... each £2.99
Clash £2.99
Ramone — 1st, Leave Home, Russia ..... each £2.99
Runaways — 1st, Queens, Night ..... each £2.99
Runaways — Live In Japan £3.99
Ultravox — 1st, Ha Ha Ha ..... each £2.99
Jonathan Richman — All Albums ..... each £2.99
Bob Marley — Exodus, Kaya ..... each £2.99
Pirates — 1st, Skull Wars ..... each £2.79
Motors — 1st, Approved By ..... each £3.10
Tom Petty — 1st, Get It ..... each £2.99
NEW RELEASES
Devo £2.99
Jolt £2.99
Royals — 10 Years After £2.99
Ballistic Sure Shots £1.99
La Dusseldorf £2.99
Van Der Graaf — Vital (dble) ..... 50p P&P + £3.99
The Shirts £2.89
Talking Heads — Building & Food £2.89
Front Line — Vol 2 ..... £1.75
Gloria Mundi — Individual £2.99
Rezillos £2.89
Kilburn — The Highs (with Ian Dury) £2.99
Suicide £2.89
The Real Kids £2.99
Big Star — 1st, Radio City (dble) ..... 50p P&P + £3.99
The Akron — Complication £2.25
Oh No It's More From Raw £1.99
David Johansen £2.99
Advertising — Advertising Jingles £2.89
T.R.B. — Dble. Import Darkness ..... 50p P&P + £4.99
Tepper Zukie — MPLA, Men Ah Warrior ..... each £3.10
Spirit — Live £2.99
The Lurkers — Fulham Fall Out £2.99
Steel Pulse — Handsworth Revolution £2.99
Magazine — Real Life £3.10
Thin Lizzy — Live ..... (Dble) £4.25 + 50p P&P
Alternative TV LP £2.99
T.R.B. — Power In The Darkness £2.89
Only Ones £2.99
7 and 12 inchers
Boyfriends — Saturday Night (pic) 59p
Snakefinger — Spot (blue vinyl) £1.49
Suicide 12" — Cherie 99p
Leyton Buzzards — 19 and Mad 69p
Punishment of Luxury — Puppet Life 69p
The Tights — Bad Hearts 69p
Neon — Bottles 69p
Lurkers — Shadow (coloured vinyl) 99p
Rezillos — Top Of The Pops 59p
Stranglers — Pink E.P. £1.00
X-Ray Spex — Identity (pic) 59p
Users 12in — Sick Of You £1.25
Lou Reed 12in — Street Hassle (pic) 89p
Patti Smith 12in — Privilege E P 89p
John Cooper-Clarke — Innocence 99p
Sore Throat — I Dunno 69p
Snatch — I.R.T. 69p
Klark Kent EP (green vinyl) 79p
Landscape — Workers 69p
A.T.V. — Action Time Vision 69p
Sex Pistols 59p
Sham 69 — If The Kids Are United 59p
Sex Pistols — Submission, New York £1.39
Tapper Zukie — She Want a Phensic 59p
Members — Solitary Confinement 79p
Wayne County — F Off E.P. (gold) 79p
Jilted John — Going Steady 69p
The Skids — Charles E.P. 69p
Sex Pistols 12" — Anarchy In UK £1.99
Ian Dury 7" — Sex & Drugs £1.25
Squeeze — Bang Bang (Green Vinyl) 59p
Patrick Fitzgerald — Backstreet, Safety Pin ..... each 69p
Devo 12" — Satisfaction 79p
The Normal — TVOD 69p
Residents — Satisfaction (Yellow) £1.25
Throbbing Gristle — United 69p
Stiff Little Fingers — Suspect Divce 69p
Dillinger — Cockaine On My Brain 69p
Residents — Duck Stab EP £1.75
Ian Dury 12" — Sex And Drugs £1.99

Mail Order Details:
Cheques/POs to Parrot House, Limetree Passage, Saffron Walden, Essex.
Tel: 0799 21870
ALBUMS & 12"ers — 1 item — 35p; 2 — 50p; 3 — 65p; 4 — 80p; 5 — 95p. Over 5 free (Europe £1.00 per LP). IMO's only. 7" SINGLES — 10p each (Europe 25p each).

RARE DELETIONS FOR SALE

Large selection of valuable deletions in Rare Record Section at RECORD & TAPE EXCHANGE, 28 Pembridge Road, Notting Hill Gate, London W11 (Tel. 727 3538)
All Records and tapes also bought, sold or exchanged at 40 Notting Hill Gate, London W11 and 90 Goldhawk Road, London W12.

G. I. RECORDS
30B RAEBURN PLACE, EDINBURGH
Tel: 031-332 5863. Telex 727 329

BEATLES: White Album (white vinyl) £8.99
PHIL OCHS: Gunfight At Carnegie Hall £4.99
PHIL OCHS: Pleasures of the Harbor £3.99
BAREFOOT JERRY: Barefootin £3.99
BAREFOOT JERRY: You Can't Get Off With Your Shoes On £3.99
BAREFOOT JERRY: Keys To The Country £3.99
THE COLLECTORS £3.50
THE COLLECTORS: Grass + Wild Strawberries £3.50
WEST COAST POP ART EXPERIMENTAL BAND:
Part 1 ..... £3.50
JERRY JEFF WALKER: Contrary to Ordinary £3.99
TERENCE BOYLAN (Asylum) £3.99
JEFFERSON AIRPLANE: Surrealistic Pillow £3.99
FUGS: Golden Filth £3.99
YOUNGBLOODS: Elephant Mountain £3.99
RAMASES: Space Hymn £3.50
KEVIN COYNE: Case History £4.99
NICO: Marble Index (1st track noisy but blue vinyl) £4.99
DAVID ALLAN COE: Family Album £3.99
BEN SIDRAN: Feel Your Groove £3.50
IAN MATTHEWS: Tigers Will Survive £3.50
TOM JANS: Eyes Of An Only Child £3.99
LINDA RONSTADT + FRIENDS (Eagles, Herb, Gib, Sneaky, etc) £3.99
PRETTY THINGS: SF Sorrow £3.50
BIG STAR: Double Of First Two £4.00
STEVE YOUNG: Honky Tonk Man £3.99
ROLLING STONES: Sticky Fingers (Treacle Sleeve) £4.50
GEORGE HARRISON: Wonderwall Music £3.99
HENDRIX: Redding at Monterey £3.99
THE REZILLOS: Can't Stand The Rezillos £2.99

DARK STAR MAGAZINE 15 WITH FREE SPIRIT SINGLE MIDNIGHT TRAIN/POTATOLAND THEME. A MERE 50p. BAM BALAM 7 MONKEY SPECIAL 30p. WHEN YOU ORDER AN ALBUM. REGRET CANNOT GO SEPARATELY.

NEW LISTS OUT NOW. SEND LARGE S.A.E.

U.K. Post: 1 LP = 30p, 2 LPs = 50p, 3 LPs = 65p, 4 LPs = 80p. Over 4 LPs add 10p per album. Overseas Post: 1 LP = 50p, 2 LPs = 85p, 3 LPs = £1.35, 4 LPs = £1.70 Any more please write for pro forma invoice. Please note: Double albums count as 2 LPs. Cheques, etc., payable to G.I. Records
KEEP TAKING THE TARTAN TABLETS

Jett in sex test drama

The Runaways

LYCEUM, LONDON

LET'S THEORISE about girls.

The Slits don't count because I'm writing this and I decide who is a girl. Cherry Vanilla, Fay Fife, Pauline Murray and Gaye Advert all have men behind them.

Patti Smith is an ageing woman who desperately wants to feel like a desirable young girl. Her great work is now little more than a vehicle to promote the yearned-for image — I mean, the soft-focus pseudo-*Oui* sleeve of "Because The Night" showing your Auntie Pat clutching her torso. I mean, YEUCHHH, where's that heading for, you know? How come *she* still gets taken seriously?

Debbie Blondie is a photogenically beautiful girl, the creature whose natural habitat is in the eye of the camera, who needs to make up for all the years she slummed it and has decided that modelling is a more lucrative route than singing. Listen to Debbie on vinyl, watch Blondie onstage — she doesn't emote, she MODELS.

Suzi Quatro was once Queen Of The World but now she's a Muppet.

Joan Jett was cursing the other day about "how goddam MARRIED" Suze Tuckey is and I said out of spite that *she'd* no doubt end up like that, too. 'Course I didn't *mean* it, and La Larkin quite rightly swore viciously that she'd become a waitress rather than let herself get cut down to size. And I know she won't ever get caught, because she's the first one, she's the only one, to go out on that stage with a bunch of non-boys behind her and draw strength from the heckles rather than get eaten away by them.

I was there at the Lyceum waving my Runaways scarf with the worst of them; God I'm so embarrassing. But I *love* this band, I love the way they sing lyrics that are nothing more (mostly) than a 'hot, wet' response to the mating calls of Starz and somehow turn these subservient sub-standards into classics so inspiring, so loud, so PROUD. They *must* be the proudest band ever.

They jusy make me so brain-washed, but I'll start bitching anyhow just to keep all you critical gits out there happy. For a start, Lita Ford looked as revolting as ever, shaking that ridiculous Scott Gorham hair across that meaty, sweaty face, and her guitar thrusting is, as ever, a warning to all you girls out there who think it might be instructive to sleep with Ritchie Blackmore.

Sandy West is perfection itself, I can't think of anything nasty to say about her. Vickie Blue is about as effervescent as Lot's wife, slapping down shy, solid bass just to the right of The Runaways guest star — and, divisive and unintentional as it is, Joan Jett will be the guest star of any band she plays in.

And any band who kicks her out because of this, well, they can just go languish in a strip-joint, OK? Because I can't ever see how you could not look to Joan Jett for your understanding of why this band is so great — and it's not just because she's the leader, because it was the same way when Cherie Currie used to be cluttering up the stage with her crummy corset.

(Incidentally, Sandy, Lita and Vickie dress very badly, especially Lita. Her best friend really should tell her that girls with so much flesh under their skins shouldn't wear skin-tight clothes.)

As for the stuff these girls come out with, well, it's appalling when you look at the lyrics . . . but it just gains *so* much in its rock and roll translation. Unbelievably mindless mouthings about despising parents, loving sex and hating love leap off Joan Jett's lips like definitive pearls from the universal teenager's sub-conscious. It's that pretentious, it's that ambiguous . . . it's not what she sings, it's the way that she thinks it:

The Runaways do have a few great songs — "What For Me", "You're Too Possessive", "You Drive Me Wild", "Thunder", "American Nights" . . . oh, who cares — it's all the same to me, it's all the best thing I've ever heard. Hysterical as all hell, I know I am, but Joan Jett is the best thing ever to savage a stage and you're a moron if you can't see beyond her X chromosome . . . she is IT, she's what you've been waiting for.

You reveal your ignorance of how girls work, sonny, if you think they're up there for your pleasure. Joan Jett is not up there to give you a thrill (though Currie and Fox were, and Ford may well be) but because it's the only thing she can do and she's not happy when she's not doing it — she's always waiting.

Still, The Runaways surely can't last much longer. Joan Jett is 20 in September and she's dying to play "Did You No Wrong" and stuff like that. In five years time she'll be the same age as all the "new" bands being take so seriously now. Go for your guns, boys.

I want to see Joan Jett (a) forming a band with Sandy West and a few boys, so that she isn't weighed down by this Fowley fissure tag any longer — she's proved her point, that an all-girl band can work, to any one with an ounce of sensitivity; (b) living in London where she won't be prone to all those destructive West Coast vices; (c) singing Pere Ubu's "Non Alignment Pact", Gary Glitter's "Doing Alright With The Boys" and The Small Faces' "Here Comes The Nice"; and (d) be so BIG she can afford to ruin the careers / lives of all those people who even so much as LOOKED at her the wrong way.

Oh yes — stage whispered aside apology to Joan Jett — Tony said I was sick over you last week when we buried that bottle between us. Well, I'm sorry — you're the best American I ever met and the most impressive rock and roll star I ever saw, even if you are a little on the inarticulate side. Anyhow, Joan — come back soon. Your truest and most sympathetic fan.

Julie Burchill

JAZZ DIARY

THE LONDON Musicians Collective presents a concert of saxophone solos by the great Evan Parker, plus the London Bass Trio of Marcio Mattos, Marc Meggido and Tony Wren on July 23rd. The following day there's an open session, and from July 28th to August 5th there's an International Festival of Environmental and Contextual Music, including concerts, outdoor events, exhibitions, films, video and seminars.

Jazz Centre Society gigs include Strange Fruit at the Half Moon on July 30th, an Antipodean evening by Galapagos Duck at 100 Club on 31st, and the Harry Miller Quintet — including Dudu and Trevor Watts — at The Phoenix on August 2nd.

The Pizza Express, Dean Street, has the great trumpeter Ruby Braff with the Eddie Thompson Trio until the end of July. The Portman Inter-Continental Hotel features trad bands with Sunday lunch — the Avon Cities Jazz Band on July 30th and the Bruce Turner Quartet on August 6th.

John Stedman Promotions is organizing its first jazz concert featuring South African pianist Dollar Brand at the Collegiate Theatre on September 15th.

Current album releases include "Sideways" by the Chris Barber Jazz & Blues Band on Black Lion; the John Coltrane Quartet's "Brazilia" on Blue Parrot; Annette Peacock's "X Dreams" on Aura Records.

Brian Case

12" 12" 12" 12" 12" 12" 12" 12" 12"

ROLLING STONES Miss you (French IMP) 2.50
ROLLING STONES Miss you (U.S. IMP) 2.75
RACCARA I Can Boogie/I'm a lady (IMP) 1.99
HI TENSION Hi tension (IMP) (pic) 2.75
KANSAS Carry on wayward son (pic) 99p
TRADEMARK Days of Pearly Spencer (extd.) 1.25
SONEY M Baby do you wanna bump 1.25
MICHAEL ZAGER Let's all chant (7 mins.) (IMP) 2.75
WHISPERS Make it with you + Headlights ..... each 99p
FOREIGNER Cold as ice/First time (pic) 80p
AC/DC Rock and roll damnation (pic) 99p
D. RUNNERS Whatever (pic) + Keep it up ..... each 99p
D. WANSEL All night long /disco lights (pic) 80p
SUPERCHARGE Think I'm gonna fall in love 99p
DEVO Satisfaction (pic) 89p
MED

Etta James

DINGWALLS, LONDON

THEY PROBABLY don't realise it but The Who once dedicated an album to Etta James. "Meaty, Beaty, Big And Bouncy" it was called, and by golly she is. Soulful too. And ample-thigh deep in the blues. A rock 'n' rolling, gut-wailing, male-crushing, fun-loving soul sister of such dynamic presence.

Etta James first recorded in November, 1954, at the age of 16, yet only now, with a move to Warner Brothers and intermittent appearances on the Stones' current tour of America, are there signs that she is finally about to break overground.

Good as it is in its own mellow, compromising way, it won't be her debut Warners album "Deep In The Night" that'll do the trick. That's not fooling anybody. 'Cause live and in living colour this red hot mama is compromising nothing.

Fronting a seven-piece powerhouse of Chicago-rooted blues and Stax-styled soul (comprised of musicians from James Brown, Paul Butterfield, Orleans and Etta's own past recordings), she dominates stage and audience with her wrap-around personality and a Godzilla among voices, whether she be anguished and pleading, ferociously ball-busting or humping and grinding in sexual pantomime like a mother Meat Loaf.

It is this which should be captured on record to introduce her to the young, vital rock market. She should not be obscured by uncomfortable arrangements in an attempt to seduce an uninterested MOR audience.

Any misconceptions about the essential nature of this amazing lady were immediately put to rights by her opening attack on "Rock Me Baby." Riding on the duelling, disparate blues licks of Cash McCall (an R&B veteran of considerable repute) and Brian Ray (her young, white protege), she charged the familiar B. B. King standard with an intensity that sustained her entire performance, and revealed emotional depths in two songs from her new album — "Take It To The Limit" and "Piece Of My Heart" — that are barely suggested on the recorded versions.

Jimmy Reed's "Baby What You Want Me To Do", a feature of Etta's act since the early '60s, gave the guitarists opportunity to trade solos and for Etta to vocalise an extraordinary mock harmonica break.

Ben E. King's "Supernatural Thing" and her own "Woman (Shake Your Booty)", both presumably part of her regular American club show, only disappointed by their inclusion, not by their execution, because most of us would have preferred to hear some of her '60s hits; a natural reaction partially satisfied by a stunning rendition of "I'd Rather Go Blind" (performed, as originally written, as "I'd Rather Be A Blind Girl") and — at one of her shows — "Tell Mama", a vehicle for the horn section to fulfil its role. These last two songs confirmed beyond all doubt that Etta has the wherewithal to achieve her ambition: to be the female Otis Redding. It's now down to Warner Brothers to realise that aim.

Cliff White

The Shirts

DINGWALLS, LONDON

DO NOT BE fooled by New York New Wave. New York Punk is mainly the product of the small, highly incestuous Soho arts scene. Jimmy Pursey wouldn't have got a look in. He's not middleclass, is he now?

The five male members of The Shirts all look like advertising agency art directors — bloated or bearded or balding in an uneasy combination of sub-Browns clothes and denim.

They play like art directors, too: utterly calculating, self-consciously populist, yet without even enough style in their remoteness to be able to be truly Tom Verlaine-like "cold".

But the single, "Tell Me Your Plans", displays some interesting tensions in the '70s Brill Building harmonies worked out between Annie Golden and one of the guitarists.

Indeed, with five mike stands onstage, and five Italian surnames, it seems reasonable to expect The Shirts to maybe turn in some interesting punk accapella.

So concerned are they, however, with getting down all the appropriate ascending chords a la Tom Verlaine that they seem to forget to do that.

"Empty Ever After", which opens with some interesting "5-D" Byrds-like guitar spirals, merely droops off to the land of the routine soul shouters.

As their set develops, in fact, and as Annie Golden sings first with one then with another of the fretboard chaps, The Shirts begin to reveal themselves as closer and closer to the Elkie Brooks and Robert Palmer-featuring Vinegar Joe era, which was quite pleasing five years ago.

I'm sorry, Shirts, but I don't think we'd stand for it if it was British. It all seems so directionless and pointless.

Chris Salewicz

CANNABIS LEAF
Unique Jewellery for you in fabulous precious metals
OUR FAMOUS LEAF PENDANT. 1¼" high
Solid Silver on Real Silver chain £7.00
1¼" Solid Silver on Silver Plated chain ... £4.50
¾" Solid Silver on Real Silver ear hook ... £1.95
1¼" 9 Carat Gold on Real Gold chain..... £36.00
¾" 9 Carat Gold on fine 9ct. Gold chain. £17.50
¾" 9 Carat Gold on Real Gold ear hook ... £8.50
Popular Solid Silver Leaf Ring..... £7.00
(Send size or we make it adjustable).
Join the rush and send money to:—
ATLAS
82 GLOUCESTER RD., BRIGHTON

Levi's for feet
THE NEW "DYNAMIC" CASUAL FOOTWEAR
"SNEAK" Blue denim canvas. Beige suede. Vulcanised rubber sole. Sizes: 2—5 £7.99 6—11 £9.99
"DUDE" Blue denim canvas. Beige suede. Rubber sole. Sizes 2—5 £8.99 6—11 £10.99
"CHASER" Tan leather. Gristle rubber sole Sizes 6, 7, 7½, 8, 8½, 9, 9½, 10, 11, £15.99
"MARATHON" Blue denim canvas. Blue suede. Rubber sole. Sizes 2—5 £7.99 6—11 £9.99
"LAREDO" Khaki twill & Beige Suede Sizes 2-11. Price 2-5 £8.99, 6-11 £10.99 *Ideal for wearing with cords*
POSTAGE & PACKING 51p, CHEQUES, POs TO
JEAN CONNECTION,
188 Eltham High Street, London S.E.9
If paying by access or Barclaycard please quote number.

SEX & DRUGS & ROCK & ROLL
AT LAST! Finally available — this set of your favourite slogan. 4 badges (2 red, 2 blue), white lettering, 1" diameter. Wear them "Plaster Duck" fashion. *Only £1 per set incl. P&P (or 85p with S.A.E.)*
BUZZCOCKS
RAMONES
Also "Hooligan" designs in white on navy or red. T-Shirts (S,M,L), dirt cheap at £2.20 + 40p P&P
NEVER MIND THE BOLLOCKS
Also available "Here's The" T-Shirts. The Ultimate Street Cool! Your name or have group, team etc) printed in pink strip with "bollocks" etc in black. Max 10 letters.
EVERYONE PLAYS DARTS
☆ Both Darts & Rutles are in blue and red designs. Darts, Rutles and Bollocks are available in white or yellow (S,M,L). A pinch at only £2.50 + 40p P&P
Don't forget name, address and postage at 40p per item (double abroad). Please allow 21 days delivery. Cheques, P.O.s payable to Modern World Fashions, Dept. CSM11, 11 Berkeley Square, Bristol 8, Avon.

TROUSERS
A. LEE DENIM BAGGY JEAN
B. WRANGLER DENIM FLARED JEAN
C. LEVI'S DENIM STRAIGHT JEAN
D. LEVI'S DENIM FLARED JEAN
E. LEVI'S NEEDLECORD STRAIGHT LEG
F. LEVI'S NEEDLECORD FLARED JEAN
TOPS
G. WRANGLER RAILROAD SHIRT
H. LEVI'S T-SHIRT
I. LEVI'S CHECK SHIRT
£14·50 £13·50 £13·50 £13·50 £13·50 £13·50
£9·95 £3·75 £9·95
Levi's
Lee JEANS
Wrangler
Matchplace Jeans Ltd
Dept. NX, 9 Station Road, West Croydon, Surrey
ACCESS & BARCLAYCARD please quote number
Post & Packing free UK, Eire and BFPO
Callers Welcome at Whistle 169 Clarence Street Kingston upon Thames Surrey
Whistle 21-23 East Street Maidstone Kent and of course Croydon

gringo
NEW ADDRESS NEW ADDRESS NEW ADDRESS
SUMMER SUPER-BARGAINS!!
RECYCLED WESTERN DENIM !! CUT PRICE LEVIS !
BARCLAYCARD VISA
PHONE CARD NO. FOR QUICK SERVICE
We welcome Access
NOW!! — T-SHIRTS ONLY £2.50 INCL. P & P!
SWEAT SHIRTS ONLY £4.75 INCL. P & P!
Colours: Red, White, Denim, Navy, Yellow, Black, Sky Blue
* STATE DESIGN, NAME AND NUMBER ★

1. **LAPEL JACKET.** Old/new Denim, centre vent, copper studs. Sizes 32" to 42". **Only £11.95 plus 45p p & p.**
2. **DENIM BOMBER.** Old/new Denim — heavy metal zip, fur fabric lining. Sizes 32" to 42". **Only £10.95 plys 45p p & p.**
3. **DENIM SHIRT.** Smart fitted shirt, old/new Denim, great for summer! **Only £9.25 plus 45p p & p.**
4. **DENIM SKIRT.** From old Levis/Wranglers. Great summer wear! **Only £6.95 plus 45p p & p.**
5. **PATCH FLARE JEANS.** Recycled Levis/Wranglers, etc. Old/new Denim. AMAZING VALUE! Sizes 26" to 38" waist, 34" or 36" leg. **Only £8.95 plus 45p p & p.**
6. **DENIM CUT-OFFS.** Cut off Levi/Wrangler jeans for summer. Give your old jeans a reprieve and buy ours!! 24" waist to 36" waist **Only £3.95 plus 45p p & p.**
7. **GENUINE COWHIDE BOOTS.** (Mens) Real leather soles and heels. (Light or dark tan). Sizes 7 to 11 plus ½ sizes. **Only £19.95 incl. p & p!**
8. **MIRROR SHADES.** Pear shaped mirror sunglasses. **Only £3.95 inc. p & p.**
9. **THE ORIGINAL LEVIS (501).** Made from original Levi Blue, shrink-fit Denim, button flies, straight legs. Order actual size. **Our amazing price £13.95 inc. p & p.**
10. **CUT PRICE LEVIS.** Limited period only. Buy now for summer. (Time to fade). Sizes 26" to 36" waist, 34" to 36" leg. Levi 26" flare bag. Levi 22" flare. Levie 19" straights or Levi drainpipes. **ALL AT AMAZING PRICE OF ONLY £12.75 INC. P & P!!**
11. **NEW LEVI SHIRT.** Indigo Denim with bronze press studs. State neck size. **ONLY £9.95 PLUS 25p P & P.**
12. **ORIGINAL GRINGO LEATHER WAISTCOAT.** Great with Denims! In black, brown or "Jeans" blue leather. Nickel studs on black copper studs on brown and blue. Sizes 32" to 42". **ONLY £9.75 INC. P & P!**
13. **USAF & ARMY SHIRTS.** Genuine US Army/Airforce, M*A*S*H style shirts. Short or long sleeve. Green. All good condition. **GOOD VALUE AT £5.50.** (Short Sleeve) **AND £5.95** (Long sleeve) **PLUS 25p p & p.**
14. **LEVI NEEDLECORD STRAIGHTS.** Sizes 26" to 36" waist, 34" to 36" leg. Colours, black, gold, olive, dk. green, navy. **OUR PRICE! £12.75 INC. P&P.**
15. **LEVI DENIM DRESS.** Heavy denim bib-front dress. Sizes 23"-30" waist. **ONLY £7.95 PLUS 45p P&P.**

SPECIAL OFFER
Spend £20 plus, have a FREE T-shirt *(name design etc.)*

ORDER FORM
NAME.....
ADDRESS .....
.....
.....
Cheques/ PO/Cash £

Please state alternative colour & size where possible

QTY	SIZE	NUMBER	ALT. CHOICE

MONEY BACK ON ALL GOODS IF NOT SATISFIED
We apologies for any delay caused by our move but everything is now back to normal.

GRINGO CASUALS CO., 62 MIDLAND RD, BEDFORD, BEDS

GRINGO CASUALS CO DEPT 86, 62 MIDLAND ROAD, BEDFORD, BEDS Telephone (0234) 58355

NEW ADDRESS NEW ADDRESS NEW ADDRESS

POSTAL BARGAINS FROM: PERMAPRINTS (DEPT N.M.203) PO BOX 201, 96 NEWINGTON GREEN ROAD, LONDON N1 4RR TELEPHONE 01-607-0558

PUT COLOUR ON YOUR CHEST
with Permaprints 1978 range of designs

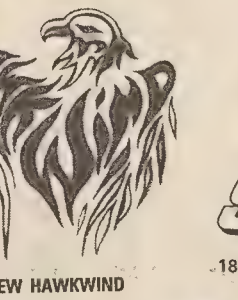
679 IDIOT

214. BIONIC COCK
Heavy Cotton Fleece Lined SWEAT SHIRTS ONLY £4.20 EACH (OR £8 ANY 2)

697 CHARLIE'S ANGELS
Cap Sleeves only £2.65 each (or £5 any 2)

T-SHIRTS ONLY £2.20 EACH (OR £4 ANY 2)

All designs shown below are available all garments. Details as follows.
Colours: Red, Yellow, Blue, Black and White.
Sizes: Sml, Med & Large
(679 Type T-Shirts also available in child sizes: 26", 28", 30" & 32")
When ordering state size, colour and one alternative colour.



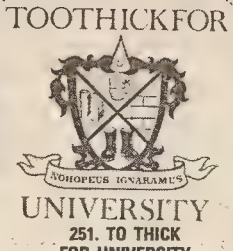
148. LED ZEP

250 PUNK PANTHER

320. I'M SEXY

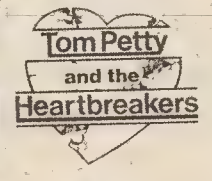
321. I'M WITH SEXY

714 LORD OF RINGS

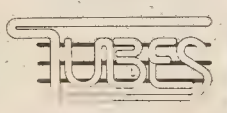


251. TO THICK FOR UNIVERSITY

240 LYNYRD

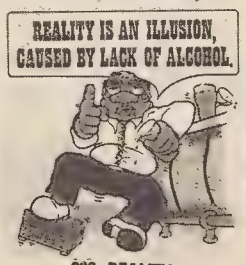


313. TOM PETTY



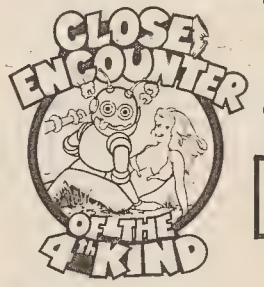
299. TUBES

134. GENESIS

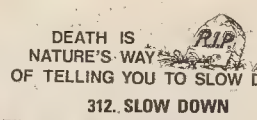


232. REALITY

756. RAINBOW

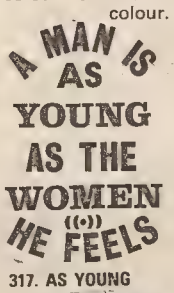


303. CLOSE ENCOUNTER

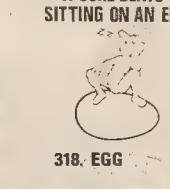


312. SLOW DOWN

PASSIN' THRU' LONDON? VISIT OUR SHOP AT 292 HOLLOWAY ROAD, LONDON N7

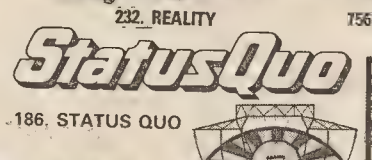


317. AS YOUNG



318. EGG

315. NEW HAWKWIND

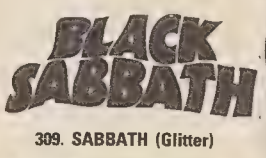


186. STATUS QUO

297. BLONDIE

322. W. ANCHOR

319. BEDFELLOW

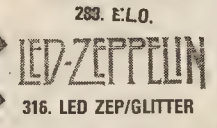


309. SABBATH (Glitter)

283. E.L.O.

305. BEE GEES (Glitter)

311. A.C. D.C. (Glitter)



316. LED ZEP/GLITTER

296. BOB DYLAN

FOR ADULTS ONLY
CENSORED
CONTENTS UNSUITABLE FOR PUBLIC VIEWING
VIEWING BY APPOINTMENT ONLY
314. CENSORED

310. EARTH BAND (Glitter)

YOUR OWN SLOGAN ON LEATHER WRIST BANDS
As shown ▸
but with your own name, slogan, group, etc. Up to 16 letters printed
Only £1.20 + 10p P&P

NOW AVAILABLE
from PERMAPRINTS
TOP QUALITY NICKEL
ROCK BELT BUCKLES

3" × 2" Buckle, adjustable to all standard width belts

COLOURFUL TITLES AVAILABLE
B20 Genesis. B21 Led Zep. B22 Status Quo. B23 Sabbath. B24 Floyd. B25 Lynyrd Skyn. B26 E.L.O. B27 Stones (mouth design). B28 F. Mac. B29 Wings. For Buckle only send £1.95. for Buckle + 1½" Leather Belt, send £4.25 (includes P/P)

Trade and Abroad enquiries welcome

Calling all clubs, groups, etc. Have your own design printed on T-shirts (min quantity 20)
Write in for full details.

PLEASE ADD the following for Postage and Packing: One garment add 25p (50p for abroad); Two or three garments add 35p (70p for abroad); For four or more garments add 45p (90p for abroad).

ORDERS TO: PERMAPRINTS LTD. (Dept. N.M.203), PO BOX 201
96 NEWINGTON GREEN ROAD, LONDON, N1 4RR

Name ..... (PRINT CLEARLY)
Address.....
.....
.....
please send the following. State which garment required Ref. No. and title of design also size and colours for each garment
.....
.....
.....
OTHER ITEMS .....
.....
I enclose £.....

(Dept. N.M.203)

When ordering if not enough room on order form give full details on separate piece of paper

New Lines from Permaprints

All designs shown in this advertisement are now available as
COLOURFUL BUTTON BADGES

Badge No. 260

Large size 2½in dia.
Metal badges complete with pin fastener, and de luxe PVC finish.
ONLY 40p EACH
or £1 for any three + 10p P&P to total order.

When ordering state on order form: Badge and Ref No. of Design.

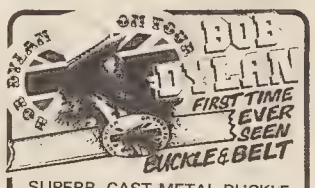
LEATHER WRIST BAND
1½in wide, tan leather, embossed with the following titles: W1 Hawkwind, W2 Yes, W3 Genesis, W4 Led Zep, W5 E.L.O., W6 Status Quo, W7 Rainbow, W8 Floyd, W9 Blondie, W10 Queen, W11 Dylan. W12 Black Sabbath, W13 ACDC, W14 Kiss, W16 Elvis, W19 Bowie, W20 Stranglers. **ONLY 90p each + 10p P&P to total order.**

Panther Piss
T-SHIRTS
Outrageous! Unique! With bottle labels to jazz up your favorite brew. Be the first. Sizes, 36", 38", 40/42", white only. £2.75 inc. p&p.
TFX3 63A Denzil Rd., London, NW10

Sterling Silver Necklace
£3·99 + 20p p&p

Delight yourself or someone else with this sterling silver necklace in attractive giftpack. Send cheque or PO to: **Dept. P**
Brookside Studios Ltd
Brookside · Beare Green · Dorking · Surrey.

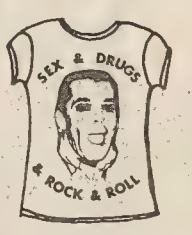
FOR DETAILS OF MAIL ORDER ADVERTISING
ANDY McDUFF 01-261 6172



SUPERB, CAST METAL BUCKLE WITH MULTI-COLOUR PICTURE OF BOB DYLAN To fit up to 1¾" width belts
BUCKLE ONLY £1.95 including P&P
GENUINE LEATHER BELT (1½" × 1¾" wide) with buckle £3.75 inc P&P
J. N. SOUVENIRS, 46 Knoll Drive, London N.14.

HEAVY LEATHER WRIST BANDS
Brass studded, real machismo punk style, 2½" wide with heavy duty press studs. **Only £1.65. Printed wrist bands.** Have your name, favourite group or slogan punched onto it. Up to 12 letters — no studs, but same quality and same price. Also Heavy metal wrist bands, cast out of solid brass. Nice 'n' chunky, only **£1.75**
Fast service, get it straight from:
SEAGULL TRADING COMPANY
9 TERMINUS ROAD, EASTBOURNE, SUSSEX

APOLLO TOUR MARKETING
IAN DURY
SEX & DRUGS & ROCK & ROLL
T-Shirts
£2.50



Top Quality: Red lettering, dark blue face and green scarf, printed on white T-Shirt. £2.50 plus 30p post age and packing

- *State exact chest size*
- *Don't forget your name and address*
- *Please allow 14 days for delivery*
- *Send cheques/P.O. or cash to:*

APOLLO TOUR MARKETING
BASEMENT STUDIO (NME),
33 NORTON ROAD,
HOVE, SUSSEX, BN3 3BF.

TRADE ENQUIRIES WELCOME

AFGHAN COATS!
Brown embr sheepskin
Standard Qty 36" long **£22.50** 40" L **£26.50**
Super Qty 42" long **£33.50** 47" L **£37.50**
chest 32" — 42"
P/P £1.10
White/White embr 36"L **£23.50** chest 34" only (usually £29.50)
Also white, plain, white furry coats!
BIG-BOY JEAN CO (NM1)
48 Manor View
London, N3 (01-346 3432 Wed evening)

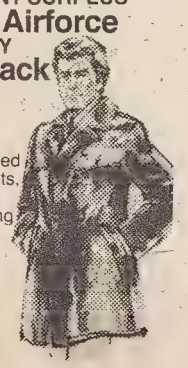
Normally ~~£19.95~~
Now only £9.95

A superb LCD 6 functions Solid State Digital Quartz watch. Set in an elegant, slimline, Stainless steel case with adjustable Stainless steel strap.
12 months guarantee.
includes postage, allow 14 days for delivery
Send P.O. or cheque to: Farringdon Warehouses, 21 Morley House, 320 Regent St., London W1.

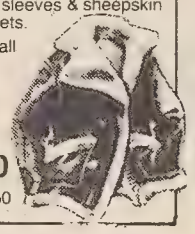
Genuine U.S. Forces
Mountain Feather Sleeping Bags

This is the famous super sleeping bag so much appreciated by mountaineering expeditions and all experienced campers.
£18.75
P & P £1.
Not new but in excellent condition. Wt. Approx. 6lb

Limited Quantity Only OF GENUINE GOVERNMENT SURPLUS Swedish Airforce TOP QUALITY Heavy Black Leather Jackets


Beautifully tailored with slant pockets, epaulettes and blue melton lining as new.
NOW ONLY
£39.50
P & P £1

Now The Genuine Article!
Superb Quality
Heavy Sheepskin Flying Jackets
Made in Brown heavy sheepskin with the brown sheep leather on the outside, pockets and seams bound in leather; Large sheepskin collar with storm straps, zip sleeves & sheepskin lined pockets.
Sizes: Small
Medium.
Large
NOW ONLY
£59.50
P & P £1.50

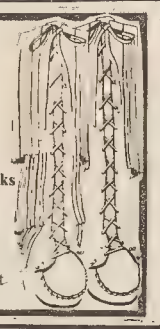


Cash, Money or Postal Order, Cheques, with order. Satisfaction or money refunded

Acces and Barclaycards acceptable Please authorise and quote number

NORTHERN SURPLUS STORES
Dept. NME
357 Leith Walk. Edinburgh
Tel: 031-554 4179.

'Kansa' Fringed Moccasin Boots
Only £16·50 p.p.


Choose from one long top fringe or three freaky layers–made to your own measurements.
In TAN SUEDE LEATHER, or distinctive coloured leather–quoted on request.
Thick rubber soles, criss-cross lacing up front. Send s.a.e. for further details to **Dept. BN COUNTRY FEET, Armroyd Lane, Elsecar, Barnsley, Yorks.**
Also 'KANSA' MOCCASINS.
In Tan Suede with outersoles, sizes 3–11. Just lace up and they're ready to wear. £5.00 post paid. Soft fur fabric-lining 75p extra.
Now available in Denim Blue Suede at £18.50.

NEW POSTERS

DEBBIE HARRY — No 3 — £1.10

DEBBIE HARRY £1.10

DEBBIE HARRY No 2 b/w £1.00
NEW BOWIE £1.10
HANG 'EM HIGH — EASTWOOD £1.75
CHERYL LADD No 3 BLUE NEGLIGEE £1.10
GIANT TREVOLTA CLOSE UP £1.75
SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER £1.10
CHERYL TIGS £1.10
CHERYL LADD (HOT PANTS) £1.10
YES ON STAGE/RAINBOW ON STAGE £1.10 each
NEW GENESIS ON STAGE £1.10

●●● LEATHER WRIST BANDS
Hendrix and Bolan (male size) Sabbath, Kiss, Status Quo, Queen, Yes, Zeppelin, Sex Pistols, Clash, Rainbow, Runaways, Blondie
70p inc P&P
☆ Add 25p (1-2 Posters) + 5p extra Poster
CARDS & POSTERS
22 MOOR ST, BIRMINGHAM 4

SET 8 — 5 × 3 COLOUR PHOTOS QUEEN £3.40 incl
Four Glossy 10×8 B/W Photos Debbie (Blondie) £2.95 inc. p&p

SHORT SLEEVE RUGBY SHIRTS
Your Eddie Waring Rugby Shirt in 100% cotton, two combining colours with white collar **£3.80** + 20p p&p. Two for £7.40 + 30p p&p. Colours red/white, navy/red, green/navy, navy/white. His 32" to 38" chest, hers 34" to 40" bust. Please state chest/bust size and a second colour choice.

CHEESECLOTH KURTA
A good quality white natural cheesecloth Kurta with white embroidery. Only **£2.70** + 20p p&p. Chest size 30" to 40", girls 32" to 42". Him state chest size, her state bust size.

COLOURED EMBROIDERED KURTA
Same style as above but with coloured embroidery on a white background. **£2.80** + 20p p&p. Chest sizes 30" to 42", Bust 32" to 44".

COTTON LOONS
A fine cotton in the original tight fitting hip loons. **£2.15** + 35p p&p. Colours: Black, brown, maroon, navy. His 26" to 36" waist, hers 32" to 42" hips (33" i/leg length). Please state an alternative colour. Also in a good quality cotton drill, his 26" to 29" waist, hers 32", 33" 34" hips. Colours: Dark green, navy, brown, olive green, purple, maroon. **£2.60** + 40p p&p. 2 pairs **£5.00** + 70p p&p. Please state 2 alternative colours.

CHEESECLOTH SHIRT
Still seem the best buy for the cooler weather, in stripes, checks, plain white. **£2.55** + 25p p&p. Sizes 30" to 42" chest/bust. Please state which design and your size.
Postage outside UK double. **Please write your name, full address, colours and size clearly.** All goods can be exchanged or refunded if returned unworn within 10 days. (All goods dispatched within 10 days). Send PO/Cheque to
SHAPES (Dept. A), 252 High Street, Waltham Cross, Hertfordshire, EN8 N78
Our shop is open all week

NME Classified Section

REACHES MORE PEOPLE THAN ANY OTHER MUSIC PAPER IN THIS COUNTRY

For further details ring:
Sue Hayward on
01-261 6122
or write
New Musical Express
Classified Advertisments,
Kings Reach Tower, Stamford
Street, London, S.E.1

Computer Dating...
Find Friendship, Love or Marriage. Dateline, Europe's largest most successful and reliable service for all ages in all areas. Send for free colour brochure & details Now
To: Dateline Dept (NM)
23, Abingdon Road, London W8
Tel: 01-937 6503
Dateline

ROCK JOURNALISM!
Booklet by ex-staffman tells how to start a career in rock journalism and photography.
65p plus 10p package to: Intro Books, P.O. Box 3, Scotton, Catterick Garrison, North Yorks, DL9 3NT.

SITUATIONS VACANT

10p per word

ESCAPE EMPLOYMENT on Liners, Oil Rigs. Experience unnecessary. Details: Maritime Employment Guide, Price 70p. **WORKING HOLIDAY** & Free Travel Guide. Price 80p. Mailex, Novembereve House, Oakhill Avenue, Pinner, Middlesex.

JOBS IN the music industry are rarely advertised in the press. You need to know where the jobs are and how to get them. "Employment in the music industry" is the only publication specifically designed to answer that need. 65p. A — Reelsound, 1 Wilfred Court, Southgrove, London N15.

LIST OF firms requiring homeworkers. All areas — £1 each. Home Employment Agency, 3 Tanyard, Swannington, Leics. England.

MUSIC ASSISTANT required for a two year temporary appointment in the Students Arts Centre at Loughborough University of Technology. Interest in folk and/or pop music desirable. Salary on scale £3189 - £4601 (under review). It is hoped to appoint within the lower half of the scale. Postcard requests for further details and application form to:— Paul Johnson, Establishment Officer, University of Technology, Loughborough, Leics. Ref: 78/31AC.

PERSONAL

28p per word

AA FOR PENFRIENDS, personal friends, marriage partners. Three-in-one introduction service. Efficient, reliable, inexpensive. One year's membership costs only £5. Free details from: Atlantic Agency, 34 Beaconsfield Avenue, Colchester, CO3 3DT.

ALONE! MEET new friends, inexpensive, confidential and efficient service. Write; - countrywide Introductions, ME/Martin House, Brighouse, Yorks.

FREE DATING Absolutely no charge for girls 18-30 who seek attractive guys. Send stamp 'Kidgloves', 24 Cranbourn Street, London WC2

GAY YOUNG guy seeks similar. Edinburgh? Anywhere. Box No. 3555.

GAY YOUNG persons wanted for friendship with young couple with no romantic attachments. Glasgow area, age 18+. — Box No. 3556.

GUY SEEKS girl for friendship. Nottingham area. S. Goy, 3 Haddon Road, West Bridgford, Nottingham.

JANE SCOTT for genuine friends. Introduction opposite sex with sincerity and thoughtfulness. — Details free. Stamp to Jane Scott, 3/NM, North Street, Quadrant, Brighton, Sussex, BN1 3GL.

LONELY MALE seeks female to love. Write: Ian, Box No. 3560.

MANDY JULY 1st — we were us just for one day. Love on ya! — Cliff.

PENFRIEND MAGAZINE for all age groups. Only 50p fortnightly (pay after receiving 8). Write: Leisure Times, (RT88), Chorley, Lancs.

PHOTO PARTNERS for our illustrated brochure. Send 9p stamp. Dovelinc, A17, P.O. Box 100, Haywards Heath, Sussex.

POETRY WANTED over £1,700 in prizes annually. Subscription £10. For free criticism send to Regency Press, 43 New Oxford St., WC1A 1BH. Dept A3.

ROCK JOURNALISM and Photography. Booklet by ex-staffman explains how magazines work, job possibilities, how to get freelance contributions accepted etc. 65p plus 10p post / Package to: Intro Books, P.O. Box 3, Scotton, near Catterick Garrison, N. Yorks DL9 3NT.

UNATTACHED? SUE Carr's Friendship Agency, Somerset Villa, Harrogate. 0423 63525. Free details, all ages/areas.

WORLDWIDE PENFRIEND Service. 51,000 members in 141 countries. SAE details. IPC, 39a Hatherleigh Road, Ruislip Manor, Middlesex.

WORLDWIDE PEN FRIENDS — Write for free details: Pen Friend Service, PL 27, SF-20801, Turku 80, Finland.

Full Equity Members Only
open auditions
Ray Cooney Requires Artistes for
new WEST END musical
(Directed by Jack Good)
Based on 50 years of popular music
Cambridge Theatre, London WC2
Only Artistes with outstanding Singing and or Dancing skills required for Jazz Swing, Rock, Disco Styles
Please prepare fully rehearsed audition Songs/Dance Routines
MALE/FEMALE – Monday, 7th August, 11am-5pm
SINGERS – Tuesday, 8th August, 11am-5pm
MALE/FEMALE – Sunday, 13th August, 12noon-5pm
DANCERS – Monday, 14th August, 11am-5pm

FOR SALE

14p per word

AMERICAN ROCK MAGAZINES SAE/irc for details . . . Graffiti UK, 9 Shalbourne, Marlborough, Wiltshire.

BETTER BADGES — RIGHT ON THE BUTTON!!!! 20p EACH, SMALL — Coney Lou, Black Slate, Steel Pulse, Sphinx Twinkle, Lazy Sod, Sham Army, No Future, Dukes, Suspect, Device, Lightning Raiders, Go To Chelsea, Magazines — Both Sides, Clash City Rockers, Zappa, RAF, Poly Vinyl, Ants (3), ATV, First Squirt, Lous, Feelgoods, Wilko, Police, Costello, Cheap Stars, Nick Lowe, Devo Quote, Buzzcocks, Do It, Martian Lib, 999, Radio Stars, Snuff Rock, Keff, Boys, I Don't Care, Clash — Police, Ramones — Eagle, Hotrods, MC5, B.O.C. — **MEDIUM 25p EACH** — Rush (4), Deaf School, Stiff Little Fingers, Overdose, Princess Margaret, Operation Julie (3), Dr. Death, Residents, Cuban Heels, Patti No. 4, Flamin' Groovies, Don't F . . . With Vermillion, Dick Envy, Jesus of Cool, Bernie Torme, Rush (X4) Seen, Devo Satisfaction, White Dopes, B/W Blondie, Zappa, XTC, Suicide, Voidoid, Damned, Damned Punks, Boomtown Rats, Bollocks, Anarchy, Vacant, G.S.T.Q., Aint Stiff, Talking Heads, Nosebleeds, Menace, Merger, Lee Perry, Complete Control, Patti, Lou, Iggy, Adverts, Bored Teenager, Cortinas, Slaughters, Ramones, Motorhead, Raiders, Twink, X-Ray Spex, Sham 69, L.A.M.F., Heroes, Lurkers, F . . . Off, Generation X, Warsaw P.A.K.T., S.A.L.T., Gong — **RED, GOLD & GREEN SERIES — 25p EACH** — I'll Survive, Seen, Strictly Roots, Patti, Ethiopia, Who Seh Go Deh, But . . .Wait? Forward, Selassie — **DE LUXE — 30p EACH** — Wayne County, Gaye Advert, Plastic Bertrand, Siouxsie — Overground, Patti — Night, Wreckless, Basher, Cult Figure, Modern World, TV Tubeheart, Holidays, Ramones — Punk, Jonathan Richman, Blondie, Defiant Pose, Bowie (4), Hawkwind (4), Floyd (2) Floating Anarchy, Nice Image, Kiss, Nils, Jimi, Grateful Dead (2) — **SETS:** Love You Live (14), £2.00 — Rick Griffin (8), £1.80 — Martian Lib (12), £3.00 — **SPECIALS 25p EACH** — Siouxsie, Bondage, PVC, Berlin — **PUT IN 10p POST AND PACK EACH ORDER** — Make cheques/p.o's, payable to **BETTER BADGES** — Keep your counterfoils! Remember to include your address! All mail turned out inside one week, but state alternative if in a rush — **WHOLESALE — MINIMUM ORDER 100, IN LOTS OF 10** — no p&p. Non-sellers can be exchanged, cash in advance. **AND LAST BUT NOT LEAST . . . OUR NOTORIOUS D.I.Y. SERVICE !!!!!!** — send circles of thin paper, **NOT CARD** of diam 2½" to be pressed on to your own unique personalised 2½" badge. — 20p or ask for 10 off £2.50. Add extra 10p for D.I.Y. For larger orders, phone for prices. We have a stall at **THE ROUNDHOUSE ON SUNDAYS, SO SEE YOU THERE!!!!! — PUNK ON !!!!! — BETTER BADGES, BOX 99, 286 PORTOBELLO ROAD, LONDON,** W.10. Phone 01 229 5505.

BLUE OYSTER CULT — DON'T FEAR THE REAPER — T-shirts. State chest + 3 colour choices. Only £2.50. Send cheques/P.O.'s to:— T.I.T.S., 24 Coach Road, Throckley, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

BLUE OYSTER CULT! Incredible colour photos from recent tour. Set of 10 5" x 3½" prints, £3.40 or set of 20, £6.80 (+20p p&p) Also . . . new **BLACK SABBATH** and **QUEEN!!** For sample pic & list of others available send sae +30p to :— Peter Still Photography, 30 Claremont Road, E Twickenham, Middx.

BOB DYLAN — EARLS COURT 1978 t.shirts. white lettering on black tee. State chest. Send £2.50, cheque or P.O. to:— T.I.T.S., 24 Coach Road, Throckley, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

BOWIE UK TOUR 78 t-shirts white lettering on black tee, only £2.50. State chest. Send cheques/P.O's to:— T.I.T.S., 24 Coach Road, Throckley, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

CIRCUS MAGAZINE 181 features Kiss, Queen, Aerosmith, Nugent, Zeppelin, Outlaws, AWB, Rush, Tubes, Elliman and more. Colour pics. 95p inc. p and p. See Graffiti UK.

CLASH, POLICE t-shirts. Blue policemen on red background. Screenprinted on white t-shirt. S/M/L — £3.25. Eddie Bull Enterprises, 58a Monks Road, Lincoln.

COMSTOCK LODE 3: Big Brother, Pete Brown, Ed Cassidy, Kaleidoscope. 45p. — 49 Third Cross Road, Twickenham, Middlesex.

DIRECT FROM JAPAN!!! Fantastic movie star books!! Packed with colour and black and white glossy pictures. Many rare unpublished shots. **MARILYN MONROE, ELVIS PRESLEY, JAMES DEAN, CLINT EASTWOOD,** Bruce Lee, Bogart, Redford, Garbo. Dietrich, Bardot, Gable, McQueen, Streisand, 007, 1920s stars plus many others. Sae for free illsutrated lists to:— Simmons, 28 Woodstock Road, London, N4 3EX.

FOR SALE

14p per word

DRAPE JACKETS drainpipe trousers, brothel creepers, pointed creepers, bootlace ties, waistcoats, genuine Ted gear. Large stocks. Sae for catalogues:— Dees, 34 Jordan Well. Coventry.

E.L.O. AT WEMBLEY!! - set of 10 superb colour photos. £3.40. Set of 20, £6.80 (+ 20p p & p) or s.a.e for sample pic — Pete Still Photography, 30 Claremont Road, E. Twickenham, Middlesex.

FAB GEAR MAIL ORDER — 41 Call Lane, Leeds 1. Current specials, zip or bondage t-shirts £4.99 — Zip or bondage trousers — £14.99 (26-34 w), all black post free. Refund if you think it's a rip off. Cheques or P.O.s to— Fab Gear M.O. or send s.a.e. for our leaflet list of trendy toggs and fashionable footwear (or call at our shop, X-Clothes, same address).

GOD SAVE THE SEX PISTOLS, the original design T-shirts, £3.25. Sweats, £5.50. Also "Presence Dear" **BLONDIE** shirts. Same prices, top quality, including postage. Mail order from:— Tiger T-shirts (NM27), 10 Dryden Chambers, 119 Oxford Street, London, W1R 1PA.

GUITAR PLAYER, September '75 reprint — Jimi Hendrix Special Edition, now back in stock at £1.45 incl. p and p. Sample of Guitar Player Magazine (features Carlos Santana) is also available at 95p. See Graffiti UK.

LIVE COLOUR ROCKPHOTOS — QUALITY SHOTS AND QUICKEST SERVICE AROUND! — bands available, BOWIE USA '78, NEW LIZZY, SABBATH, NEW TUBES, PARKER, MILES, Queen, Abba, Ramones, Oyster Cult, New Ronstadt, Quo, Kiss Zeppelin, Genesis, Purple, Blackmore, Dylan, ELO, Yes, Lizzy, Floyd, ELP, Eagles, Fleetwood Mac, Gabriel, Patti Smith, Stones, Stewart, Who Wings, Ferry + many more — 10 3½ x 5" x 5" borderless prints only £3.40 plus 20p p&p. Send s.a.e. for free catalogue and proofs, plus 25p for sample print if required, listing your interests to: Dick Wallis Photography, 159 Hamilton Road, London SE27 9SW.

POOL TABLE — £35. — 01-852 8791.

POSTERS £1.10, plus 25p postage. 3 different Blondie, Abba, Farrah, Cheryl Ladd, Olivia and Travolta (Grease), Tom Robinson, Stranglers, Bolan, Dylan, Sabbath, Genesis Live, Yes, New Bowie, New Angels, E.L.O. Lizzy, 8 different Elvis, new Queen, Quatro, Quo, Runaways, Bardot. **COLOUR ROCK PHOTOS** — set of 10, £3.30, New Queen, Lizzy, Sabbath, Tubes, Abba, Oyster Cult, Blondie, Stranglers, Quo, Van Halen, Rush, Genesis, New Bowie, Dylan, E.L.O., Runaways, Kiss, Patti Smith, Stones plus hundreds more. S.a.e. for lists of hundreds of posters, books, photos, T-shirts, badges, patches, wrist-bands. — Harlequin, 68 St Petersgate, Stockport, Cheshire.

PUNK T-SHIRTS — Destroy, Filth, Adverts, Clash, XTC, Squeeze, Sham 69 (bloodstained). Small, medium, large, £2.00 plus 25p p & p. Stuart Reynolds, 36a Thornhill Road, Rastrick, Brighouse, Yorks.

RAINBOW — LONG LIVE ROCK-'N'ROLL t-shirts, contrasting lettering on black tee. Only £2.50, state chest. Send cheques/P.O.'s to:— T.I.T.S., 24 Coach Road, Throckley, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

REBEL! REBEL! - Fantastic top quality full coulur enamelled buckle of Confederate Flag with the word **REBEL** printed below. Fits up to 1½belt. £1.90 + 20p p & p, payable to: Clifford, 8 Warwick Close, Bushey Heath, Herts.

ROCK AGAINST RACISM T-shirts "Nazis are No Fun" in day glo pink. Pictures in green or blue. £2.35 inc. p and p. State size and colour. Also Skins Rock Against Racism in Black across back. — R.A.R. Box M, 27 Clerkenwell Close, London, E.C.1. **NOTE:** Stop all cheques and P.O.'s sent to RAR, June 29th, 30th. Please re-order.

RUNAWAYS FANZINE: Exclusive pictures, interviews, 40p (+ 10p p and p) — Bump 'n' Grind, 132 Melbreck Road, Allerton, Liverpool.

SEX PISTOLS — THE BIGGEST BLOW — T-shirts. State chest + 3 colour choices, only £2.50. Send cheques-/P.O.'s to:— T.I.T.S., 24 Coach Road, Throckley, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

SOUVENIR SCARVES — The King Forever, Elvis Presley — Also, Abba, Wings, Rod Stewart, David Essex, Suzi Quatro, David Bowie, Queen, Status Quo, Blondie. 44 inches long, all scarves with name and faces. Send s.a.e. for price and order form. — R Harrison, 10 Coronation Road, Ingoldmells, Skegness.

STRANGLERS — BLACK & WHITE t-shirts, white lettering on black tee; Only £2.50. State chest. Send cheques-/pos to:— T.I.T.S., 23 Coach Road, Throckley, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

FOR SALE

14p per word

THE "BRITISH Music Industry Index" now lists over 400 record company addresses and phone numbers, plus music organisations and all UK legal radio stations. Ideal for job hunters, DJ's, Freelancers. 75p. — Reelsound, 1 Wilfred Court, Southgrove, London, N15.

THE KING Forever, Elvis Presley! Also Abba, Wings, Rod Stewart, David Essex, Suzi Quatro, David Bowie, Queen, Blondie, Status Quo plus special Bee Gees Scarves with John Travolta. All scarves 44" long with name and faces. Send s.a.e. for price and order form: R Harrison, 10 Coronation Road, Ingoldmells, Skegness.

THIN LIZZY — LIVE & DANGEROUS t-shirts, white lettering on black tee, only £2.50. State chest. send cheques/pos to:— T.I.T.S., 24 Coach Road, Throckley, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

T-SHIRT NO. PLATES! — Have your own cherished number authentically printed below Rolls Royce grill, £3. Sweats, £5 (all inc.) white or sky — S.M.L. ex. L — 3 weeks delivery. — C.T.S. (NM), 20 Siddaway House, Brownsover, Rugby.

YOU TELL IT — WE PRINT IT on a black or white t-shirt. Slogans up to 40 letters. State chest size. £2.50 for black or £2 for white. 10-day delivery, earlier with P.O's. Send cheques/P.O's. to:— T.I.T.S., 24 Coach Road, Throckley, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

RECORDS FOR SALE

14p per word

AUCTION! Send s.a.e. for latest list includes: Standells, Shadows of Knight, Mouse, Creation, Blossom Toes, Mike Sheridan & Nightriders, Who, Kinks, Big Three, Screaming Lord Sutch, Cliff Richard, Shadows, Mysterians, Giles, Giles & Fripp, Gods, Illinois, Speed Press, Lucifer, Music Machine, Surf, Mersey, Pop etc. Overseas welcome. Roger Careless, 12 Nicholas Street, Bodmin, Cornwall.

BARGAIN OFFER: Hundreds of 45's at only 50p each. Free catalogue. Send 10p stamp. — Backtracks, 14 Railway Street, Hertford, Herts.

BARGAINS GALORE — ex-juke box singles, modern mixed — 4 for 95p. Europe, £1.50. — Dek's, 55 Fairburn Drive, Garforth, Leeds.

BATDISCS — Small select stock — 50's and 60's, 45's, LP's, inc. Platters, Pirates, Outlaws. S.a.e. 1 Sunningdale, Bradford 8, West Yorks.

BEATLES COLLECTION: Rarities, deletions, imports, etc. S.a.e. — Smith, 55 Swan Close, Hatfield Peverel, Essex.

BEATLES DECCA audition album. Mint condition. Offers with s.a.e. 16 Wadhurst Avenue, Luton.

BEST SHOP IN LONDON for deleted 60s singles and LPs. Also film posters. Curios, 453 Edgware Road (on little Venice Bridge), Maida Vale, London W9.

BIG STAR — Radio City LP, US Ardent ADS1501 original mint condition. Offers with s.a.e. — Ebony Sounds, 24 Kirkdale Road, Leytonstone, London, E11. 01-558 2259.

BOWIE M.W.S.T.W. (dress sleeve); Prettiest Star. Offers? 01 720 3179.

CASSETTE LIBRARY — Large selection. Annual subscription, no hire charges. Catalogues 20p:— C.C.L. 176a Coombe Lane, West Kingston, Surrey.

CATAPILLA RECORD and cassette exchange, North St, Exeter, Devon. Tel Exeter 75278.

CHARTBUSTERS! S.a.e.: Diskery, 86/87 Western Road, Hove, Brighton. Callers welcome.

COLLECTORS RECORD list No. 1. Led Zeppelin, Who, Hawkwind, Bee Gees, etc. 1958-1977. British/imports (many promos) from 35p and rarities: Shotgun Express, Kaleidoscope, Kinks, Elton John, rare Apples etc. S.a.e./IRC: Ebony Sounds, 24 Kirkdale Road, Leytonstone, London, E.11. 01 558 2259.

DELETED LP'S, singles our speciality. S.a.e. details, I.T.C. P.O. Box 4, 46 Argyle Street, Birkenhead, Merseyside.

DYLAN, BOWIE, Kinks, Heep, A Cooper, Genesis, etc. 5,000+ albums + tapes + singles from 20p — Lists:— SAE/IRC, 3 Ashton Way, Whitley Bay, Tyne and Wear.

ELVIS VERY rare items, records, mags, memorabilia. Send s.a.e. for list to:— Jidds, 232 Cliftonville Road, Belfast 14, N Ireland.

EX-TOP 30 records (1960-78) from 12½p. Over 2,000 titles, most major stars. S.a.e. lists. — Dept A/1, 82 Vandyke Street, Liverpool, L8 0RT.

RECORDS FOR SALE

14p per word

GOLDEN OLDIES from 1960. Large sae. T.S.M. Records, 220 Victoria Road West, Cleveleys, Blackpool.

GOLDEN OLDIES unplayed hit singles from 50s/60s/70s — For lists send large sae: Music Workshop, 57 High Street, Shanklin, IOW.

JIVE DIVE Oldies Shop — 1 The Parade, Hampton Road, Hampton Hill, Middlesex — 01 977 6715. **OPEN** Wed-Sat, 10.30-5.30 pm. **CLOSED:** Mons-Tues — 20,000 old deleted 45's and EP's — 50's and 60's era. B.R. Waterloo line to Fulwell. Buses from Kingston, Hammersmith, Heathrow, 285, 267, 90B.

KINKS, P. Things, F. Mac, T. Robinson, Hooker, T. Rex, M. Jerry, Troggs, Sparks, Donovan, Groundhogs, Nice, S. Faces, B. Gees, 10cc, Slade, L. Spoonful. S.a.e. 29 Excelsior Gardens, SE13 7PS.

KINKS "LONG Tall Sally and Pirates "My Babe" — offers to:— Jidds, 232 Cliftonville Road, Belfast 14, N. Ireland.

OLDIES 56-77. Satisfaction guaranteed, bumper size list crammed with goodies. 20p + large S.a.e. to: J & J Records Ltd., 24 Upperhall Park, Berkhamsted, Herts. Secondhand Records / cassettes bought and sold at our record stall, Watford Market.

PASTBLASTERS! THOUSANDS available '56-'76. — S.a.e. 24 Southwalk, Middleton, Sussex.

PSYCH-OUT Soundtrack LP (USA Sidewalk) original 1968 issue. Tracks by Strawberry Alarm Clock, Seeds, Story book — sealed copies only: £4.00 inc p & p. Available from: Vintage Record Centre Ltd., 91 Roman Way, London, N7 8UN. Tel: 01 607 8586. Closed Mon/Tues.

SEX PISTOLS Anarchy (EMI) Submission (Virgin). Offers with s.a.e. 16 Wadhurst Avenue, Luton.

STIFF SECRET SERVICE say:— If you want to get ahead, get a Stiff direct — Sex and Drugs 12" import — £1.50/Heroes and Cowards Italian Compilation, £2.50 — all other Stiff albums — Seez 4 and 6 autographed. Mickey Jupp single — UPP 1, limited edition, £1.25 with Damned s. book. Badges — Picture/Devo — 15p each, Sex and Drugs, etc. — 25p per set. Enamel Blockhead, £1.00 — T-shirts — S.M.L. — The Legendary F..k/Bored/No Use/Stiff Logo — Mickey Jupp, £2.00 each. Damned T-shirts, small, £1.50. Singles — buy 15, 18, 19, 20 onwards — 75p. EP's last 1, 2, 4 — 99p. Pic covers only — buy 5, 6, 8, 16, 22 onwards + Stretcher Case + album covers — 20p each. Posters — Large — live Stiffs, W Eric, Blockhead, J Aire, H Ocean, Akron, Stiff Records, Damned — 15p. Small — Boxtops/E Graham/Realists, Lena Louich/J Allan — 10p each inc. 25p p and p. Phone or write to:— Stiff S.S., 32 Alexander Street, London, W.2 — 01-229 9093 — The Shape of things that come.

RECORDS WANTED

14p per word

ANYONE WANT to swop prerecorded cassettes for my albums? John Howie, 325 Liddesdale Road, Glasgow, G22 7QU — 041 762 3343.

A QUICK service and top prices guaranteed for your unwanted LP's and cassettes. Any quantity bought. Send details with s.a.e. for our cash offer by return of post — Gema Records, Dept. NME. P.O. Box 54, Crockhamwell Road, Woodley, Reading, Berks.

BEE GEES "S.W.A.L.K." LP wanted. Telephone Bristol 849893.

CASSETTES WANTED — top prices for your cassettes. Send details with s.a.e. for quick cash offer. 32 Kingsbridge Avenue, Clayton, Newcastle, Staffordshire.

DAVID BOWIE Rarities wanted. Records only. Wayne Pope, 151 Southend Road, Wickford, Essex.

SHAKIN' STEVENS and The Sunsets albums wanted. Phone Kim, Burnham 2763 after 6 pm.

SITUATIONS WANTED

10p per word

H.G.V. I, II, III driver — single aged 23 requires work. Simon Ferriday, 56 Redhill Road, Rowlands Castle, Hants. Tel. Rowlands Castle 2464.

TUITION

14p per word

DRUM CORRESPONDENCE course. Books and cassettes. Text and tape tuition. (NME), 168 Runnymede, London, SW19 2RG.

NME CLASSIFIED ORDER FORM

Use this form for your Classified ad.

Write your ad here in block capitals, One word per box. Name and address in the ad must be paid for.

HEADING:				

RATES

10p per word
Engagements Wanted, Instruments For Sale, Instruments Wanted, Situations Vacant, Situations Wanted, Musicians Wanted, Vocalists Wanted, Work Wanted (individuals only), Wanted.

14p per word
Artistes Wanted, Bands, Concerts, Disco Scene (all sections), Employment Agency Licence, Fan Clubs, For Sale, Groups Wanted, Insurance, Musical Services, Public Notices, Records For Sale, Recording, Records Wanted, Special Notices, Sound Equipment, Tuition, Travel, Transport.

28p per word
Personal, Printing, Traders Announcements.
All other headings 14p per word. Box No. fee £1.00
Heavy block capitals after the first two words are charged at double rate.

NAME.....
ADDRESS .....
(BLOCK CAPITALS)
.....
.....

If your ad is to appear under Musicians Wanted, Vocalists Wanted or Work Wanted, please indicate here which regional heading.....

All advertisements must be pre-paid.
I enclose P.O./Cheque value £.....

Post to: NME CLASSIFIED ADS,
ROOM 2529, KING'S REACH TOWER,
STAMFORD STREET, LONDON, SE1 9LS.

MUSICIANS WANTED

10p per word

SOUTH WEST

BASS PLAYER for Bristol band. Vocals an asset. 0454 316368.

GUITARIST WOULD like to form group (not Punk) in North Devon and Tiverton area. Telephone, Croyde 890351.

EAST ANGLIA

VOCALIST WOULD like to form four-piece r + b band. Contact: 81 Freehold Road, Ipswich.

LONDON AND S.E.

AMATEUR MUSICIANS sought by similar ,drummer to form band — XTC/Wire type direction. Pete, Farningham 862648.

MANIC KEYBOARDS player wanted for Sci-fi band. 01-289 1021.

SINGER (WITH own gear) wanted for working soul/funky band. Bill, Grays Thurock 79807.

TENOR SAX wants funk, jazz band. Caterham 42699.

VOCALIST/SONGWRITER wants group/guitarist for Bowie, New Wave music. 01-941 0355 after 8.30 or weekends.

WANTED: VOCALS, bass, drums, keyboards, around 20 years old and living in Newham area — to form Stones/Humble Pie/Faces influenced band. Must have ambition and ideas. Phone Paul, 01-471 2400 after 6pm.

MIDLANDS

BASS GUITARIST AND ORGANIST wanted, new wave forming, West Midlands. Joe, 021-445 1830.

GUITARIST REQURIED for punk band, age 14-17. No experience needed. Phone Steve, Pelsall 685597.

HOT NEW Wave band requires versatile singer, also sax player. Phone Gus, Hartlebury 269. (Worcestershire).

NORTH

DRUMMER, BASSIST for new group. Wakefield 894309.

SCOTLAND

FEMALE VOCALIST and drummer required for new wave band. Peter, 031-447 3154.

NEW WAVE rhythm guitarist, bass and drummer wanted. Own gear, wide musical taste, no poseurs. Phone 041-881 2471.

MUSICAL SERVICES

14p per word

ABOUT 100 bands, groups, discotheques. Keenest prices! London's leading entertainment agency! — Claymans, 01-247 5531.

ABSOLUTELY FREE!!! — Songwriter Magazine explains copyright, publishing, recording, royalties, song contests, setting your lyrics to music without paying, plus interviews, news etc. Free booklet from: International Songwriters Association (NME) Limerick City, Ireland.

CASSETTE DUPLICATING — 10-10,000 — No bootlegs. 08692 2831.

EARN MONEY songwriting. Amazing free book tells how. — L.S.S., 10-11 (X) Dryden Chambers, 119 Oxford Street, London, W1. 7p stamp.

HART SEEK ROGERS — mature lyricist, published author needs dedicated composer for postal collaboration, beyond contemporary standards. Record contacts advantageous. Demo costs shared. Genius optional, ambition essential. Box no. 3558.

LYRICS WANTED — no publication fee. 11 St. Albans Avenue, London, W.4.

PROFESSIONAL COMPOSER needs lyrics sae details 12 Dawsmere Close, Camberley, Surrey.

BELL'S

FOR EVERYTHING MUSICAL

ANY 2 CATALOGUES FREE

Get the instrument you want from BELL'S. Keen prices and hire purchase terms available. Call and inspect our fabulous range or tick any two of the boxes below to receive latest comprehensive Bell Catalogue on the instrument in which you are interested.

GUITARS, AMPLIFIERS and ACCESSORIES. ☐

PIANO, BUTTON and ELECTRONIC ACCORDIONS. ☐

DRUMS and ACCESSORIES. ☐

BRASS and WOODWIND. ☐

CHORD ORGANS. ☐

Return this with your name and address and POST TODAY!

BELL'S

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS LTD
(Dept. MX81)
157/159 EWELL ROAD,
SURBITON, SURREY, KT6 6 AR
Phone 01-399 1166
Callers welcome Open all day Sat

WANTED

10p per word

ABNORMALLY, CONTINUOUSLY exploited Pauline with no future requires genuine comrade. Equal, English, normal mind to help structure — broke. Write Box No. 3557.

AUSTRALIAN MOODY BLUES collector wants rarities, penfriend. Buy or swop. Mark, 615 Pennanthills Road, Beecroft, 2119, Australia.

BOWIE: ANYTHING rare. Geoff, 13 Clitheroe Road, Longsight, Manchester, M13 0GE.

DYLAN TAPES, Earls Court desperately needed — 19 Rocklands Drive, Stanmore. 01 907 9282.

DYLAN TAPES Earls Court — last night if possible. Bill, 20 Coleridge Crescent, Goring, Sussex.

E.L.O. WEMBLEY, tapes, photos, urgent. Gary Mountford, 189 Abbots Road, Selby, North Yorkshire, Y08 8AY.

INTELLIGENT, ATTRACTIVE ladies to commune — music, media and 1001 interests. Allen Laurence, 45 Wilcot Avenue, Swindon, Wiltshire (20801) — Tall, travelled Aries.

LET IT BE video tape (Philips N.1700) — very good price paid. Offers to: Runzi, Besselstr. 21, Bremen, W. Germany.

N.M.E.'s SEPT-OCT 1975 containing Morrison/Doors articles/discography. Also Rolling Stone, numbers 38 and 88. Dave Hannaford, 20 Sydney Road, Ramsgate, Kent.

ORIGINAL MUSIC wanted for rock musical to be performed in London. Single songs or several. Payment for use of selected music by arrangement. Send cassettes or write for details to— Stephen White, 42 Cronks Hill Road, Meadvale, Redhill, Surrey. All cassettes returned.

SONG LYRICS wanted, exciting proposition. Details (s.a.e.) Robert Noakes, 30 Sneyd Hall Road, Bloxwich, Staffordshire.

TWO GUYS to accompany 2 girls across Europe and the States, June 1979. Box No. 3559.

DISCOTHEQUES

14p per word

BURNIN' SKY Road Show. Disco and light show. Eastbourne 36984.

DAVE JANSEN — 01-699 4010.

LES LEWIS — 01 524 4976.

BANDS

14p per word

A1 BANDS — 01-876 4542.

ENGAGEMENTS WANTED

10p per word

A1 ACCORDIONIST — 01 876 4542.

A1 PIANIST — 01-876 4542.

FAN CLUBS

14p per word

GENESIS INFORMATION. Send s.a.e. to Geoff Parkyn, 11 Jameson Lodge, 58 Shepherds Hill, London, N6 5RW.

ROBIN TROWER —for details send s.a.e. to: P.O. Box 4DA, London, W1 4DA.

U.F.O. — For details send s.a.e. to: P.O. Box 4DA, London, W1 4DA.

INSTRUMENTS WANTED

10p per word

PURCHASED FOR CASH: good Guitars, Amplifiers, Hammond Organs. Top prices.—01-836 7811.

INSTRUMENTS FOR SALE

10p per word

ANTORIA JAZZ bass guitar for sale £120 o.n.o. Tel. Leicester 706659.

BARITONE SAXAPHONE — Weltklang, brand new in case £400 for quick sale. Leave message for Andrew, Beaconsfield 71234 daytime.

GIBSON ES335TD and Vox AC30 — £450 o.n.o. Sheffield 372219.

GUILD D40 guitar. As new condition £200. — 01-452 5827.

MARSHALL 100W tranny — lead and bass — almost new £65. — 01-554 1278 (Ilford).

LEARN TO PLAY

ROCK GUITAR

YOUR OWN TEACHER IN YOUR OWN HOME. BRAND NEW postal teaching course recorded on CASSETTES. Specially created to teach ROCK and ROLL and MODERN LEAD styles. This course will SAVE YOU YEARS of struggling on your own with books. ALL the SOLOS and MODERN LEAD RUNS are played for you on cassette to practice with. This is better than going to a teacher, as it enables you to have lessons as many times as you like. You may write to me at any time during the course for FREE HELP and advice if the need arises. A SATISFIED PUPIL writes, Dear Jack, your ROCK GUITAR COURSE is just FANTASTIC! I am able to PLAY QUITE WELL NOW and a friend and I have started a group. — G Mitchell, Cheshire. FOR FREE DETAILS please fill in coupon:

NAME.....

ADDRESS .....

.....

POST NOW! TO

JACK WILCOCK TEACHING TAPES
4 ST. MAWES DRIVE, PAIGNTON, DEVON, TQ4 7NS

JILTED JOHN

■ *From page 25*

room at the House of Rabid, somewhere in Didsbury, for conversation and research, frustrating difficulties arose.

Fellows, oblique and clumsy in real life, refused to separate the character from himself, which wasn't so much schizophrenic as irritating.

His line of thought wandered from his own carefully-pondered, self-mocking words through varying degrees to the hapless, senseless ramblings of the character he was apparently building on the spot, "Jilted John".

And vice-versa: it was difficult to distinguish parties. Eventually I found myself addressing questions to "Jilted John" (and more often than not getting replies from Fellows) and then to Fellows (and . . . getting replies from "Jilted John").

The added hindrance of Gordon/Bernard occasionally interrupting certainly didn't help. As a result our conversation was predominantly pointless: Bernard and Fellows stubbornly intent on leaving the impression that "Jilted John" is a true representation of Fellows, both having 'inadequacies and inabilities to get to grips woth social relationships and environments'.

There was no chance of reaching the person who created the classic "Jilted John" single. There was the character and little else; and at most John is merely a grotesque reflection of the specific naivety of Fellows — his cheek but certainly not his perverse perception.

Certain facts did emerge. Rabid and Fellows have matured appreciably and concentrated on future development.

Future development revolves crucially around a decision that Fellows will not perform any more live gigs, but instead prepare for a future 'musical' based on Jilted John, love and rejection. And this is an intelligent, enticing move.

Previously, Fellows' performing live was a shambles, featuring a borrowed backing group, a series of songs performed wrecklessly so that any delights were smothered, all linked flimsily under the 'concept' of sorrowfully failed romances, culminating in the self-satisfied "Going Steady".

It's this loose concept that the planned theatrical presentation aims to intensify, illuminate, broaden.

Fellows settles comfortably behind the John mask and gets inarticulately excited at the prospect of staging the musical.

(. . . slide into excerpts of conversation with 'John':Graham and occasionally 'Gordon'/Bernard . . .)

"Yeah, I do want to expand it . . . you know *'Pennies From Heaven'* (passionately if awkwardly innovative Brechtian TV musical-series conceived by Dennis Potter) . . . well we can take some ideas from that . . . the way you get dramatic situations, conversation pieces and suddenly it goes into song. I like that idea. And, er, I haven't seen the Albertos thing but I could take a few ideas from that.

"Also . . . because I know there are loads of people out there just like me, who can't get a lover (sigh) and are very cut up about it, I want to get to them. I just want to find happiness really . . . and if I can find vent for my feelings (snigger) then . . . if I can get it out of my system . . . I suppose it's a contradiction 'cos I've already said I don't like performing live gigs . . . to tell people, tell the world that I'm a failure. I can normally do it in the recording studio."

Bernard: "But the only reason you can't do it in gigs is because this is like the beginning of the concept. We want it to be visually worked out, a big production job."

It seems that Bernard and Fellows operate to some extent as a double act; if Fellows as 'John' represents the feeble and inferior, then Bernard as 'Gordon' is being modified as the confident and successful.

". . . Well, y'know, Gordon represents the youth of today, cap, sleeved T-shirts and all that . . . don't write that down 'cos youths will think I'm being nasty. He's very visually viable—Bernard, do your dance."

IT BECOMES obvious the proceedings are a game, a tease. I find myself unwittingly and unwillingly complying.

So when did Jilted John realise that he was a failure?

Laughter. "When I read it in the papers . . . no I realised it . . . it was a gradual realisation . . . perhaps when I became aware of girls . . . no, there's too much emphasis placed on failure with girls . . . I'm also a failure with people."

It seems he decided to tell people the he was a failure through rock'n'roll in some desperate way to attain success. The Sexy Pig, present in the room to conduct a silly test on Fellows' actual ability to conduct himself with girls, asked if groupies were a lure.

"No", Jilted John retorted with some affront. "That's wrong. That's immoral . . . totally superficial. Not real. No, look, there must be one girl out there . . . who . . . choke . . ."

He perks up.

"Do you fancy me?" he challenges The Sexy Pig.

She stumbles her way through "Well, you're not ugly. I know some girls who fancy you."

He seems satisfied at this. Has he ever had any meaningful relationships with girls yet?

"No. The longest is two weeks."

What goes wrong?

" . . . Actually . . . I tell you . . . *I* get sick of them! But, before I tell them, I'm giving off bad vibes that I don't like them, so they pack me before I pack them . . . so in a way . . . it's good psychology, this, 'cos I'm seeing my own problem . . . I'm paving my own downfall. And if I didn't give off destructive vibes they wouldn't pack me!"

This is getting us nowhere.

OK - when did he become a pop singer?

"In February of this year I bought an electric guitar for £17.50. I can't play so I tuned it open and got flat chords to write my songs. I just went like shoo ooh ooh shoop and a tune just flowed. The single was the first thing I wrote; it came in an afternoon of sheer inspiration.

"Bernard came round and played drums on a monopoly box . . . actually this is all very mundane, do you really want all this? . . . eventually we ran into Tosh of Rabid and the record came out."

Isn't this a remarkably quick achievment for a self-confessed loser?

"Yes, but I'm acting. I have to act to put across my concept and my concept is the real me. Do you see what I mean?"

Only the first sentence. I thought I was onto something here.

So he (Fellows) really is acting?

"Well, you never can tell. That's the thing you've got to figure out."

Screams of frustraion. How smart is he?

"Not very . . . oh, I feel oppressed now . . . you're asking very personal questions. I'm too young too have assimilated much in life. I know how to keep mice! I know how to keep a stud of mice on 50 pence a week. I can really relate to mice. They're my friends.

"Oh, to lie naked on a bed and let loads of mice run all over me . . . aah'. Don't put that in . . . no perversions. Sex I find very embarrassing on TV — when you're at home at Christmas with your parents and sister . . . actually I want to do things for the kids that the parents can endorse. I could be another Tommy Steele."

Jilted John and Graham Fellows. The character and the actor. (Current heroines — Debbie Harry and Kate Bush. Musical dislikes — Status Quo and Brotherhaood of Man. Musical likes Dead End Kids, Flintlock, Bilbo Baggins, Liverpool Express . . . polular music, music for the people."

We may never hear of either again, and it really doesn't matter. (Sort it all out for yourself.)

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1 "Street Legal"; 7 "Up Town Top (Ranking)"; 9 Nice; 10 Anna (McGarrigle); 11 "Rescue Me"; 12 Rocket; 13 "Judy Teen"; 15 "I Knew The Bride"; 18 Den (Hegarty); 20 "Back In The USA"; 21 "Cloud Nine"; 24 Tony Ashton; 25 Gig. **DOWN:** 2 Tapper Zukie; 3 "Exodus"; 4 Little Feat; 5 Linda McCartney; 6 (Den) Hegarty; 8 Peter; 14 "Let It Be"; 16 Knebworth; 17 "Walk On By"; 18 Dave Cash; 19 "(Up Town Top) Ranking"; 22 (Graham) Nash; 23 Gong.

NME X-WORD

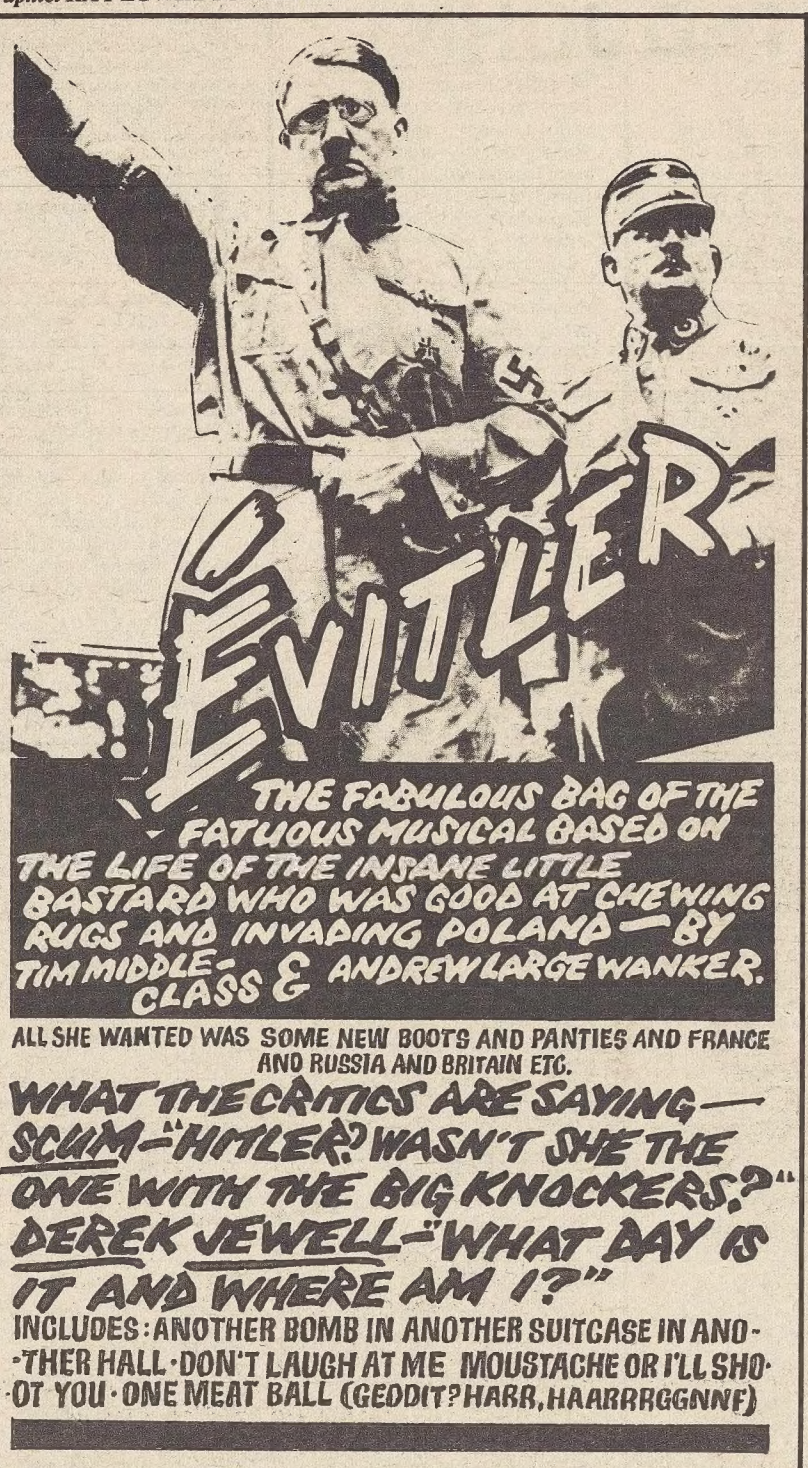
ACROSS

1 A.k.a. "Cosh The Driver", "No One Is Innocent" and "Talcy Malc's Last Fling" (3,7,4)
7 Ted 'Nutter' Nugent's garage band roots (5,5)
8 Paraplegic Soft Machine and Matching Mole founder in showy attire!
9 Roxy's last hit (ignoring re-releases), and Ferry's first stab at the disco generation (4,2,3,4)
12 The Rubber City — aren't you *tyred* of all this avant-crap?
15 & 24 Killed at 22 (that's 22 years not 22 down, bub!) he was one of rock'n'roll's first casualties — also one of its most enduring legends.
16 Toppled teen idol *(ho ho!)* — fell chronologically somewhere between T.Rex and the B. C. Rollers *(bleeuch!) (5,7)*
19 '60s British hit outfit who've been described as "the prime U.K. punk group" — that was when punk was a synonym for dumb!
20 & 6 ... and *some girls* go for dapper 'ardnuts!
21 "Crisis? What Crisis?" now seems a particularly unfortunate choice of album title, eh what!
23 See 25
24 See 15
25 & 23 El Zimmerman live album

DOWN

1 Disco dork! *("Shame, shame!" — Olivia Newton-Squirrel)*
2 Not exactly "Masters Of War" but we mustn't be snobbish about these things — this is a sociologically important disco track by Tast Of Honey, inspired we understand by the writings of R. D. Laing! (6,5,5)
3 Doubtless it'll be back again for Christmas '78, Steely Span's perennial hymn-let
4 Not Christine — the other one in the band
5 Classic Small Faces workout, it went to No. 2 in 1968 (4,6)
6 See 20
10 Forget your Statue Of Liberty, your Empire State, your 5th Avenue ... put *her* No.1 on your list of New York sights! (6,5)
11 Gang leader (Geddit?)
13 It means 'Powerplant' in their native tongue
14 U.S. heavy metal combo with right wing philosophies
17 Check out 10 down first, *then* take in N.Y.'s best-known latterday rock gig (inits.)
18 Follow-up to "A Hard Day's Night"
22 Here's a clever one to finish: Adding ten to Becker-Fagen work produces household bleach! Gosh, aren't you impressed...

Graphic: RAY LOWRY SUPERSTAR


EVITLER
THE FABULOUS BAG OF THE FATUOUS MUSICAL BASED ON THE LIFE OF THE INSANE LITTLE BASTARD WHO WAS GOOD AT CHEWING RUGS AND INVADING POLAND — BY TIM MIDDLE-CLASS & ANDREW LARGE WANKER.
ALL SHE WANTED WAS SOME NEW BOOTS AND PANTIES AND FRANCE AND RUSSIA AND BRITAIN ETC.
WHAT THE CRITICS ARE SAYING — SCUM — "HITLER? WASN'T SHE THE ONE WITH THE BIG KNOCKERS?" DEREK JEWELL — "WHAT DAY IS IT AND WHERE AM I?"
INCLUDES: ANOTHER BOMB IN ANOTHER SUITCASE IN ANOTHER HALL · DON'T LAUGH AT ME MOUSTACHE OR I'LL SHOOT YOU · ONE MEAT BALL (GEDDIT? HARR, HAARRRGGNNF)

I'M 18 and on the dole and bloody angry — about some of the crap in the Clash feature. Chris Salewicz calls the Clash "the advance guards, the emissaries of the New Age when Babylon's flaky hold on rock music (and on life) will finally fall . . ." That's absolute shit. My respect for the Clash was reduced when they played moronic Heavy Metal and the inappropriate "White Riot" at the A.N.L. Carnival, but after this tour was announced I couldn't identify with them at all.

If the Clash had loved or even cared for their audience they would not play venues that are well known for the ferocity of the security bozos, that exist merely to take as much money as possible from as many people as possible in one night. The band could play free gigs in parks or alternative venues not run by ultra-capitalist promoters. With a rich record company and good record sales they could easily afford it.

The Here 'n' Now have done about 60 free gigs this year. The Clash have done one. The Here 'n' Now will play for nothing under the Westway on the 20th, while 4 days later the Clash will charge £2.50 for a Music Machine gig (it was gonna be Picketts Lock, which is something like a scaled down Empire Pool, but they were banned from there). The Here 'n' Now got a £500 fine for an illegal free gig. The Clash pay £700 damages for shooting racing pigeons (that must have been a blow to capitalism when those pigeons were killed). Clash albums sell for £4 but Live Floating Anarchy '77' has "Do not pay more than £2.25" *printed* on the cover.

Joe Strummer doesn't really want a riot of his own. He could have helped the Apollo Clash fans by hitting the security thugs with his mike-stand (something done very effectively by Hawkwind's Bob Calvert at Manchester). He had hundreds of people behind him, and even security men are intelligent enough to recognize overwhelming odds. But the Clash only started fighting to save their own skins, at the end of the gig.

The Clash don't deserve long sycophantic features in *NME*. Here 'n' Now, Sphynx and the rest of the peoples' psychedelic anarchist rock groups deserve more than the occasional paragraph, because they actually put their idealism into practice for the benefit of their followers e.g. the free floating anarchy tours and the free concerts at Glastonbury, Stonehenge, Deeply Vale and the Roundhouse (the Love-in).
NIGEL SMEDLEY, Letchworth, Herts.

SO THE Clash really love their audiences, huh? Is that why we had to wait one and a half hours before being let in last Tuesday in Birmingham? Is that why the tickets went up by 50p while we were still queueing? And so Joe Strummer cried over the way their fans were treated in Glasgow. Did he cry when the band saw fit to sack one of their support bands, Fashion? So Paul, Joe, Nicky, Mick, you think it's funny, turning rebellion into money/money/money/money/money.
ETHEL OF THE FIFTH FORM, Birmingham
IT would seem that both of you, Nigel and Ethel, have other axes to grind on behalf of Sphynx and Fashion, and that you're severely wronging one of the few bands who actually *try* to do something positive about the rock business and the way it works. The Clash try harder and attract heavier pressure: the success of their attempts is limited (and I've got sympathy for them over the repercussions of the pigeon-shooting episode) but the fact that they care as much as they do does them much honour. You may be demanding more than they can give. Do you seriously think, Nigel, that The Clash could get GLC permission to do free gigs the way Nik Turner can? In this racket, *no-one* has Complete Control — CSM.

FIRST IT was Dave Symonds and Dave Cash, then Kenny Everett, followed by Stuart Henry, Johnnie Walker and Noel Edmunds. Now Alan Freeman is to join them. Seen any significance yet? Well, if you ain't — you're just what our dear friends at Radio 1 are looking for — a boring, mindless, media manipulated moron. "National Radio 1" darling Tanya Blackburn calls it, and can never resist reminding us that we are listening to "Britain's only national pop station" — we don't have much bloody choice with the pirates having been hounded, do we? Those whom I have mentioned (excluding Granny Blackburn) have departed from, or been 'asked to leave' the BBC, and the reason seems either that their shows were too humourous, or that they possessed too much knowledge of what is happening in music today, outside a disco. So what have we left? John Peel — slotted in when all respectable people are tucked up tight in their Myers beds, so as not to have their minds warped by our balding punk — and Annie Nightingale on a Sunday afternoon, for some light relief — bless her. But what about the rest of the week? Well naturally, we've got the ones who didn't leave. The ones we'd all give our left bollock to have leave. The dregs. The leftovers. Winkers like Travis, Saville, Burnett, the aforementioned Blackburn and Master Bates. If you'll allow me to ramble on, I could say that I used to be quite cheerful, getting up in the mornings, as Noel did have some sense of humour and understanding but now — Jesus Christ, what a boring fart Travis is. Who does he think we are — all five year olds who are supposed to titter as he rambles on about "hairy monsters, coming at us through the cornflakes" — oh pick me up off the floor, that was so funny! I could go on, but I suppose I'd better go now, as the 'Tiny Tots' spot is just coming on Uncle Tony's show and I can't miss that, can I. Oh please! Just this once!
ALEX GILCHRIST (older than 5), Clydbank.

WHAT DO the Beeb think they're playing at with the Sex Pistols new single. I've always thought that (especially) Radio 1 played chart sounds. Well, it's in the charts, and I can bet ya if the Pistols get to No 1 (cross me fingers) the Beeb will just turn round and say 'we never banned it'. Cosh the Beeb.
ANON (no address given, secretive sod)
". . . and the radio is in the hands of such a lot of fools trying to anaesthatize the way that you feel" — ELVIS COSTELLO
Speaking of whom . . . — CSM.

I THOUGHT you'd like to know that even though Elvis the C's third album is rubbish, I still have faith in the lad to pull out of the rut he's in, with his fourth coming double live album and then with the following "Golden Hour Of Greatest Hits" compilation. So there, not everyone has given him up for lost!
BINSLEY 'FINGER ON THE BUTTON' EXETER Dorking.
Uh-oh — the silly ones are trying to break through . . . — CSM.

DOES PENNY REEL think he is the only person who has read any Damon Runyon? The 3rd paragraph in the Phoney M article must have been taken straight out of *On Broadway*. Ha, didn't think anyone would catch you, eh?
MARIO KEMPES, Buenos Aires.
You are obviously a person such as would not recognise a message from one Runyonoid to another even if it appears in the world's leading rock rag. Keep taking the rock candy and rye. — HARRY THE HORSE
Peter who? — PENNY REEL

Featuring:
- ***Letters from pop stars!***
- ***Clash backlash!***
- ***BBC bitch-in!***
- ***Lotsa dumb jokes?***

I HAVE decided to write to your "Bag" every day until 1994.
CAPTAIN KLUTZC.H. Happy Meadows, Kent.
Great. I've decided to ignore your letters until 2001 — CSM.

WHAT'S THE matter with being 14? You lot really piss me off sometimes. You're always going on about certain bands only appealing to 14-year-old schoolgirls, and I'm talking about the Boomtown Rats. Their gig at Hammersmith was bloody good. So what if I haven't been to many gigs? For one thing I can't afford it, and for another thing how am I supposed to get into the Lyceum to see The Jam. You've got to be 18 and I don't look 18. Now my poxy brother has started quoting lines from *NME* about some of your remarks, like the brainless idiot he is. I can guess what your smart-assed comment will be, so you know where you can stick it! Can I be a rock paper journalist?
LIZ, (14) London.
Forgive Adrian Thrills, Liz . . . he's too young to appreciate 14-year-old schoolgirls (particularly hip ones) the way us grown-ups do . . . — CSM.

FOR ALL you skins that follow Sham, let's get one thing straight: Sham are a *punk* band, and now it's getting sick 'cos us punks can't go and see them without getting our heads kicked in. I saw Jimmy the other day and spoke to him about this and he said that he didn't really like the skins that much anyway and in his own words Sham are a punk band. Take a look at the band anyway, there ain't one skin among them. They used to be skins but that was a good eight years ago, now they're punks. Anyway you skins only go to a Sham gig for a fight. Don't you ever stop to listen to what Jim's saying or are you thick like they say skins are? Prove them wrong and let us punks come without getting our heads kicked in.
LIAM & JOHN, Sham 69 followers (no address given in case the skins come and get them — CSM)
Well said, men. After all that stupid, wasteful crap that went down last year between punx 'n' Teds, the last thing we need is a re-run between punx 'n' skins. Listen, if Pursey doesn't want bother at his gigs, his wishes should be respected by people who claim to be his fans — CSM.

I HAVE no idea what Paul Morley has against me, but in his Alternative TV piece he seemed intent on portraying me as some sort of ineffectual rat (even though he couldn't quite manage to spell my name correctly). In ATV I played the role of musical interpreter of Mark's ideas, supplying tunes to fit his words. I *never* enjoyed "How Much Longer", but for a long time he insisted that it be kept in our set. When it came to recording the song I pushed for improved production facilities, though Mark Perry was not interested. On the "Stiff Life" number I wanted to use Bernard Herrmann-type strings, but the idea was rejected; so much for all those brave words such as "growth" and "improvement". Experimentation *can* go hand in hand with good production and arrangement; see Brian Wilson for further clarification and illustration on this point.

If I was not needed for ATV's continuing development, then how come almost 50% of their album is my material? I realise that the record is supposedly a chronicle of their career, but that doesn't account for the fact that my song "Action Time Vision" is the next single, and that there are plans to reissue the "Love Lies Limp" track in the near future. I wrote altogether two dozen songs with Mark which may or may not see the light of day . . .

The inept Mr. Morley also has the audacity to quote England's greatest living philosopher Colin Wilson, and to draw parallels (however admittedly absurd) between his work and Mark Perry's! He even manages to give the mistaken impression that Mr. Wilson's philosophy is somehow pessimistic, when it is in fact directly opposed to the traditional Jean Paul Sartre school of existentialism. I feel entirely qualified to comment authoritatively on this point having been well acquainted with Colin Wilson's books since I was 15, and having met and talked personally with Mr. Wilson at some length a short while ago.

I don't bear Perry (or Morley, for that matter) any malice. It's simply that I hate inaccuracy (while we're at it it should be noted that Morley managed to mix up ATV members Dennis Burns and Chris Bennett and re-title Deptford Fun City Records as Deptford *Funk* City Records) and I find it crazy that ATV should gain credibility by Mark Perry's name dropping of Throbbing Gristle when he's only seen them play once. I, on the other hand, get portrayed as a wimp-pop twerp when I've been to *almost every Throbbing Gristle gig in Britain* and am currently working with them on the soundtrack of the Fred and Judy Vermorel movie *Millions Like Us*.

I wish Alternative TV and Mark Perry the best of luck, but I refuse to let a prat like Paul Morley set me up as a scapegoat for whatever deficiencies he sees in the band's creative output.
ALEX FERGUSSON (ex-ATV), London.

DEAR CRETINS, I have never been to Hammersmith but no group changes too much inside a week. What the hell are you lunatics prattling on about? I went to the Boomtown Rats who were magic and if Adrian Arsehole found 'em boring he must have spent the gig in the bog preparing that crap.
A NORMAL PERSON near The South Coast. P.S. Print an article about Product 109 or I shall detonate Julie Burchill's head by remote control.
Try it and a Mr Parsons I know will be detonating your head from fairly close range. Incidentally, what's a normal person doing at a Brats gig? — CSM.

WHO DOES this 'Jude the Obscure' (Bag July 15th) think he's trying to kid? I knew him when he was a complete unknown.
MARK EWING (a new concept in glasses). Hemingford Abbots, Cambs.
Then you're a complete bozo. Nobody even *remotely* hip knows him — CSM.
Jude the what? — BOB DYLAN.
See what I mean? —CSM.

HEY, I just seen a big stage down at Blackbushe Airport, an' someone told me Dylan's coming!!! Scoop, huh?
UNCLE IAN, Bognor Regis.
You sure you set your watch forward this year? — CSM.

DEAR CHARLES, how are you and everyone — what? — oh good. Anyway, I read your review of the fab new Jolt 45 and just thought I should bring a few of your rhetorical comments up to date.

(1) We have not blown our energy, believe me. When you and your fellow cohorts and everyone else hears the next Jam LP you will surely poo-poo your panties.

(2) As for our 'disposable' second LP, well — the only disposable LP we've made was never released and scrapped by our own hands, ready to start work again with another (tentative title is "All Mod Cons").

(3) If anyone would like to take up these points further I would be glad to do a four page interview with a glossy picture of my face on the front of *NME* — but if not, never mind.

This is not an arrogant would-be-rock-star letter, but merely some inside info to set things straight. Yours modernly.
PAUL WELLER
Paul, thanks for writing. I look forward to your next album — just like I looked forward to the last two. Long may your Rickenbacker resonate — CSM.

I THINK I've just sussed out *NME's* masterplan to envelope the world with incompetent journalism. In a desperate move to cope with a universe which they do not understand, the *NME* staff have resurrected the *NWB* (Next Week Box, nerk!) The one that disappeared into the crowds last week (page 41) was a decoy! . . . 'ere, let me explain. *NME* finally realised the potential of a *real NWB!* Their poetic consciousness has awoken and ready to sail on the river of life. Not only will Da Boite rell readers more about the bunch of wurrits that carefully contrive our weekly dross, it will let readers (there are readers, aren't there?) know when they want to purchase a copy of Britain's greatest rock weekly. It'll up sales: people won't be buying it simply for the crossword anymore! Perhaps it will retrieve readers lost at the onset of the New (old?) Wave. Through the deluge of letters about the *NWB* — you may even be able to extend the Letters page! Permanently! *NME* won't be debasing themselves in this venure; they've been exploiting their position as best music mag in the world for years. To take advantage of their heritage is a basic but understandable indigenous percept, when *NME* is such a respected newspaper. Well, *NME*, if you intend to execute this dastardly act you will be forced to include 'Looking Back' and 'Playing in the Band'. Do you realise what you are letting yourself in for?
FRITH of POOK! and TUSH!, Glasgow. P.S. Oh-oh. What's that I see? Some smart-ass comment looming up to ridicule me and my theory at the bottom of this. I'll sneak back to the beginning again . . .
I think I've just sussed out NME's masterplan.

Shuffled and dealt by CSM

"I don't mind no short people round here," says BOB DYLAN after looking large and impressive (as opposed to small and impressive) by the simple expedient of standing next to GRAHAM PARKER while praising GP's albums to the delighted ex-Mod. CHALKIE DAVIES proves it all happened (GP's mates didn't believe him).

BETTER BADGES

New Releases	This	Last week	TOP TEN
20p Rocket to Russia, The Normal, Sonics Rendervous Band, Rock Action, Ants Phys-ic-al, Ants Valaise.	1	(1)	BUZZCOCKS
	2	(-)	SHAM ARMY
	3	(2)	CLASH POLICE
25p Kaya, Joe Gibbs, Black Slate No. 2, Steel Pulse No. 2, Aswad, T.V.O.D., Cosh the Driver, No One is Innocent, Sid Vicious My Way.	4	(4)	LAZY SOD
	5	(7)	STEEL PULSE
	6	(6)	IF IT AIN'T STIFF
	7	(-)	YELLOW COSTELLO
	8	(-)	MY WAY SID VICIOUS
30p Doll By Doll, Jackson Pollock, So Many Fools (Siouxsie), Here & Now.	9	(-)	COSH THE DRIVER
	10	(5)	SHAM 69

COMPILED FROM MAIL ORDER ONLY — TEN BEST — SEE FOR SALE SECTION FOR FULL LISTING

new MUSICAL EXPRESS

Editorial
3rd Floor, 5—7 Carnaby Street,
London W1V 1PG
Phone: 01-439 8761

EDITOR: NEIL SPENCER

News Editor: Derek Johnson
Production Editor: Jack Scott
Special Projects Editor: Roy Carr
Associate Editors (Features/Reviews):
Bob Woffinden, Charles Shaar Murray

Staff:
Tony Stewart
Steve Clarke
Phil McNeill
Tony Parsons
Julie Burchill
Monty Smith

Photography:
Pennie Smith

Contributors:
Nick Kent
Angus MacKinnon
Mick Farren
Bob Edmands
Tony Benyon
Max Bell
Fred Dellar
Chris Salewicz
Brian Case
Cliff White
Miles
Lester Bangs
John May
Paul Morley
Paul Rambali

New York:
Joe Stevens
N.Y. 254 6840

Research:
Fiona Foulger

Advertisement Dept
Kings Reach Tower,
Stamford Street, London SE1 9LS

Ad Director:
Percy Dickins
(01) 261 6080

Ad Manager:
Peter Rhodes
(01) 261 6251

Classified Ads:
Sue Hayward(01) 261 6122

Ad Production:
Mike Proctor, Frank Lamb
Pete Christopher
(01) 261 6207

Publisher Eric Jackson
Editorial Consultant Andy Gray
IPC Magazine Ltd, Production of any material without permission is strictly forbidden.

T-ZERS GOES CAMPING

IT ACTUALLY was almost everything that everyone — even promoter **Harvey Goldsmith** — had cracked it up to be. The Picnic, we mean — the feeding of the 250,000 (or thereabouts, no-one here was counting) at Blackbushe. **Dylan,** appearing in a top-hat (loaned for the day from the doorman of his London hotel) arrived stage centre a mere 30 minutes behind schedule and gave a performance even better, even longer than those epic shows at Earls Court. The sun also shone.

Even Old Bill was remarkably cool; only 50 or so arrests were made, most for ticket forgery. The only slip-up appeared to be CBS's much-touted firework display which was the proverbial damp squib. And wasn't the stage meant to light up at the end of the proceedings with "Bob Dylan Street Legal", just in case anyone hadn't yet put their money where their feet were.

Those lucky enough to be invited into the Liggerz Enclosure had to make do with a somewhat restricted view of the stage. Along with obligatory **Bianca Jagger,** whose limo broke down on the way home *(My heart bleeds for her cackle cackle — Ed)* also backstage were a camera-touting **Ringo Starr, Clash**persons **Jones** and **Strummer,** the latter slightly bemused if not awestruck that he was watching the real Bob Dylan. More still: **Wilko,** the entire cast of **Dire Straits, Roger Chapman,** half of **Gallagher & Lyle** (impossible to tell which one), **Susan George** (apparently footloose and fancy free) and sundry other toffs. Congrats to ever-valiant *NME* lensperson **Pennie Smith** who fought her way to the front of the stage in order to take her pix. Slightly bruised or not. For more Zimmeradventures see *Thrills.* With any luck, that's got rid of him for the next half decade or so. Who's next **Harvey? Joseph of Nazareth?** Or are you having trouble with the lawyers? . . .

Onto other matters . . . **Bianca's** hubby **Michael** has been getting stick for the "flagrant sexism" and "racialist overtones" of the title cut of "Some Girls". Seeing red at the line, *"Black girls just wanna get fucked all night,"* numero[illegible] black radio stations State[illegible]ve banned the platter[illegible]ngle, "Miss You". D[illegible] from Atlantic Records (the Stones' American label) Mick has refused to change the lyric, while black girls have also been picketing New York record stores. Some girls eh Mick!

. . .

Which seems a good place for this week's **Pistols**-type *T-Zers.* Young **Lydon,** bless 'im, has been in the studio working on a possible single, while Lydon's bassman **Jah Wobble** has his solo single all set to go, probably on Virgin (or should it be Front Line?). Wobble is featured toasting (talkng-over to you) a **Wayne Jobson** *(Who? — Ed.)* written and produced reggae song called "Dreadlock A No Deal Wid Wedlock" wherein The Man From Whitechapel, surprisingly enough, expounds his unwillingness to enter the state of matrimonial union . . .

PAUL COOK says "Bleeeacch!" after reading the Rotten singles column.

Just who is it that **Sid Vicious** is shooting on the sleeve of his grisly "My Way" side? According to the plot of the **Pistols** *Great Rock and Roll Swindle* movie, it's the president of his French record company. Other movie scenes in gay Paree include a street accordionist playing "Anarchy In The UK" while **Steve 'n' Paul** play along on the sidewalk. Sounds like a **Beatles** cop to *T-Zers.* Incidentally, **Steve Jones** currently seen cruising streets of ol' London in a gleaming BMW . . .

T-Zers might have guessed that Capital Radio supremo **Aidan Day** reckons "The Biggest Blow" the **Pistols** best yet. Which is presumably why the station has banned it . . .

ARE-WE-not-the-same-as-other-rock-bands? Preliminary earfuls of the completed **Devol**pee suggest so to *T-Zers.* Expect the Akron Boys **Eno**-produced offering to show up in no less than five different shades of vinyl, including super collectable (**Roy Carr** take note) metallic, as part of Virgin Records' extensive promotion. Like **Pistols** "Bollocks" (whoops), the album doesn't feature all new material. Included are re-recordings of the first two Stiff singles, four sides in all

. . .

T-Zers promises that this is the very last mention of His name, but we thought you'd like to know that **Dylan** recently telephoned **Willy DeVille,** enquiring who his tailor is. El Zim told Willy that he was particularly interested in scoring tab-collared purple polka dot shirts and sharkskin suits. And we thought you'd given up that sort of thing in 1965, Bob . . .

TOTPs viewers last Thursday who saw a repeat of the **Boomtown Rats'** "Like Clockwork" video might be interested to know another clip had been filmed featuring **Paul Cook** sitting in with the Rats on piano. *TOTP* refused to show it, claiming Cook's inclusion was contrary to a Musicians' Union ruling. Virgin, of course, think it might just be more Pistolsvictimisation . . .

Following a visit from the boys in blue **Suicide** and **Mick Jones** taken away and charged with drugs offences . . .

Attention **Hendrix** buffs. Douglas Records (as in **Alan Douglas,** sometime Hendrix producer) releasing a Hendrix "jazz" album. Taken from various jams 69-70, it's called "Nine To The Universe" and is available by mail order only

. . .

Our own **Cliff White** taking over **Charlie Gillett's** excellent Radio London lunchtime *Honky Tonk* programme Sunday August 27 for one week only. Don't miss it . . .

IN TEXAS, **Squeeze's** bassist **Harry Kakoulli** came a cropper onstage whilst doing a somersault. As a result the hapless Kakoulli broke his leg and is completing the tour with a limb in a plaster cast. Squeeze, of course, changed their name to **UK Squeeze** for the tour to avoid confusion with an American group of the same name. Their 'new identity' has, however, led to further confusion and at some

FAY FIFE says "Yeah me too!" Bot pix snapped at Sire Records promobash.

gigs punters have turned up expecting to hear **UK, Bill Bruford's** techno-flash combo

. . .

Now it can be told. When Paramount Studios originally invented the part of **Leather Tuscadero** for *Happy Days* they originally had in mind **Debbie Harry. Blondie** manager **Toby Mamais** immediately shot round to Paramount with records, videos, photographs and anything else that could bear witness to Debbie's screenability. Paramount, though, considered Debbie too, uh, mature, but did ask if Mamais knew of any other sheilas fit for the role. He suggested **Joan Jett** and **Ms Quatro.** Paramount decided Jonie "too young and tough looking" and the rest, as they say, is history *(It is — Ed.)* . . .

And on an affiliated topic, Ms **Jett** says that she no longer thinks **Suzi** the queen of her particular hop. She told *T-Zers:* "Y'know, she used to be so great, drunk and foul mouthed all the time. But nowadays she's so *married.* All, 'Oh, husband, come and look at this omelette I've cooked you'." That Suzi is looking for a large country house, complete with stables, might well indicate that Joan isn't talking totally trash. Recently, Quatro has got into horse-riding in a big way and is being coached by **Michael Caine's** 20-year-old daughter **Nicki** . . .

Talking Heads David Byrne on **Phil Spector:** "He's a mental case now." *(So, what's new? — Ed.)* "Yeah," agrees Heads' keyboardsman **Jerry Harrison.** "Locking **Ronnie Spector** up in his house. His whole attitude is, 'Nobody can even see Ronnie. She's mine'. . ."

More LA madness. **'Honest' Ron Wood** has completed backing tracks for his next album. Produced by **Queen** knob twiddler **Roy Thomas,** the album features the redoubtable **Charlie Watts, Mick Fleetwood** and sundry other liggers. Also being recorded in Hollywood is **Bruce Springsteen's** live long player. Naturally a double, its release is said to be "imminent". . .

Last word on Blackbushe. As **The Zim** took the stage, one **Nik Turner,** erstwhile **Hawkwind** frontperson, mounted his own performance — outside the gates as a protest against Bob's "hypocrisy". Said Nik: **"Dylan** is rapidly turning into everything he once hated and the kids are suffering." Turner performed with his band **Sphynx** in a pyramid-shaped canopy from the back of a lorry. **Todd Rudgren** was unavailable for comment at the time of going to press . . .

Can't think why, but **Keith Moon** has been appointed director of publicity for The Who Group Ltd. Yeah, that's **The 'Oo.** Who lovers might be interested to know that an exhibition of Who memorobilia goes on show at the ICA August 1 . . .

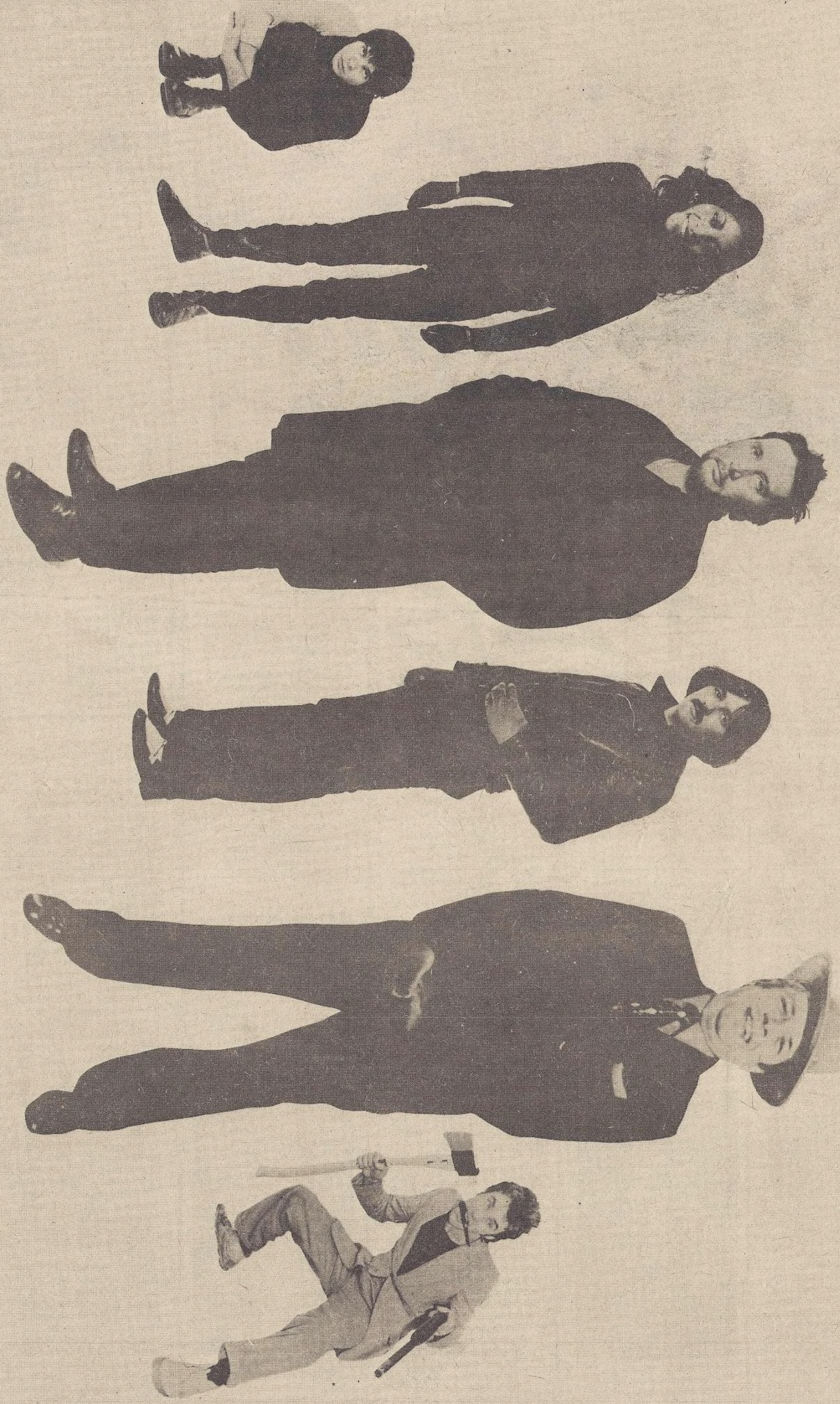
Mick Ronson back living in Woodstock and planning to cut an album in September with **Ian Hunter** . . .

Ealing band **The Transmitters'** plan to play virtually every gig in London this Thursday last came to a premature end outside The Marquee when police stepped in and hauled off the driver of the flatbed truck from which the group were playing. Still, that day The Transmitters played outside The Nashville, The Rainbow, Dingwalls, The Lyceum, Hammersmith Odeon, The Palladium, The Roundhouse, RCA HQ and (phew) The Albert Hall. The stunt was organised as a protest at not being able to get any work . . .

And finally, plane-spotters' corner. **Clash** manager **Bernie 'Silent Type' Rhodes** rang up *NME* to rebuke us not only for spelling Messerschmitt wrongly, but to point out that the aircraft in the band's stage backdrop is a Dornier, as so accurately noted by Mancunian Mancunian **Ray Lowry** in his fab Clash graphic last week. Next week: Evasive action of the Focke Wulf FW190 fighter . . .

CLASH by LOWRY (Slight Return)

Publishe[illegible]nited, Kings Reach Tower, Stamford Street, London, SE1 9LS, at the recommended maximum price shown on the cover. Editorial and Advertisement Offices: Kings Reach, Stamford St., S.E.1. Printed in England by Northamptonshire Newspapers Limited. T.U. Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper. Sole Agents, Australia and New Zealand, Gordon & Gotch (Asia) Ltd., South Africa, Central News Agency Ltd., East Africa, Stationery and Office Supplies Ltd. Publishers.



WALK ON BY . . . . THE STRANGLERS/**OLD CODGER***. . . . GEORGE MELLY-VOX LEW LEWIS-HARP . . . . THE STRANGLERS-BACKING TRACK/**TANK** . . . . THE STRANGLERS . . . . PRODUCED BY MARTIN PONTIUS RUSHENT . . . . * PRODUCED BY MARTIN PONTIUS RUSHENT, ALAN WINSTANLEY AND THE STRANGLERS

UP 36429

UNITED ARTISTS RECORDS